FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

MAY 1974

SALE 1 50

MAHARAJ JI AIN'T GOT NO SOUL (SAYS MARJOE)

BIG NEWS ABOUT SWEDISH ORGASMS

LOCH NESS MONSTER SINKS RISING SUN

PLUS:
TRANSEXUALISM WITHOUT GUILT

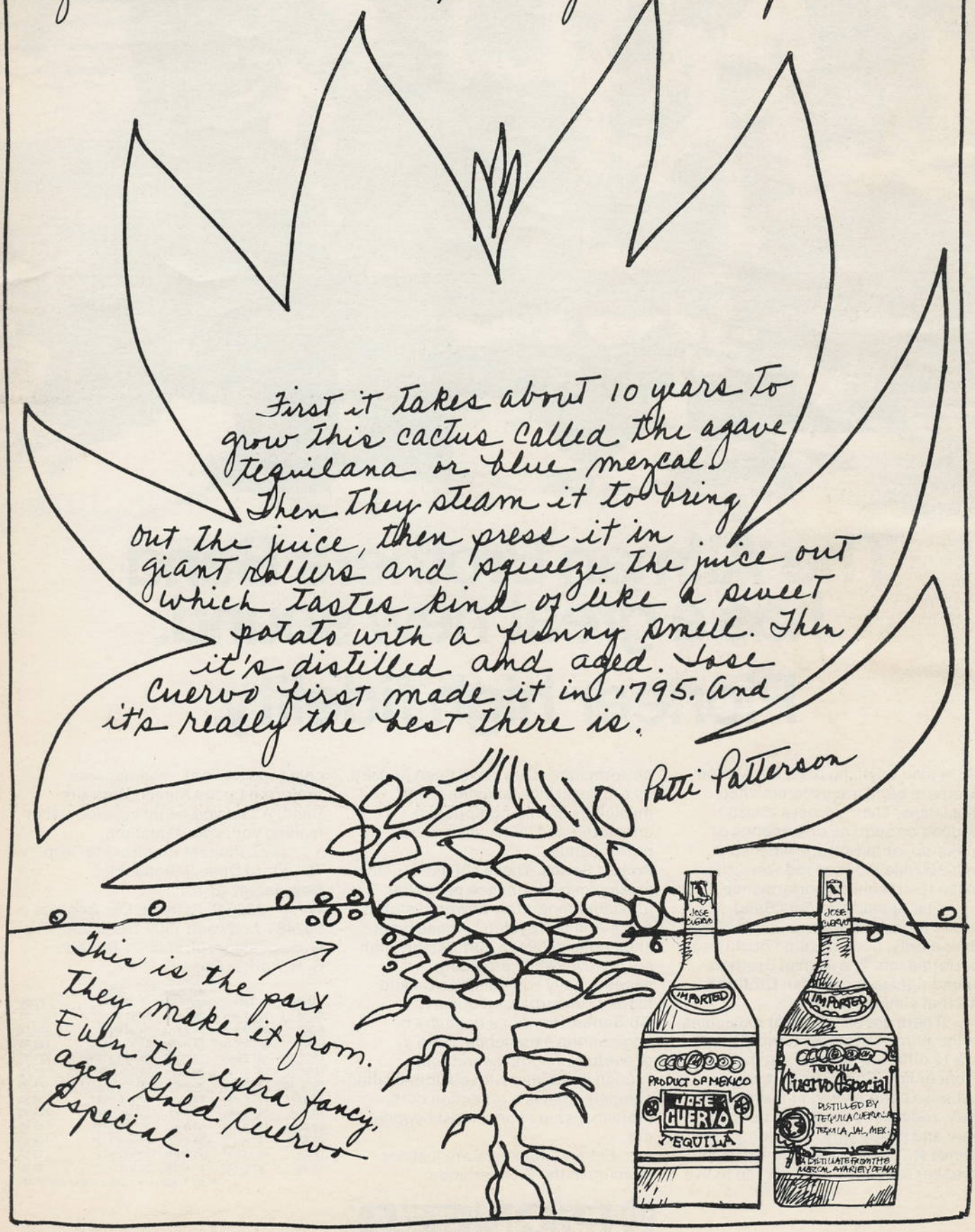
TRAVELING WITHOUT GAS

FIGHTING WITHOUT BRUISES

MEN AND WOMEN WITHOUT CLOTHES

Come to where the flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
You get a lot to like with a Marlboro.
18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. 73
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.


First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mezcal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.
Patti Patterson
This is the part they make it from. Even the extra fancy, aged Gold Cuervo Especial.
IMPORTED
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
JOSE CUERVO
TEQUILA
TEQUILA
Cuervo Especial
DISTILLED BY TEQUILA CUERVO, S.A.
TEQUILA, JAL., MEX.
DISTILLATE FROM THE MEZCAL AVARIEY DE AVE

80 PROOF. JOSE CUERVO® TEQUILA. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY ©1973 HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

The Allman Brothers Band has a great new sound.

Pioneer high fidelity.

More than anything else, the Allman Brothers Band are accomplished musicians. Their success doesn't depend on sequins or serpents, or make-up, or put-on showmanship. Instead, like Pioneer speakers, they stake their fame on performance.

The Allman Brothers Band prefer Pioneer speakers because of their clarity, overall sound quality and performance. The Allman Brothers sound right to the Allman Brothers. It's that simple.

There are six different musicians in the Allman Brothers Band. There are 12 different speakers in the Pioneer line. Speakers that vary because people vary, hi-fi systems vary, room acoustics vary, budgets vary and tastes vary.

Series R. These contemporary styled speaker systems bring new life to live performance. They have been praised by artists, critics, engineers and musicians for their untouched, uncolored and unusually natural performance.

Project Series. These speakers deliver maximum performance per dollar. Ideal for moderately powered stereo and 4-channel systems, these book-shelf units deliver a surprisingly high sound level while providing exceptionally wide dispersion and highs of unsurpassed quality.

CS Series. Pioneer's hallmark of engineering excellence. Here's powerfully smooth sound reproduction combined with custom-crafted cabinetry that is a reflection of the craftsmanship of an almost bygone era.

Pioneer speakers are just one element in the Pioneer audio components line — components preferred by the Allman Brothers Band. A fact you might consider when making your own selection.

U. S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 / Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

Model	Type	Maximum Input Power	Size (HxWxD)	Price
R-700	12" 3-way	75 watts	26"x15"x14"	$229.95*
R-500	10" 3-way	60 watts	24"x14"x12"	159.95*
R-300	10" 2-way	40 watts	23"x13"x11"	119.95*
PROJ. 100	10" 2-way	35 watts	23"x13"x10½"	129.95
PROJ. 80	10" 2-way	30 watts	20¾"x11¾"x11"	99.95
PROJ. 60	8" 2-way	20 watts	18½"x10⅝"x8½"	79.95
CS-63DX	15" 4-way	80 watts	28"x19"x13"	269.95
CS-99A	15" 5-way	100 watts	25"x16"x11"	229.95
CS-A700	12" 3-way	60 watts	26"x15"x12"	189.95
CS-A500	10" 3-way	50 watts	22"x13"x12"	149.95
CS-66	10" 3-way	40 watts	22"x12"x12"	119.95
CS-44	8" 2-way	25 watts	19"x11"x9"	74.95

*Fair Trade resale price where applicable.

PIONEER®
when you want something better

Shown above are the Pioneer CS-99A's, Project 100's, Project 80's and R-700's. The Allman Brothers Band is available exclusively on Capricorn records and tapes.

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 3 NO. 5 MAY 1974

7 MAIL

13 OPENERS

28 PREVUE

30 REVUE

35 SATELLITE

38

TWO RACES, TWO PACES
by Joe Flaherty
The Arc de Triomphe and the Kentucky Derby are more than a nose apart.

42 PILLOW TALK
Actually, talking is at a minimum.

50

NIPS NAB NESSIE
by Dan Greenburg
Very big problem, though: big guy no like picture taken.

53

HOW TO TRAVEL WITHOUT GAS
by Pascal Wolff
The Arabs have all the fuel, but we've got all the brains.

58

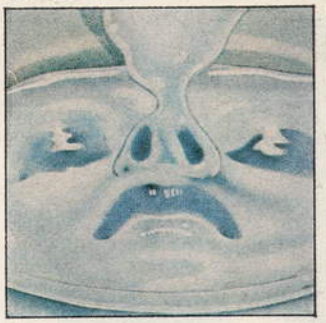
SWEDISH GIRLS GO JA, JA
True at last!
Hanky-panky under the midnight sun.
Kiss my herring, honey.

61 CAROL AUGUSTINE
She'll give you reason to live.

70

CONVERSATION WITH JOHN MONEY
Everything you ever wanted to know, but were too busy to ask.

73



THE LOVING SPOONFUL
by Carola Dibbel and Robert Christgau

78 THE END OF ART
The bottom as object.

84

MIDDAY COWBOYS
Riding rodeo-style to a standstill.

90

WHO WAS MAHARAJ JI?
by Marjoe Gortner
The world's most overweight midget. Forget him.

94 MADELEINE, ROBERT, AND DE MAUPAUSSANT
Literary chic.

102 MISSES OF THE WORLD, UNITE!
Miss Crustacean, Miss Grossmama, Miss Beautiful Ears, Miss Horror, Miss Outer Space, Miss Pari Mutuel, Miss Pipe Smoker, and Miss Navel—they all have nothing to lose but their claims. Kiss my sash, sweetheart.

KAHLÚA® & Milk.
What a cool idea.

Kind of like a milkshake—for adults only. This blissful concoction of an ounce of Kahlúa and four ounces of milk on the rocks. Just taste it. Wow, is that good.
How else can Kahlúa please you? You'll find out with our free recipe book. Do send for it. You deserve something nice.

Kahlúa. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. 53 Proof.
Jules Berman & Assoc., 116 No. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

oui

HUGH M. HEFNER
Publisher
DANIEL FILIPACCHI
Co-Publisher

NAT LEHRMAN
Editor
JEAN-LOUIS GINIBRE
Co-Editor
DON MENELL
Art Director
MICHAEL LAURENCE
Managing Editor
GORDON MOORE
Photo Editor
R. C. ANDERSON
Associate Managing Editor
JOHN LOMBARDI
Articles Editor
CAROL TROY
DON PIERCE
TERRY CATCHPOLE
GAY BRYANT
Associate Editors
JOHN REZEK
TERRY CURTIS FOX
Assistant Editors
MICHAEL BROCK
Senior Art Director
JEAN-PIERRE HOLLEY
GEORGE KENTON
JOHN E. DAVIS
Associate Art Directors
TINA BOSSIDY
Fashion Editor
MICHELLE URRY
Cartoon Editor
GERALD M. WILLIAMS
Copy Editor
JOY MOORMAN
SUSAN WOLFE
Associate Copy Editors
CONNIE RAY BANTENS
Assistant Photo Editor
GLORIA KAIZ JONES
Research Editor
MARK COWANS
Art Production Manager
RODNEY WILLIAMS
GENIA TCHORYK
Art Assistants
NANCY KAPLAN
TERESA McKEE
Administrative Assistants
EMALEE ANDRE
Editorial Assistant

RICHARD M. KOFF
Assistant Publisher
DON HANRAHAN
Advertising Director
JOHN MASTRO
Production Director
ALLEN VARGO
Production Manager
RICHARD F. MENDRALA
Assistant Production Manager
THOMAS G. WILLIAMS
Customer Service
ALVIN WIEMOLD
Subscription Manager
CAROLE CRAIG
Reader Service

European Bureau Chief: Mark Zussman (65 Champs Elysees, Paris). London Correspondent: Andrea Adam. Contributing Editors: Sean Callahan, Jon Carroll, Al Goldstein, Cynthia Grenier, D. Keith Mano, Chantal Monterastelli, Susan Subtle. With special thanks to: Gloria Biedron, Jim Brown, Gary Cole, Mary Ann Entzminger, Tom Jones, John Kabler, Mark Kauffman, Arthur Kretchmer, Pat Prince, Alexa Sehr, Kathryn Simpson, Ron Vickers, and especially our friends across the water, Regis Pagniez and the staff of LUI magazine.

GENERAL OFFICES: 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights in letters sent to OUI will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to OUI's right to edit and to comment editorially. Contents copyright © 1974 by Playboy Publications, Inc. © Lui Magazine as to materials which first appeared in issues of that publication. All rights reserved. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between the people and places in fiction and semifiction in this magazine and any real people and places is purely coincidental. Cover: photography by Dwight Hooker.

OUI, May 1974, Volume 3, Number 5. Published monthly by Playboy Publications, Inc., a subsidiary of Playboy Enterprises, Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second Class Postage paid at Chicago, Illinois. Postmaster: Send form 3579 to OUI, P.O. Box 2510, Boulder, Colorado 80302. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $10 for one year.

From AKAI...The Innovators.

If you refuse to compromise on quality, choose AKAI.

Innovation makes the difference.

And AKAI's complete line of stereo and 4-channel equipment offers you the widest choice of innovative features available.

So if you're looking for perfection, look to AKAI...The Innovators.

Then listen to quality that speaks for itself.

FREE! AKAI includes with the purchase of any tape recorder, BASF low-noise, hi-output reel-to-reel tape or 8-track cartridge, or Chromdioxid™ cassette. Up to $16.00 retail value. (Offer good only in continental U.S.)

From

AKAI™

The Innovators

AKAI America, Ltd. / 2139 E. Del Amo Blvd.,
Compton, California 90220 / (213) 537-3880

Salem refreshes naturally.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine,
SUPER KING: 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

MAIL

Up ours

I don't believe it. You assholes actually ran a good article—*The Short Happy Life of Tyonek Village* (February).

MICHAEL ANDRE
New York, New York

I was truly astonished to find *The Robots Are Coming, the Robots Are Coming* in OUI (February). It was imaginative, informative, and interesting. I hope that if robots do take over the world they do a better job than man has.

GLEN SHAFER
Hutchinson, Kansas

The eyes of Mano

I most certainly want to take issue with Kevin Edwards about his opinion of D. Keith Mano (*Mail*, January). I just finished reading Mano's *The Bridge*, and this book, plus his absolutely facile art as reviewer of films for OUI, puts him right on top of the totem pole. Shame on Edwards.

JOHANNA MCGINNIS
Trenton, New Jersey

Navel observatory

OUI contains some of the best pictorials I have ever seen, but you neglect one of the most stimulating erogenous

zones: the navel. I would rather see a navel than the breasts. A close-up of a woman's body from the navel down, showing the flow of hair from fine to thick, turns me on.

STEVE SHEHORN
Waco, Texas

Tube boobs

Your January article *Hot Moments in the Tube's Sex History* was informative but not complete. In 1970, Jefferson Airplane performed the song *We Can Be Together* uncut and uncensored, with the phrases "steal, cheat, lie, forge, fuck, hide, and deal" and "up against the wall, motherfucker," on the *Dick Cavett Show* and later on their own NET special *Go Ride the Music*. The special also featured a short film with girls dancing in the nude—tits and ass only. A second Jefferson Airplane special on NET called *San Francisco Rock: a Night at the Family Dog*, also aired in 1970, featured the song *Eskimo Blue Day*, complete with the phrase "doesn't mean shit to a tree." It's not sexy, just unusual for television. In South Florida, these two specials have been run many times.

BOB FISHER
Lauderdale Lakes, Florida

The dating game

Why wasn't Independence Day in your 1974 Datebook (January)?

STEPHEN R. MORBLEY
Davis-Montana AFB, Arizona

Because the Fourth of July falls on Friday the 13th this year and we didn't want to contribute to the confusion.

I found the birthday of Ho Chi Minh listed on May 19th. But you didn't recognize George Washington's birthdate, February 22nd. He was the father of *our* country.

BOB A. BAILEY
Kokomo, Indiana

The Julian calendar was in use when George was born (1732). In 1752 we went on the Gregorian calendar. God knows when his birthday is.

How to be a gatefold girl

I would like information on how to become a gateford girl for OUI. Do you have to be someone special, like an actress or a model, to be considered? What are the qualifications and requirements for eligibility to be photographed? And how do you pick the girls?

BOBBIE HOWARD
Perkins, Oklahoma

OUI *will consider any girl who is interested in being photographed for a pictorial feature, regardless of her fame or the lack of it.*

Tiger by the balls

Due to your erotic sophistication, I was very surprised to find your report on Tiger Balm (*Openers*, November) incomplete. It could be that the GIs never did learn basic Vietnamese and failed to understand instructions from an Asian friend. In my country the balm is generally known as *ungüento chino*, or Chinese ointment, and is used for the sake of female satisfaction. Rubbed on the head of the penis, it will deaden sensation, and ejaculation is postponed without affecting erection at all. Behind the enormous success story of Haw Par

lew magram
SHIRTMAKER TO THE STARS

THE DENIM BUSINESS SUIT $49.95

THE DENIM BUSINESS SUIT . . . Takes you from workweek to weekend . . . and does it with flair and style. Carefully tailored in Europe in **Deep Denim Blue** or **Camel Tan** with crisp contrast stitching. Fully lined. The price is right too — only **$49.95.** Even sizes: 36 to 46 reg.; 36 to 42 short; 38 to 46 long. **Order No. 347.** (Note: Waist size is 6" less than jacket size. Pants shipped with unfinished bottoms.)

BARCLAY SHIRT . . . Deep-tone check with white collar and two-button cuffs. **Navy** or **Brown..** Sizes: 14½ to 17 neck; 32 to 36 sleeve. **Order No. 159. $13.95**

Send for FREE Men's Fashion Catalog.

Quantity	Item	Color	Suit Size	Neck Size	Slv. Size	Price
	Denim Suit	Blue				
	Denim Suit	Tan				
	Barclay Shirt					
					Postage	1.00
					Total	

N.Y. residents add sales tax.

☐ Enclosed $_____ Check, M.O. (No COD's) or Charge my Credit Card:

☐ Diners Club ☐ American Express
☐ Bankamericard ☐ Master Charge

Card Expiration Date _____

Signature _____

Credit Card Phone Orders (212) 586-4828 (24 hrs.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip____

☐ Send me FREE Men's Fashion Catalog

lew magram
SHIRTMAKER TO THE STARS
830 Seventh Avenue, Dept. YO, N.Y.C. 10019

Brand-new offer from Columbia Record & Tape Club

Any 12 records or tapes

$1.97

plus processing and postage

if you join now and agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years

No membership dues or fees!

No obligation to buy every month

—or even every other month!

239525 BARBRA STREISAND — THE WAY WE WERE (COLUMBIA)
238337* OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN — LET ME BE THERE (MCA)
238717 AL GREEN — LIVIN' FOR YOU (HI)
236141 Gladys Knight & The Pips — IMAGINATION (BUDDAH)
236075 LOGGINS & MESSINA — FULL SAIL My Music (COLUMBIA)
237659* GEORGE JONES & TAMMY WYNETTE — WE'RE GONNA HOLD ON (EPIC)
236109 DAWN'S NEW RAGTIME FOLLIES featuring TONY ORLANDO (BELL)
234419 JOHNNY MATHIS — I'M COMING HOME (COLUMBIA)
232918 CONWAY TWITTY & LORETTA LYNN — Louisiana Woman/Mississippi Man (MCA)
232553* SONNY JAMES — IF SHE JUST HELPS ME GET OVER YOU (COLUMBIA)
201129 TCHAIKOVSKY — 1812 Overture — Philadelphia Orch., Ormandy (COLUMBIA)
234757 ENOCH LIGHT & THE LIGHT BRIGADE — THE BIG BAND HITS OF THE THIRTIES (PROJECT 3)
237198* FOCUS — Live At The Rainbow (SIRE)
230912 PAUL SIMON — There Goes Rhymin' Simon (COLUMBIA)
229781* CONNIE SMITH — A LADY NAMED SMITH (COLUMBIA)
237172 PETER NERO — SAY, HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY SWEET GYPSY ROSE? (COLUMBIA)
237099* CHARLIE McCOY — THE FASTEST HARP IN THE SOUTH (MONUMENT)
233452 GARFUNKEL — ANGEL CLARE (COLUMBIA)
235739* MARIE OSMOND — PAPER ROSES (MGM)
236869 236860 THE WHO — QUADROPHENIA — COUNTS AS TWO (TRACK)
236588 JOE WALSH — BARNSTORM (ABC/DUNHILL)

239939 WALTER CARLOS — SWITCHED-ON BACH II (COLUMBIA)
235507* LOVE UNLIMITED — UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF LOVE UNLIMITED (20TH CENTURY)
236448 E. POWER BIGGS — PLAYS SCOTT JOPLIN — Maple Leaf Rag (COLUMBIA)
235531* TRAFFIC — SHOOT OUT AT THE FANTASY FACTORY (ISLAND)
235853 GILBERT O'SULLIVAN — I'M A WRITER, NOT A FIGHTER (MAM)
235978 THREE DOG NIGHT — CYAN Shambala (ABC/DUNHILL)
236232* DON WILLIAMS — VOLUME ONE — THE SHELTER OF YOUR EYES (JMI)
234401 ANDY WILLIAMS — SOLITAIRE (COLUMBIA)
231845* GEORGE JONES — NOTHING EVER HURT ME (HALF AS BAD AS LOSING YOU) (EPIC)
230771 230772 URIAH HEEP — LIVE Easy Livin' — COUNTS AS TWO (Bronze)
222018 THE 5th DIMENSION — Greatest Hits On Earth (BELL)
235564 CHER — HALF-BREED (MCA)
236844* BURT BACHARACH — LIVING TOGETHER (A&M)
185843 HERB ALPERT & THE TIJUANA BRASS — GREATEST HITS (A&M)
228155 ELTON JOHN — DON'T SHOOT ME I'M ONLY THE PIANO PLAYER (MCA)
225367 ARTHUR FIEDLER and THE BOSTON POPS — Gotta Travel On (POLYDOR)
223123* LIZA MINNELLI — Liza with a "Z" (COLUMBIA)
234302 JETHRO TULL — A Passion Play (CHRYSALIS)
138586 BOB DYLAN'S GREATEST HITS (COLUMBIA)
174995 BOB DYLAN — NASHVILLE SKYLINE (COLUMBIA)
212654 BOB DYLAN — Greatest Hits, Vol. 2 (COLUMBIA)

FOUR GREAT ALBUMS by BOB DYLAN

TAKE YOUR PICK

12" stereo records OR 8-track cartridges OR tape cassettes OR 7" reel-to-reel tapes

* Selections marked with a star are not available in reel tapes

238758 DONOVAN ESSENCE TO ESSENCE
238640 * JERRY LEE LEWIS SOUTHERN ROOTS, BACK HOME TO MEMPHIS
237040 SANTANA LOVE, DEVOTION & SURRENDER WELCOME
237909* DONNY OSMOND A TIME FOR US
234922 * HAROLD MELVIN & THE BLUE NOTES BLACK & BLUE
255580* KRIS KRISTOFFERSON & RITA COOLIDGE FULL MOON
115303 MY FAIR LADY Original Soundtrack
232561 ANDY WILLIAMS Greatest Hits, Vol. 2
234914 * FARON YOUNG Just What I Had In Mind
230607* TANYA TUCKER WHAT'S YOUR MAMA'S NAME
234336* THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR SINGS STARS & STRIPES FOREVER
232926 * STEELY DAN Countdown To Ecstasy
232900* EUMIR DEODATO DEODATO 2
227900 PERCY FAITH • CLAIR Also Sprach Zarathustra (2001) Dueling Banjos • 9 MORE
230904 RAY CONNIFF AND THE SINGERS YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE
229310* CHARLIE McCOY GOOD TIME CHARLIE Orange Blossom Special
226431 CARLY SIMON NO SECRETS You're So Vain
237792* ROGER WILLIAMS LIVE Autumn Leaves
238766 ‡ ROD STEWART/FACES LIVE COAST TO COAST OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS
238964 ‡ AL WILSON SHOW AND TELL
239863 ‡ BILLY JOEL PIANO MAN
236133 ELTON JOHN Goodbye Yellow Brick Road
236134 COUNTS AS TWO
237081 VIKKI CARR Live At The Greek Theatre
236901 * CURTIS MAYFIELD CURTIS IN CHICAGO RECORDED LIVE
230458 * (BROADWAY CAST) DEBBIE REYNOLDS "IRENE" ALICE BLUE GOWN
202796 RICHARD STRAUSS Also Sprach Zarathustra Bernstein, New York Philharmonic
234664 PROCOL HARUM GRAND HOTEL
234872* TRAFFIC ON THE ROAD
231308 AN EVENING WITH MANTOVANI
229161* BRENDA LEE BRENDA Nobody Wins
235572* JERRY WALLACE PRIMROSE LANE DON'T GIVE UP ON ME
234369 * LORETTA LYNN Love Is The Foundation
229401* RAY PRICE She's Got To Be A Saint
231761 SONNY AND CHER Mama Was A Rock And Roll Singer Papa Used To Write All Her Songs
227538 AROUND THE WORLD
227539 with THREE DOG NIGHT COUNTS AS TWO
231084 CHARLIE RICH Behind Closed Doors
230581 * SPOOKY TOOTH YOU BROKE MY HEART SO I BUSTED YOUR JAW
230839 * Sergio Mendes And Brazil '77 LOVE MUSIC
222646 ANDY WILLIAMS ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)
237800 * SHA NA NA ROCK AND ROLL IS HERE TO STAY
237131 PERCY FAITH CORAZON
238790* TOM T. HALL FOR THE PEOPLE IN THE LAST HARD TOWN
239566 * BACHMAN-TURNER OVERDRIVE II
234765 (SOUNDTRACK) NEIL DIAMOND Jonathan Livingston Seagull
237875 * BARRY WHITE STONE GON'
237206* ROY CLARK'S FAMILY ALBUM
227371 JIM CROCE LIFE AND TIMES Bad Bad Leroy Brown
232579 ROD STEWART Sing It Again Rod
235598* JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ ALL I EVER MEANT TO DO WAS SING
231647 LYNN ANDERSON TOP OF THE WORLD
235606* THE STATLER BROS. CARRY ME BACK
230367 VICKI LAWRENCE THE NIGHT THE LIGHTS WENT OUT IN GEORGIA
234377* CONWAY TWITTY YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FAR BEFORE
233411* THE ISLEY BROTHERS 3 + 3 That Lady
233346 ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK KING OF HEARTS
218750* FRANK SINATRA IN THE BEGINNING 1943 To 1951
231159 CAT STEVENS FOREIGNER
226845* ANDRE KOSTELANETZ LOVE SONGS It's Impossible
230870 AL GREEN CALL ME
230714 CARPENTERS NOW & THEN
207662 Everything You Always Wanted To Hear On The Moog
237214 * DONNA FARGO All About A Feeling
236604 SONNY & CHER
236605 Live In Las Vegas, VOL. 2
COUNTS AS TWO
236741 RAY CONIFF THE WAY WE WERE
235036 * B. B. KING TO KNOW YOU IS TO LOVE YOU
221192* JIM CROCE YOU DON'T MESS AROUND WITH JIM
234724 JETHRO TULL AQUALUNG
234955 RAY CONNIFF HARMONY
231530 THE BODY AND SOUL OF TOM JONES Letter to Lucille
235614* MAUREEN McGOVERN THE MORNING AFTER
231613 SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE FRESH
235846 * JERRY LEE LEWIS SOMETIMES A MEMORY AIN'T ENOUGH
236083* THE DE FRANCO FAMILY Featuring TONY DE FRANCO Heartbeat, It's a Lovebeat
230193 VIKKI CARR Ms. AMERICA
236091* ROGER MILLER DEAR FOLKS — SORRY I HAVEN'T WRITTEN LATELY
233437 The Best Of Procol Harum Whiter Shade Of Pale
229336* INTRODUCING JOHNNY RODRIGUEZ
233643 * THE BIG BAND SOUND OF LAWRENCE WELK
230938* DONALD BYRD BLACK BYRD
230896 JOHNNY MATHIS KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HER SONG
229997* MAC DAVIS The Way You Look Today
229526 THE BEST OF BREAD If/Make It With You
223230* GROVER WASHINGTON, JR. ALL THE KING'S HORSES
226692* DAWN featuring TONY ORLANDO TUNEWEAVING
227439 * TAMMY WYNETTE KIDS SAY THE DARNDEST THINGS
216655 JOHNNY MATHIS All-Time Greatest Hits
224366 * The Best Of Charlie Rich Nice 'N' Easy
237156 BARBRA STREISAND AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
233007 † THE BEST OF THE MILLS BROTHERS
232660 † JOHNNY PAYCHECK MR. LOVEMAKER
235168 † BOBBY GOLDSBORO SUMMER (The First Time)
236893 † THE BEST OF THE ANDREWS SISTERS
240406 † BYRON MacGREGOR AMERICANS

‡Available on records only

Yes, it's true!—if you join the Club right now, you may have any 12 of these records or tapes for only $1.97! Send no money now—just mail the postpaid application provided ...and with your 12 selections, you'll receive a bill for only $1.97, plus processing and postage. That is *all* you pay for your first 12 selections—there are no additional membership dues or fees for joining! (Be sure to indicate whether you want cartridges, cassettes, reel tapes or records.) In exchange...

You agree to buy 9 more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming two years. That's right!—you'll have *two full years* in which to buy just nine selections ...so you are not obligated to buy a record or tape every month, *or even every other month!* And you may cancel membership *at any time* after you've purchased your nine selections.

Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment. The selections you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club prices: cartridges and cassettes $6.98; reel-to-reel tapes, $7.98; records, $4.98 or $5.98—plus processing and postage. (Occasional special selections may be somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject selections as follows: every four weeks (13 times a year) you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the Selection of the Month for each musical interest...plus hundreds of alternate selections from every field of music. In addition, about six times a year we will offer some special selections (usually at a discount off regular Club prices). A response card will always be enclosed with each magazine.

...**if you do not want any selection offered,** just mail the response card provided by the date specified

...**if you want only the Selection of the Month** for your musical interest, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically

...**if you want any of the other selections offered,** just order them on the response card and mail it by the date specified.

You will always have at least 10 days in which to make a decision. If for any reason you do not have 10 days in which to decide, you may return the regular selection at our expense and receive full credit for it.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement—a plan which enables you to save at least 33% on all your future purchases. Here, indeed, is the most *convenient* way possible to build a record *or* tape library—*at the greatest savings possible!* So act now—mail the application today!

Columbia House
Terre Haute Indiana 47808

†Available on records and cartridges only

If the application is missing, please write to: Columbia Record & Tape Club, Dept. 24S, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Brothers International lurks a curious pleasure expander!

I know it's the same product because the small box I saw some time ago had the same tiger on a blue background and also a lot of Chinese characters all around. Are the enterprising Aw Boon brothers taking over Latin America? Maybe they're not aware of this market expansion themselves. I got acquainted with this balm in a city that happens to be a busy port where ships from all over the world can be found. Sailors sell things wherever they go. Maybe some Asian guys have been spreading the word.

DARIE REY
Bogota, Colombia

Hangover hang-ups

In *The Mourning After* (January), you invited feedback. Here are my opinions: (a) nothing is worse than getting shit-faced on two quarts of cheap dry wine; (b) more booze is the only cure; (c) mixing liquor and beer, beer and wine, or all three produces the worst hangover. The worst part of the next day is facing, in the mirror, the horse's ass who made you do the drinking.

BILL STEVENS
New Brunswick, Canada

Tack tact

Ben Pesta (*Tack*, January) appears to be more interested in being in some sort of quasi-intellectual vanguard than in enlightening us. Much of what he says we have heard before, and stated more reasonably, in a theory of *kitsch*. And his categorizations and broad generalizations show a nonunderstanding of the world in which he finds himself. For example, his discussion of the word *organic*: strictly speaking, the word has *never meant* more than "carbon-based." Granted, the way in which it is used in advertising is fairly ludicrous, but not for his reasons. And his comparison of camp and tack is built on very shaky foundations. If, as he says, camp is a manifestation of "a defiant, aren't we groovy to spend a wad on this splendid monstrosity spirit," then it is quite a tacky understanding in itself: any display of self-conscious "grooviness" could probably be considered tacky.

Tack-Americans. I only know about this by virtue of proximity, but from the looks of things tackiness is a prerequisite of Americanism. Ha-ha: a pathological concern with what is socially acceptable (what has "class") is a very American phenomenon. With that statement my Maple Leaf has probably just been revealed, but because of our (Canada's) culturally colonial state of mind we too are a part of the same thing.

Pesta's foregone conclusion that an Italian director coming to America to make a film about "the movement" would necessarily make a political film shows a basic misinterpretation of *Zabriskie Point* and a lack of understanding of Antonioni. If one remembers that this is the director of *Blow-Up* and *l'Avventura*, then one can see that here is a director who is concerned with the *way* things are done: style and environment. Godard and Jerry Lewis are something else again. At the risk of insulting Jean-Luc, try to think of them both as camp, and I think a new appreciation will result.

Pesta's ideas of tacky fiction are interesting, but I was dismayed that J.R.R. Tolkein was not included in his discussion of tack writers. Ah, well . . . maybe *one* day he'll be given his rightful place in the literature of the world.

Before OUI lets Pesta take space in future issues, I think you should sit down with him and have a long talk about tacky journalism: he's displaying his *je ne c'est quoi*(!).

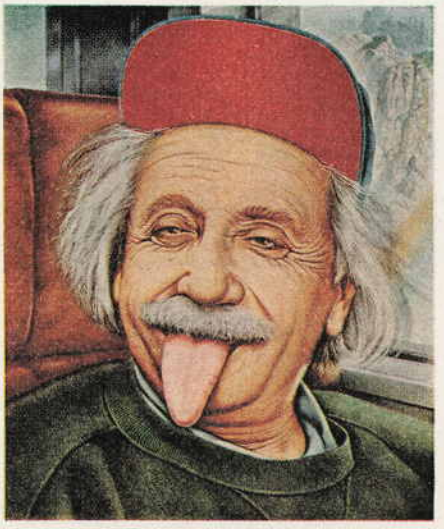
S. G. LIVERSIDGE
Toronto, Canada

He's the editor's brother-in-law. What more can we say?

Art appreciation

This letter concerns the artist whose realistic portraits grace your magazine: Alex Ebel. I am a great admirer and would like to have some information about his work. I have a bet with a friend who says Ebel works in acrylics; I say oils.

VICTOR RINALDO
Brooklyn, New York



You're both wrong. Ebel uses water colors, very fine brushes, and hours of long hard work to produce the lifelike art that is his trademark.

Turned on

You have just come up with the most outstanding cover of the year—and possibly the decade. Your January issue is great, and the cover makes it even greater! When I saw the very beautiful woman on the cover I immediately fell in love. My compliments to Richard Fegley (whom at this time I'd like to nominate for photographer of the year). This cover is the classiest I've ever seen. Not only is the model outstandingly beautiful, but the quality of the picture is absolutely perfect.

MIKE ROBERTS
FPO, San Francisco

Canned soup

I came upon a completely absurd article in the January *Revue* section, entitled "*Goats Head Soup*: The Rolling Stones Gather Some Moss," by Nick Tosches. *Goats Head Soup* is a masterpiece.

PAUL CRUM
Johnstown, Pennsylvania

Fame is the name of the game

This letter is about writing letters to magazines. I have a friend whose name, strangely enough, is Name Withheld by Request. He insists he holds the world's record for published letters to magazines. Name, as he is known by his friends, is always popping off about it. Could you clear this up for me once and for all? Do the names you withhold by request have names or what?

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Petersburg, Virginia

Yes.

The living end

I like OUI for its man of the world who likes G.I.R.L.S. approach. Please don't start filling its pages with homos and faggots. I think your February story *Bisexual Chic* was a step in the wrong direction. There are already too many magazines on the market who cater to those limited subscribers who dig the far out. I think *Playboy* has proven there is a tremendous market in the normal man of the world who gets turned on looking at bare-assed women.

Incidentally, some of your letters to the editor suggest that your magazine be limited to slim broads. I like 'em slim, too, but there is nothing wrong with an occasional plump bare ass, especially a well-posed rear view.

ROGER DENTON
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Getting off on the right foot

Was Ingrid Lind the owner of the foot in the picture accompanying *Stickee Hatpin, No Baby Comee* (November)? I remembered Ingrid's pictorial—with the foot—when I read the article, farther back in the magazine. I then looked back to the pictorial, which showed polished nails on her foot, and realized they were the same. Are my conclusions correct?

GARY WILLIAMS
West Palm Beach, Florida

No.

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

MG. First on the scene. And still one jump ahead.

Before MG, there wasn't much of a sports car scene in America.

But from the moment the first MG-TC touched these shores in 1947 the picture changed. So much so that MG has almost become an American synonym for sports car.

Today's MGB is the SCCA National Champion in E Production for the third year in a row. With that kind of track record, you can see why MGB is what great sports car motoring is all about.

MGB is trim, taut and agile.

The four-speed gearbox puts your reflexes in touch with the 1798 c.c. engine. That's a 4-cylinder powerplant that's as economical as it is lively.

The rack and pinion steering, the race-seasoned suspension and the front disc brakes combine to give you precise, sure-footed handling and stopping—the kind of response that turns driving pressure into driving pleasure.

You'll experience it most where the roads still touch the edges of nature and the air is scented with the sweet smells of earth.

But make no mistake, the MGB is just as much at home on a six-lane expressway as it is on two-lane blacktop.

The MGB is complete with full sports car instrumentation, including tachometer, trip odometer, and gauges for fuel, oil, water and battery. There are also reclining bucket seats, wrapped steering wheel, carpeting, oil cooler, mag-style wheels and radial-ply tires.

So make the scene at your MG dealer and see why MG is still one jump ahead. For his name and for information about overseas delivery, call (800) 447-4700. In Illinois, call (800) 322-4400. Calls are toll free.

MG. The sports car America loved first.

BRITISH LEYLAND

BRITISH LEYLAND MOTORS, INC. LEONIA, N.J. 07605

He's just won $25,000, poured a bucket of champagne over his head. He's not going to follow all that with a boring cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King Size.
Long Size.

Viceroy has full-bodied flavor that doesn't flatten out. Always rich...always smooth...always exciting. Get a taste of Viceroy. Get a taste of excitement.

Viceroy. Where excitement is now a taste.

© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.

Kings, 15 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine; Longs, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73

OPENERS

What God doesn't know won't hurt Him

Psssst. Hey, buddy, want to hear about the special blessing the Catholics have for windmills? For ice picks? No, wait a minute, we're serious. Don't turn the page. We want to tell you about this little book, published by the French Catholic Church. It's called *The Benedictionary*. Gives the special prayers for blessing all sorts of weird things: butter, cheese, silk worms, lard, horse stables, fruit, bees, telegraph poles, linotype machines, fire pumps, hunting dogs, airplanes, and automobiles. And

then there are benedictions for virgins, ships, bells, oats, salt, oil, and water. It says that the one thing priests cannot bless are weapons (although all ranks of the army, navy, and air force are eligible) and that the last combat weapons blessed by the Church were the swords of the Crusaders, 700 years ago. Isn't that interesting? The point of the book, says French Father Belilevert, is "that nothing is vulgar nor unworthy of God." There. Don't you feel better?

The letter fairly smoldered from the steamy promises of fiery pleasure. Join "the most advanced sex club of our time," it read. Come to London's "sin center," a new club featuring a topless bar and a "sin auditorium" where you, the audience, will join in staged orgies and participatory strip shows. Hot stuff, all around—except for the letter's recipients: men and women who had recently suffered the loss of a spouse and whose names had been plucked capriciously from newspaper death notices. They were quite cold to the pitch. So was British MP David Lambie, who vowed he "won't stop until this organization has been smashed and decent people are able to open their post in the morning without being exposed to such nauseating rubbish." Nothing like fighting fire with a flame thrower.

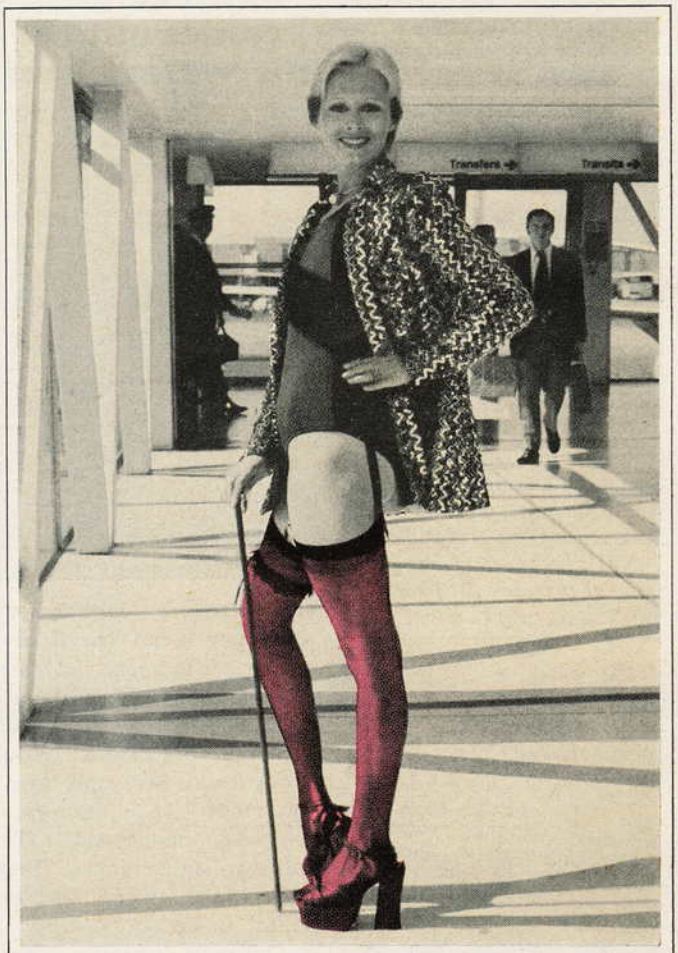
Nix sick dick tricks as Hindi kix

The following letter was received recently from a fellow who studied and traveled for five years in India (1966-1971).

"A very striking thing about India, as you may be aware, is the horde of holy men, the sadhus, roaming the country. The oldest, heaviest sect of sadhus is the Dasanami Naga Sanyas, the group of naked, ash-besmeared Babas who carry steel tridents and massive fire tongs. They also consume vast quantities of psychedelics —hashish, marijuana, cobra venom, scorpion poison, arsenic, Jimson weed, morning-glory seeds, oleander, and mushrooms. They rigidly eschew alcohol, opium, meat, and sex.

"It is their peculiar sex (or antisex) scene that will most interest readers of OUI. When a novice Naga is formally and finally initiated, the nerves in the initiate's penis are severed so that he can never make it with a woman or a man and never jack off again. Nagas are the only sect of Indian sadhus that irrevocably enforce the vows of chastity in this way; as a result they demand precedence at all religious fairs (and they get it). To prove to their lay devotees that they are truly beyond erotic pleasure, they often demonstrate the uselessness of their sexual apparatus by giving grotesque exhibitions of strength.

"When they bathe in cold water before dawn and rub on their skin of ashes, Nagas perform exercises aimed at strengthening and lengthening their penises, particularly the foreskins. A common exercise is to stretch the foreskin across



This individual is Firefly, the latest in a long line of interchangeable British models. Here we see Firefly at Heathrow Airport, preparing to take off for Japan. She dressed that way in case photographers happened along in the waiting room. Firefly was unclear whether she would be able to wear this outfit in Japan. "I just don't know," she said.

the center of a stout cane about four feet long, held horizontally. The cane is then rolled in toward the body, winding the penis around the cane two or three times. They then twist the cane clockwise a few times, completely knotting themselves.

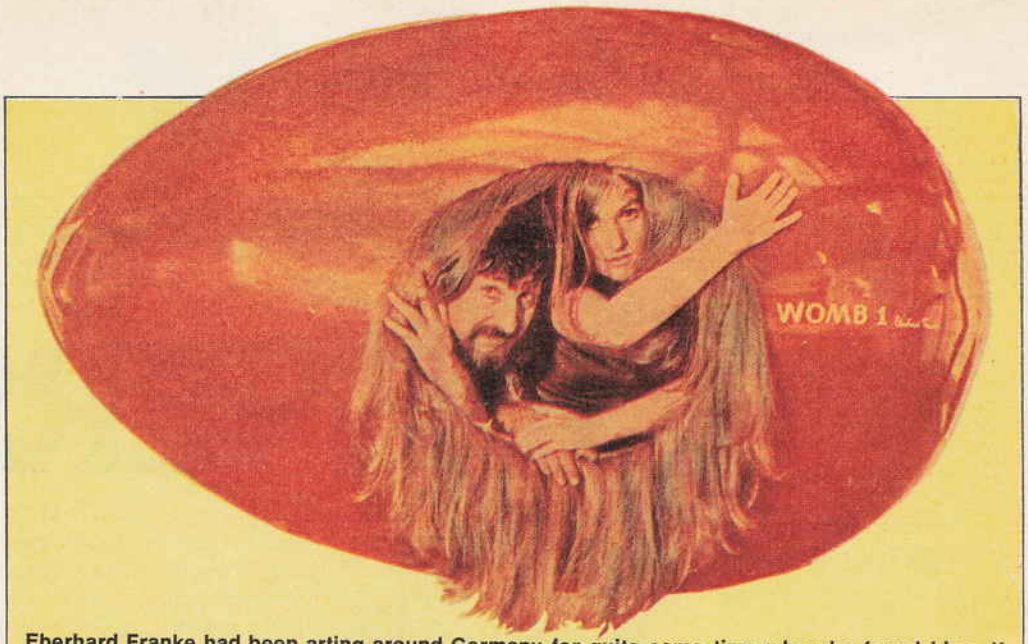
"When performing these feats in public, a Naga Baba will invite members of the public to sit on either end of the cane. I have seen an ancient, weedy Baba carry two 150-pound men in this way. Another number is to tie a rope at each end of the cane and then sling the rope loop under a boulder, which the Baba stands over with feet apart and knees bent. When the boulder is fastened, the Baba will straighten his legs and lift the rock clear off the ground. I have seen Nagas lift more than their own weight in this way. They also pull oxcarts and even Mercedes trucks with ropes knotted to their penises, and Nagas will also challenge one another to tugs of war. . . .

"I think an illustrated article on Nagas in OUI might defray the costs of a quick return trip to India. I can arrange a photographer in India and can secure pictures of Nagas performing their *lund kriyas* (literally, "prick tricks"), riding horses and elephants naked and bareback, jousting with staves, blowing chillums that hold 20 lids of grass at a single fill, and marching in ashy phalanxes down to the Ganges to bathe. I could write an article for OUI right away, but it would be nothing to what I could do after another trip back among the Nagas."

Not just now, sir. We have several articles on foreskin tricks in the works already.

HAS CAKE;
GETS EATEN, TOO

NEW YORK—Three gunmen robbed a Times Square massage parlor of $540 last Friday night and then ordered the manager of the Nude Models Massage Parlor and four women employees to strip. One of the men then forced a "model" to submit to a sexual act before the three fled with the money.



Eberhard Franke had been arting around Germany for quite some time when he found himself overcome with a sense of cosmic bewilderment. He decided then and there that he had to get *all the way back*. First he went to Australia. That turned out not to be back far enough, just sort of Out Back. So then he constructed a womb. "Who would not like to have a second chance—to start all over again, with some of the experiences one has collected in life so far?" he asked, rhetorically. Franke's womb measures six feet by six feet, is lined with fur, and comes equipped with a stereo tape deck. It is labeled WOMB and has a hairy opening in front. "To give the remembrance of a vagina," Franke explains in perfectly adequate, if faulty, English. In there with Eberhard Franke is an Australian reporter. She was going only part of the way back, which is typical of journalists.

Boulevardier comes out of the water closet

"The best screw in Europe," writes our friend The Boulevardier, "is that received from the *hand shower*; which Continental hotels *invariably* install with their bathtubs." How about *that*, Mr. and Mrs. America! "It is *common knowledge* hereabouts," The Boulevardier continues, "that *no man in the world*, however skillful in bed or *well-hung*, can give the feminine senses such a *deep, tingling thrill* as a hand shower, moved in a circular motion above the clitoral region—with the water temperature and flowing strength *properly adjusted*."

And if you think The Boulevardier is talking through his hat, just listen to this: "About the time you were born, I had a *seething affair* with a famous courtesan, now departed, who *swore to me* that no man she had ever screwed could produce the *sexual thrill* of a properly used hand shower. She even gave me a *demonstration* and let me tongue-check her *multiple orgasms* while she lay prone in a half-filled bathtub."

Holy hand shower! Who *is* this guy? Sorry, but we are sworn to silence. Just be sure to *watch this space* for more communiqués from . . . The Boulevardier.

Remembrance of furry pies past

As you may recall from a few months back (October *Openers*), Francis Pionati is the artist who makes those slick and furry little pillows that will wrap around your fist and forearm to provide a sensation all too familiar to be more precisely described. A pillow for people without a person is what it is. Well, Francis seems to have struck a responsive chord in the breasts of many readers, and the orders are pouring in.

One young woman from Pennsylvania wrote to Francis on a piece of cardboard cut in a cock-and-balls silhouette. On the phallus was written: *Please send price list and further descriptions of what you have available. Please send pictures if possible.* On the testicles was written: *P.S.: If you have your work on display, is it possible for me to visit there?*

Francis is still in the tactile-pie game and is still accepting orders. Slightly higher in the West and South, but aren't we all?

**You show me yours first.*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF Love & Sex

An adventurous illustrated guide to lovemaking that takes you just as far into pleasure as you choose to go.

LOVE AND SEX is a totally new kind of sex manual. It is dedicated to the premise that variety is the spice of love.

In 256 pages and hundreds of beautiful full-color illustrations, it proves how sex can be *infinitely* varied, *infinitely* exciting and *infinitely* NEW – throughout every period of married life.

Going far beyond a mere parade of sexual positions, it soars as well into the realm of imagination, exciting caresses, the use of enticing clothing and erotic techniques. And it helps strip away inhibitions to make your love life free.

LOVE AND SEX is tasteful, but it pulls no punches.

It is authoritative, but never dry or dull.

With warmth and humanity it answers *all* your questions—clearly, frankly and in explicit detail. And it shows how the *erotic* excitement of a couple's first encounters together can be made to last a whole life long. From the honeymoon to the Golden Anniversary and beyond.

In it you'll discover —

The ultimate pleasure for women, how to achieve it and exactly *when* you're most likely to do so (pp.13).

The importance of stimulation in lovemaking. New pleasures for longtime partners, some guides to the active imagination (pp. 151)

A particularly stimulating and natural way for couples to make love. And it has some unexpected side benefits, too (pp. 142).

Pleasing a man with some minor fetishes that can make him feel like a groom again (pp. 145).

For the man who feels sexually inadequate, a simple technique to help you measure up to the best in bed. (pp. 65).

Positions for love making to match your mood, tastefully photographed, plus positions for the adventurous that introduce a whole new dimension to lovemaking (pp. 170).

Plus, all you want to know about the male and female anatomy, orgasm, the role of heredity, sexual disorders, conception, birth, abortion, venereal diseases, contraception, menopause, the causes and treatment of premature ejaculation, impotence, and sterility homosexuality, frigidity, infidelity, and much, much more.

66 Chapters—Over 250 Illustrations

LOVE AND SEX is an imposing book in every respect. It is as large as an art book, measuring 8½x11½ inches, with a lavish binding stamped in gold. It is printed on fine art paper and vividly illustrated with over 250 photographs and drawings, 164 in lifelike full color. It is divided into 66 chapters that deal frankly and in unembarrassed terms with every aspect of sex and sexual relations.

Perhaps no other book before it has gone to such time, trouble and expense to describe and help improve the sexual needs and pleasures of men and women in all their infinite variety.

With LOVE AND SEX in your home, you will discover that the marriage bed can be a rewarding playground for life. And that is exactly as it should be.

No-risk Examination

Mail the coupon today to receive your big, beautifully illustrated LOVE AND SEX Encyclopedia. Examine it in the privacy of your own home. Share it with your spouse. And then make your decision. If you don't agree that LOVE AND SEX can infinitely enrich your life with its wealth of fascinating information, ideas and techniques, simply return the book for a full refund.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!
For Sale To Adults Over 21 Only

CROWN - CASTLE DEPT' LS-90
227 East 45th Street
New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me the illustrated Encyclopedia of LOVE AND SEX for only $10.95. I understand I may examine the book in my own home for 30 days. If I am not completely satisfied I can return for a full refund.

(Please add 35¢ postage and handling)

Enclosed is $_____

Name_____
(Please Print Clearly)

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ **SAVE!** Order two books for only $19.95 postpaid!

N.Y. Residents Add Sales Tax

Rio de Janeiro is notorious throughout Brazil for its *alta rotavidade*, or "high-turnover," motels. They are strung out south of the city along 14 miles of spectacular beach front—as yet undeveloped and unspoiled, hidden from the more respectable Rio suburbs by rugged mountains.

The infamous motels are unabashedly designed for couples interested in staying only an hour or two. The prices are steep (it is hard to find a room for less than $25), but their specialized services justify the price to Brazilians engaged in discreet affairs. High walls make the motels invisible from outside, and entrance drives are covered over with sheltering trees and bushes. You drive directly into an underground garage, James Bond–style, the better to conceal your car. No names are required in the register books—regular Brazilian hotels demand the guest's name, age, occupation, and serial number along with parents' names and addresses. Once in their room, guests are smothered in what the Brazilians call *alto luxo* (pronounced *loosho* and meaning "luxury"). In one motel, the VIP, each room has a miniature swimming pool, sculpted to embrace two reclining contours. The *alta rotavidade* motels know how to treat their customers—mostly Brazilian businessmen and their paramours—and how to make the most of extramarital dalliance.

—Loral Graham

Photographs are instants of space/time embalmed. Subtle and mysterious cosmic forces conspired to move (in this case) two humans and two machines into precisely this juxtaposition. It is the function of these words to make the picture explain itself, describe the nature of the motives that resulted in this bizarre conjunction. The guy is Ebbe Andersson, Swedish race driver, who has convinced a live porn club in Malmo to sponsor his racing career. The woman is Veronica, who performs nightly. It's like explaining a magic trick, isn't it? Weren't you happier when you didn't know it was *just another dumb publicity photo*, and not Art?

The antipornography forces in Great Britain have proposed putting a warning message on erotic magazines, similar to that which accompanies cigarette packages. One Member of Parliament suggests that the warning read: RANDOM SEX CAN PROMOTE VD.

Open wide and say "far out"

The kinky but bashful British are finally owning up to the embarrassing fact that one of their most noted 19th-Century physicians was a female transvestite. Consequently, the individual known in the history books as Dr. James Barry (1795–1865) was, in reality, England's first woman doctor. The revelation is documented in a best-selling new biography by Isobel Rae, *The Strange Story of Dr. James Barry*, which traces the poseur's life through his/her birth, education at the Edinburgh University medical school, a sterling army career (Dr. Barry was inspector general of hospitals in five different colonies), and retirement in London—where Dr. James Barry gave birth to a child. —Andrea Adam

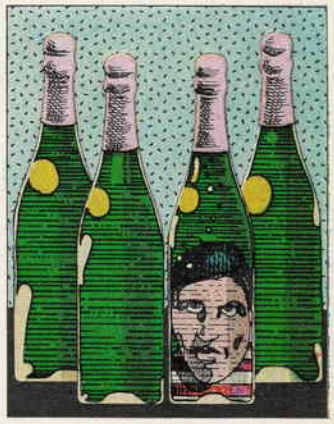
¿Meester, we go meet my seester?

The Venezuelan rightist movement, *Opinión Nacional*, came up with a provocative new slogan for the 1974 elections: "A husband for every single woman." The leader of the movement, Amado Cornielles, promised that, if elected, he would promote legislation guaranteeing a husband to every unwed Venezuelan woman, even if he had to import men to fulfill the pledge. Cornielles' platform was widely reported in Europe, and he claims to have received more than 2000 letters of support. Most of them, he said, came from enthusiastic West Germans.

Your tax dollars at work and play

An underground fire has been burning on Federal Government land in Alaska since 1969; the Bureau of Land Management won't put it out, because it is authorized to fight surface fires only; the Bureau of Mines won't put it out, because it is authorized to fight underground fires burning coal only and the Alaska fire is burning shale. America—love it, leave it, or forget it.

Is Paris barfing?



At last: it's official. One out of every four men in France is an alcoholic, and so is one of every 12 women. We pause. Do more men drink because they are lonely for female alcoholic companionship? Possibly. We continue. Seventy percent of French alcoholics are wine drinkers exclusively. Exclusively, to the tune of four or five quarts per day. The rate of alcoholism among men has remained steady over the years, but has increased

IT TAKES TWO TO DRINK "PERNOD"

Pernod est Paris, Paris est Pernod.

Surfrider

Pour 1½ ozs. Pernod over rocks.
Fill with Pineapple Juice.

Tomate

Pour 1½ ozs. Pernod over ice.
Add a dash of Grenadine.
Fill with water and stir.

Pernod on the Rocks

Pour 1½ ozs. Pernod over rocks.
Serve straight, or with a splash of water.

90 Proof Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK

Pernod is a drink of a different taste. The intriguing taste of licorice.
Anyway you drink it, America, it's a refreshing change from your same old drink.

among women and young people. All of this information comes by way of an exhaustive study conducted by the Paris newspaper *Le Monde*.

Double your pleasure dots, double your fun

Rhett Delford Brown is a Southern belle. She looks the way Scarlett might have looked had Captain Butler come back to her and they had been living together happily for a few years. When we visited her at home in New York she fed us chocolate-chip cookies. Then she showed us her pornographic tapestries.

Whatever your thing is, she will make a tapestry out of it. We looked at four, commissioned by friends of different sexual bents: one showing a hetero couple engaging in 69,

one with two women, and two showing a male couple Rhett calls "Bruce and Barry." Each tapestry has two fluffy bunnies on it somewhere, fucking.

Rhett is the inventor of the "pleasure dot." All her characters have streams of sequin pleasure dots coming out of their heads. Rhett says she got the idea from movie cartoons, which makes the pleasure dot spiritually related to the sparkly stuff—known in the trade as "Disney dust"—that comes out of the fairy godmother's wand in *Cinderella*.

"In the Sixties, I started doing porno drawings in felt pen for my friends, just for the hell of it," Rhett told us. "I can't seem to do anything with

paint, but I've always been good at sewing, so I decided to turn them into tapestries."

One of our favorites among her original drawings depicted the amorous adventures of a Gristedes delivery boy. Another we liked was a beach scene. It showed a man whipping a woman who was lying on the sand, while an airplane

passed overhead, its pilot looking down with interest. There are a lot of voyeurs in Rhett's work. Sometimes they have more pleasure dots than anybody else.

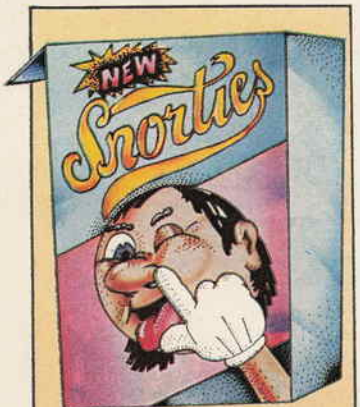
Bruce and Barry, the gay couple, have three-dimensional erections that become more tumescent from tapestry to tapestry. "But the person I made them for complained about the balls. At first, I used marbles and he said they were too hard. So now I have to stuff the balls with cotton."

Rhett and her husband, artist Robert Delford Brown, live in The Great Building Crack-up Gallery, described as "a collision between a 19th-Century building and a 20th-Century building." The Delford Browns seem so perfect for each other that we were tempted to ask how they met.

"I was an actress-producer at the time, and I needed a handsome leading man," Rhett said. "I picked Bob up in a deli on Second Avenue. I took him home with me, and when he opened up the fridge and saw that I had a case of pink champagne inside he said, 'Let's fuck.' I told him I didn't have any contraceptive cream, and he said he would buy me some, and he did. And I said, 'Thank God, a man who isn't prissy.' "

We saw a lot of pleasure dots fly off above her head as she told us the story.

—ANNE BEATTS



Favorite hot snack of the upper echelons of the West Coast music business is whimsically dubbed the Breakfast of Champions: two lines of coke, an amyl nitrite, a cup of black espresso coffee, and a tequila sunrise. In that order.

Hey, it says here that 67 percent of the tourists in Bermuda are women. Hot dog! Hold on. Over here it says that Hamilton, Bermuda's capital, has banned short shorts, bathing suits, and bare feet as acceptable streetwear. Let's go to the movies instead.

Sex and the single rat

Back when the Johnson Administration was pushing its Rat Control Bill, a friend of ours had the funny idea that government rat exterminators should go around slipping birth-control pills into garbage cans, thereby cutting off the phenomenal rat-reproduction

"The Persecution and Attempted Assassination of the Rock-Opera Form, as Performed by Some Mediocre Talents in the City of Paris, Under the Sponsorship of a Timid Radio Station"

Jean-Paul Marat, tormented revolutionary, sits in his tub, dreaming. In his dream he sees a naked woman enter his chamber to tantalize him. Awakened, he sees the same woman, now dressed, enter his chamber to plunge a dagger into his heart. She is Charlotte Corday. This is *La Révolution Française*, France's first native rock opera. It premiered in the largest sports stadium in Paris and played to audiences of thousands. Interestingly, the story of the revolution was weighted more on the side of Louis XVI than on that of Robespierre, Marat, *et al.* But then, it was sponsored by the popular radio station, Europe Number One, and what French radio station is going to lend its support to a revolution these days, even if the revolution is part of the national heritage? Read the book instead.

—CYNTHIA GRENIER

Slaughter on 10th Avenue is Mick Ronson's first solo album.

PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL · JAMAICA

your kind of place

Trust Playboy to make the most of the kind of lush scenery and exciting tropical living that makes Jamaica such a fabulous and popular year-round playground.

The Club-Hotel is set on ten landscaped acres by the bay. You'll have an air-conditioned room. And in deluxe rooms, your own sunken Grecian bath.

You can sun on Playboy's white sand beach, play tennis day or night, go find your own coral reef. Or join the group on the volleyball courts, watch outdoor movies on the pool deck, take in the exotic entertainment at the liveliest night club in the Caribbean.

Food, drinks, climate and scenery are wonderfully Jamaican—the plush, sophisticated touch is Playboy's.

For immediate confirmation of room reservations in Jamaica, at the Playboy Towers or at the Playboy Club-Hotels in Lake Geneva and at Great Gorge, call TOLL FREE 800-621-1116 or your local travel agent. In Illinois, call (312) PL 1-8100.

playboy club-hotel AT ocho rios · jamaica

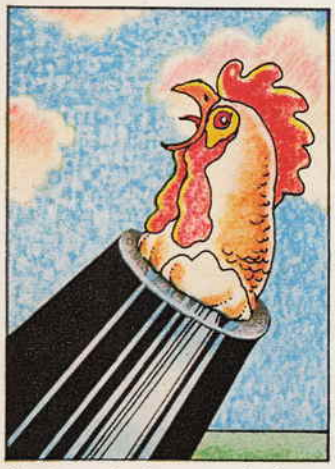
process. Some joke. Scientists working with Great Britain's Drug Houses Research, Ltd., have now come up with a powerful estrogen drug that, in one field trial, all but wiped out a colony of 1000 rats in a year's time. Best of all, after another six months the researchers found not one pregnant rat among the few survivors. OK, then, how about devising a sterilizing operation for males, maybe a ratsectomy? Or establishing abortion clinics for female rats?

License license, sticky sticker

Sighted along a busy street in downtown Los Angeles (yes, there is *so* a downtown Los Angeles) was a winsome blonde driving a hot little red Datsun that proudly bore the popular bumper sticker, IMPEACH THE COX SACKER. Not at all unusual, until one noticed the personalized license plate on the hot red Datsun driven by the winsome blonde: HUMMER. Made you wonder whose cox was getting sacked.

Chickenshot

While the "major powers" spend their billions for defense on MIRVs, SAMs, SSTs, and ABMs, Canada recently laid out a whopping $200,000 for research and development on a cannon that will fire chickens. The chickens will be



fired at airplanes to find out how to protect planes in their mid-air collisions with birds. Only an imaginative, daring, and determined second-rate power could pull off something like that and get away with it.

Schöne Aussichten sind das...
Man kann es ziehen wie man will. Ungeschützt bleibt ungeschützt. Und Ihr Versicherungshemd? Auch zu kurz?
Sie haben Anspruch auf die richtige Vorsorge! Auf einen Schutz ohne Überraschungen. Kostenerstattung: 100% Mit anderen Worten: INTER-all-TARIF. Die private Krankenversicherung mit den besonderen Vorteilen.
Es spielt keine Rolle, wo Sie ins Krankenhaus gehen. Einbettzimmer, Mehrbettzimmer, Komfort oder nicht. Privatbehandlung oder nicht. Es wird alles bezahlt. Oft bekommen Sie sogar Geld heraus. Das ist die Krankenversicherung der Zukunft. Und die Beiträge? Absolut günstig.
Sie werden überrascht sein. Sie können den INTER-all-TARIF als Zusatzversicherung zur gesetzlichen Kasse nehmen – alle Restkosten werden bezahlt. Oder als Vollversicherung.
Und Sie sind Privatpatient. In Deutschland. In Europa. Auf Weltreisen.
Verlangen Sie mehr Information!
ganz neu
inter
KRANKEN-LEBEN-SACHVERSICHERUNGEN

This, fair reader, is an advertisement from a West German magazine. But, of course. The Germans use many, many erotic photos in their mass-media advertising. But this one is an ad for a West German *insurance company*—like Allstate or State Farm or Mutual of Omaha. The relevant text says: "And her life-insurance shirt? Is it also too short? She has a right to more long-range protection." Let's run it up the flagpole, Fritz, and see who throws up.

When in Rome, do as you're told

Romans may be snapping up *Playboy* by the thousands, but certainly all is not liberated in the Holy City. One of the most hypocritically repressed spots in town is the famous Grand Hotel. Just recently, a rich, dashing Brazilian girl invited a well-bred, well-dressed young Frenchman up to her suite for a nightcap (a last snort, to be precise). The man at the front desk informed the young lady that the gentleman could not accompany her beyond the lobby. When she replied that they were visiting the apartment of a prince who keeps a permanent residence at the Grand, they were allowed up—with an escort of *four* bellhops. (The Grand is *grand*, after all.) Following an hour's visit, the girl, her friend, and the prince sallied forth to the girl's suite, only to find her doorway barred by the same four bellhops. A loud argument ensued. Finally, two bellhops led the Frenchman to the front desk, where he was slyly informed that he could linger with his lady only if he took a room of his own at the hotel. The price: 35,000 lire ($60). Immediately, and in cash, *piaccere*. As the concierge so elegantly explained, "Guests of the Grand may freely visit guests of the Grand."

Caution: sleep ahead

Hell! Just when we get done figuring out how to interpret our dreams, now we've got to think about the *positions* in which we sleep. Seems there is a French scientist named Pierre Daveux who has spent some time, for God knows what reason, studying the ways in which people sleep and analyzing what each position tells us about our psyche, our soul, our very *being*. People who curl up when they sleep are lonely, Daveux has determined. Back-sleepers are stubborn. Those who stick their heads under the covers are pessimists. Those who sleep facing right are creative; facing left, confident. And the poor souls who lie on their stomachs at night are insecure and, often, downright scared. Or plain tired? Seriously, M. Daveux, how is a sensitive person supposed to get any sleep at all if he goes to bed worrying about *how* he is going to sleep? After all, what good is it to be psychologically well-adjusted and *exhausted*?

Veiled brides screw grooms

Every war has its profiteers and every revolution has its camp-following exploitation artists. The sexual revolution is no different, and most of the action is found, as usual, on the front lines—in Denmark. One of the more original of the rip-off specialists is the Danish entrepreneur who set himself up as a marriage bureau, bartering brides that did not exist.

Perhaps inspired by the American millionaire who advertised for and received a

"I use karate as a means to an end," confides Mike Crain, Baptist-trained preacher and president of Judo and Karate for Christ, Inc. "The Devil uses little devices to get people away from the church. I use karate to get them there. . . . In between my exhibitions, I inject thoughts on religion and drug abuse. If you can't preach Christ into them, you beat the devil out of them."

Not a bad Poster Offer

Not a bad offer for a Winston poster without commercial message. Only $1.00 plus two empty packs of Winston.

beach couple

Mail to: Winston Poster Offer
P.O. Box 9572
St. Paul, Minnesota 55195

IMPORTANT: Send check or money order and empty packs by first class mail. Make payable to Winston Poster Offer.

Please send me _____ Winston poster(s). For each one ordered I enclose $1.00 and 2 empty packs from any size Winston Cigarettes. (No stamps please.)

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older.

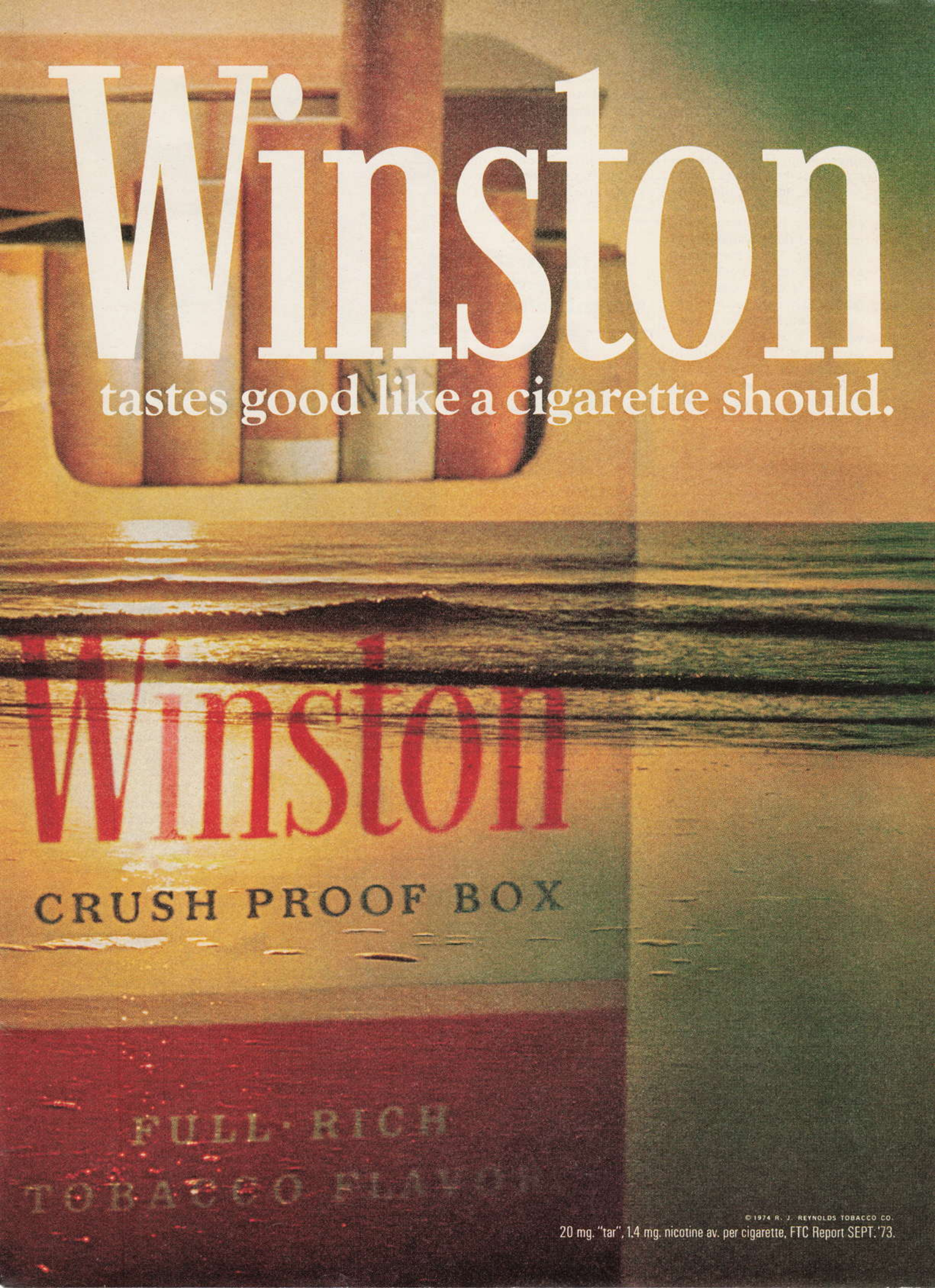
Miss
Mrs.
Mr. _____
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address _____ Phone No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip* _____

*U.S. Postal Regulations require use of zip code. Please include. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. This offer expires October 31, 1974 and is limited to the U.S.A. Not valid for shipment into states where prohibited or regulated.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



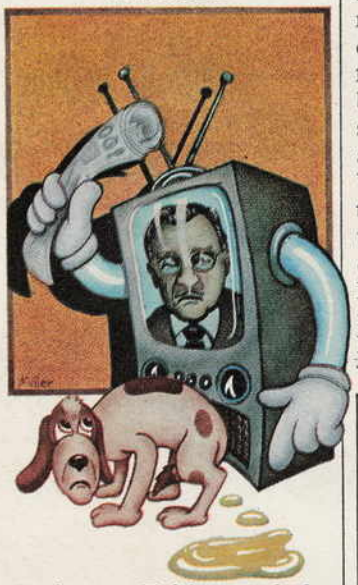
© 1974 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '73.

lovely Danish bride, and aware that men all over the hard-pressed world were having wet dreams about the freedom-loving Danish lasses, this enterprising Dane rented a post office box, bought some porno pix, and took out newspaper advertisements in which fictitious bride-prospects trumpeted their availability to Mr. Right. Those responding to the ads received one of the nude shots and a letter containing drivel such as: "I love you so much that, if you wanted, I would work as a prostitute." The swindle quickly netted a cool ten grand.

But nothing so easy and profitable can last forever. Three irate suckers—from New York, London, and Tahiti—were unembarrassed enough to file charges and have the swindler arrested. He's now spending a year in jail, giving him sufficient time to reread his Adam Smith—especially the parts about supply and demand.—ERIC KAHN

Overestimating media



As it was Friday and the streets were filled with Australians, we decided to look in on our corporate oracle—a very busy man in these days of rapid change. We asked him for a few words of smartness—a drop or two of thought-provoking comment—and this is what he said:

"What's wrong with electronic media? I'll tell you what's wrong with electronic media. Did you ever try to wrap table scraps in video tape? Did you ever try to discipline a dog with a rolled-up television set? Have you ever been snowbound in a wilderness cabin with only some long-playing records to throw on the fire? That's what's wrong with electronic media."

Be the first one in your neighborhood

We have here in our editorial hand a report quoting the ubiquitous New York psychiatrist (first cousin to the Washington Government source) as saying that "animals are worthy substitutes for men in undesirable job situations." Noting that dogs and other animals already perform a variety of menial tasks, he predicts that in the foreseeable future "higher-level apes will be trained to defuse bombs, scale high walls, pick fruit, and fight fires." Ape firemen? We can imagine a future third-grade classroom, with teacher asking an eight-year-old what he wants to be when he grows up, and the kid replying that he wants to be an ape. Me Tarzan, you Sonny.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 12 PRICE 30p MONTHLY
THE Squash PLAYER
INTERNATIONAL
SEX and your SQUASH LIFE...
DR CRAIG SHARP MEDICAL ADVISER TO THE BRITISH OLYMPIC TEAM PUTS THE RECORD STRAIGHT
Page 27
Everything you ever wanted to know about starting the game (but were afraid to ask)
Page 6
SHEFFIELD—SQUASH CITY
Page 17
Official Journal of the Squash

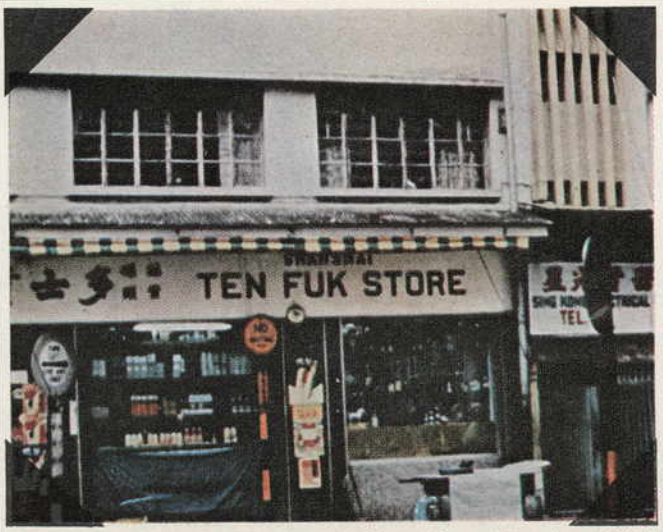
Mom burn your stack of OUIs? Dad snitch your copy of *Fancy Spankers*? Have you ever considered the possibility of subscribing to *The Squash Player*?

We'll be back right after this

The music ends. Time for a commercial. "Overcome the problems and anxieties that keep you from being at your best." Typical. And what is it that we need this time? Scientology. "Scientology really works." Yes, the same wacky crowd that brought you the ever-popular E-Meter is now flooding the air waves with canned testimonials decked out in Mad Ave finery.

Among the celebrated Scientologists lending their voices to the ad campaign are actress Karen Black, football star John Brodie, and the rock band Edward Bear. All claim to have achieved their best through the applied religious philosophy. Edward Bear members credit Scientology for helping them to realize their dream of a top-ten single.

Producer of the spots, musician Dick Glass, contends that an understanding of Scientologist teachings about communications helped him and his crew to turn out a one-minute spot in just ten minutes'



The fellow who took this photo in Hong Kong later found that the Ten Fuk store sold food. Not fuck food. Just food.

CZAR

Only 300 el toros in the U. S. A.

Here's your El Toro designed by CZAR, Inc. With Classic grill, pinstriping, padded landau top, trunk, door sills and special chrome trunk straps. Just sit tall in a deep shag carpeted interior and remember all these features are hand-fitted by our skilled craftsmen. Here are some of the personalized extras from CZAR to you: dashboard I.D., a portable bar, attache case, shaver, travel kit, and resting pillow — all coordinated . . . The El Toro carries an Oldsmobile warranty and can be serviced at any Olds dealership throughout the country.

For a dealer in your area call: **CZAR (215) LO 7-6538**

BUSH OLDS
LENOIR, N. C.

COLLINS OLDS
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

CRISCONI OLDS
PHILA., PA.

WELSCH OLDS
ATLANTA, GA.

MERRY OLDS
SAN JOSE, CALIF.

POPPEL OLDS
DENVER, COL.

MIDWAY OLDS
POCOMOKE CITY, MD.

WILLIS OLDS
DALLAS, TEX.

production time. "Scientology and communication are very much tied together," Glass explained. "Communication is the universal solvent; there's nothing in the universe it can't solve."

Scientologist Axioms Productions runs from ten to thirty of the spots each week on selected California outlets at a cost of several thousand dollars—a substantial budgetary increase over the previous promotional stand-by, street-corner leafleting. Axioms director Ken Gerbino—who also handles the PR accounts for the Las Vegas Desert Inn, Johnson's Yogurt, and General Pants—hopes the campaign will soon expand nationwide and eventually incorporate television and other media. Sounds great, Kenny baby. How about an L. Ron Hubbard Open Golf Classic?

—PAUL BERNSTEIN

Nice try, but no Tiparillo

A chambermaid, let it be known, is no longer a chambermaid. She (or he) is now a "lodging-quarters cleaner." Likewise, domestic maids are hereinafter to be identified as "private-household cleaners."

These and 50 other job titles have been officially changed by the Federal Government, no less, as "a welcome step toward eliminating sex discrimination in employment." The Census Bureau, it seems, has finally heard about women's liberation and has done its awkward part by playing neological roulette with the bureau's Occupational Classification System. The bureaucrats' hearts may have been in the right place, but their minds must have been on vacation at Rehobeth Beach.

Among the several other title changes was one decreeing that "foremen" shall henceforth be known as "blue-collar-worker supervisors," as if that was going to get more women onto the GM assembly lines. Similarly, we doubt that changing "oystermen" into "trappers" (not "oysterpersons"?) is going to find more women going down to the sea for a living. Elsewhere, the old familiar "bus boy" is now a "waiter's assistant," while "charwomen" have magically become "building-interior cleaners." "Policemen" are now classified simply as "police," making us wonder how one goes about summoning "a police."

All of this silliness tends to confirm OUI's First Law of Physical Motion, which postulates that for every reaction there always occurs a concurrent and corresponding overreaction. Q.E.D.

Now it can be told: Deep Throat has made it into the White House. But it was not *that Deep Throat*, of course. This Deep Throat was the code name that reporters Carl Bernstein and Robert Woodward—the pair who broke the Watergate story—gave to their number-one source high in the executive branch. And every time they met with Deep Throat, Bernstein and Woodward reveal in their forthcoming book, *All The President's Men*, he was in "fear of his life" that his cover would be blown.

This is your life...

Ms. Kathy Keeton, associate publisher of *Viva*, "The International Magazine for Women."

Red on Black

Here we are at a diplomatic reception in Saigon, eavesdropping on a conversation between a North Vietnamese army officer and a U.P.I. correspondent from the United States. The officer has just told the reporter that he has become a big fan of American movies and that his favorite actress is "the little girl."

"Who?" the American asks.

"You know, Shirley. Shirley Temple," the officer says.

"Really? Are you aware that she is now in her 40s, has grown children of her own, and has been a member of the U. S. United Nations mission under the Nixon Administration?"

"No, no. Impossible," the North Vietnamese says, shaking his head vigorously.

"Don't you believe me?" the correspondent persists.

"No!" he replies, changing the subject to a discussion of Tarzan movies.

A faery tale

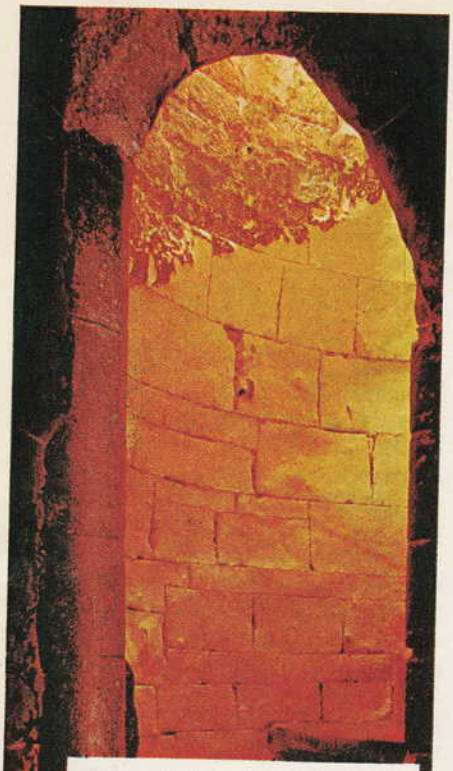
Once, long, long ago, when the world was younger and life more fair, a noble French count a-hunting did go in the bosky dells of Normandy. The day long did he trod these lush precincts until, his energies spent, he came upon an enticing spring deep in the verdant woods. He plunged quickly in and emerged cleansed and refreshed. He returned to his castle and, after a night of frolic with his lissome wife, found his amorous powers to be greatly enhanced. Believing this development to be merest coincidence, the noble count tested the spring's waters once more —and once more found his previously insatiable wife thoroughly pleased with her husband's nocturnal performance. The count was so grateful for the spring's rejuvenative powers that he had erected on its banks a commemorative tower as homage. This is that tower, the *Tour de Bonvouloir*, as it stands today near the spa of Bagnoles-de-l'Orne in Western France.

Bad pussy

Ballooning meat prices have been rough on a lot of people, but none more so, perhaps, than Bruce Zamperla—it cost him a nice piece of ass. Zamperla, you see, is a lion tamer with the Polack Brothers Circus, and when inflation forced him to switch his charges from an all-beef to a chicken diet, one lioness tried to supplement her new regimen with a hunk from Zamperla's ass. "Delhi is a sweet lioness that I have raised since she was a cub," Zamperla said after his wound was treated. "She would never attack me, except that I have not been able to feed her and the others anything but chicken. They like beef, but it is too expensive." Weeeeeo!

MERCI

Our most profound thanks (in English) to those others who contributed to this section: Frederick Akers, Lew Arthur, Jon Carroll (hi, Jon), Robert Colacello, Al DeBat, Frederick's of Hollywood, Anthony Hayden-Guest (yes, *that* Anthony Hayden-Guest), Judy Johnson, Ron Kimberling, John Lofton, Karl-Heinz Lohse, Shia Meng (drop us a line, Shia), Jasper Newsome, *The New York Times*, Susan Subtle, tits, Lawrence Santrey, and the staff of OUI. Art credits: *Openers* box, Don Wilson; holy card by John Craig; Rio billboard, John Youssi; heart and rings by Gwynne; karate chop, Bill Biderbost; media slam, Freeman Miller; ape, Brad Olsen-Ecker; lion, Jerome Walker. Photo credits: Firefly, Photo Trends; Hand shower, Mindas; Show-me-yours, Mario Casilli; Nude descending a racing car, Keystone; Porn tapestries, Eric Meola; Marat, G. Wurtz. The photo of Ms. Kathy Keeton comes from Paramount Pictures and was not taken by Bob Guccione, as evidenced by the lack of Vaseline on the lens.



Follow the footsteps of Kings and Queens, rogues and revolutionaries, traitors and tyrants to the "Bloody Tower"... the magnificent, the terrifying

TOWER OF LONDON

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

William the Conqueror. In 1066, this illegitimate son of a Norman duke invaded England, seized the throne, and then built the Tower of London and 84 castles to protect himself from his subjects.

Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, the second of his six wives, laughed when he sentenced her to be beheaded in the Tower, along with her five alleged lovers. She couldn't believe he was serious. He was.

Charles I. He kissed his children goodby, forgave his executioner, and tucked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death "a cruel necessity."

PLAYBOY BOOKS INVITES YOU TO...

Come, walk with Kings.

Come, walk with Kings and let the ancient gates of London's Tower creak shut behind you.

Walk with King Edward III as he sallies forth from the Tower cell to avenge the murder of his father and to seize the kingdom from his mother and her lover.

Wasting little time, Edward threw his mother into a dungeon and had her lover beheaded.

Walk with the boy-king, Richard II, as he faces an army of 100,000 rebels on Tower Hill and refuses to surrender his jeweled sword to their leader, Wat Tyler.

Tyler was executed on the spot. Then Richard rode forth, alone, into the howling mob and, in a child's voice, commanded the rebels to go home. And they did.

Walk with King Henry VI, who doesn't even want to be King. He is caught in a power struggle between his headstrong son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower. When his son was killed in battle and only he stood between the Duke and the throne, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

To walk with Kings, you need only a little imagination and your own copy of the richly illustrated volume called *Tower of London*.

It's one of a new and exciting series of books called Wonders of Man. Other volumes include: The Colosseum, The White House, The Pyramids and The Sphinx, Notre-Dame de Paris, Statue of Liberty, El Escorial, The Kremlin, Versailles, Dome of the Rock.

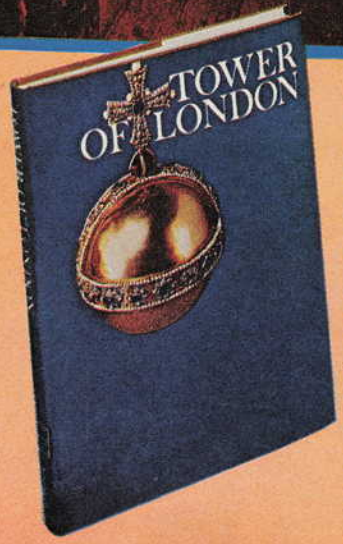
DELUXE EDITION AVAILABLE

You may prefer *Tower of London* and future volumes in the gold tooled deluxe edition. Your cost is only $2 additional per book. Just check the appropriate box on the coupon below.

YOURS FREE FOR 10 DAYS AS A GUEST OF PLAYBOY®

Send no money. Your copy of *Tower of London*—and each succeeding Wonders of Man volume—is yours to examine for 10 days in your own home. See coupon below for full details.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY OF TOWER OF LONDON TODAY



PLAYBOY makes this special no-obligation introductory offer: Examine *Tower of London* in your own home. Read it cover to cover. Enjoy the many magnificent full-color illustrations . . . the fine binding and printing . . . the 24-page special section, The Tower of London in Literature. If you do not agree that this is a truly memorable book, return it in 10 days and owe nothing. Or keep it for $6.95 (plus a small shipping and handling charge). You will then receive future volumes at regular two-month intervals —each one on the same 10-day free examination basis. Send for your copy of *Tower of London* today!

PLAYBOY BOOKS/Wonders of Man
919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Please send me TOWER OF LONDON to examine FREE for 10 days and enter my trial subscription to WONDERS OF MAN. If, after examining this book, I do not choose to keep it, I may return it within 10 days and I will be under no further obligation. If I decide to keep TOWER OF LONDON, I will pay only $6.95 plus postage and handling. You may then send me future volumes in the series, shipped a volume at a time at two-month intervals @ $6.95 each, plus shipping and handling.

Each book is to be sent to me on approval. I may return any book in this series within 10 days after receiving it, and I can cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

OUI 574

My initials: _____

☐ I prefer having TOWER OF LONDON—and any future volumes I may take—in the DELUXE Edition at only $2 more per book.

NAME _____
(Please print)

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

Note: Offer available only to residents of United States.

PREVUE

The Adventures of Rabbi Jacob. The man coming out of this page is green not with envy but with bubble gum. He is the actor Louis de Funès, and he may well be the most popular movie star in France. Along with director Gérard Oury, De Funès has made a series of comic films, each earning more money than the previous one. The Oury–De Funès films have been like regional wines—revered in their native land but definitely not for export. However, *Rabbi Jacob*, the pair's latest collaboration, proved such a resounding success at the Paris box office that 20th Century-Fox has gambled a rumored $3 million that it will do as well in the States. A dubbed De Funès is about to discover whether Gallic humor can travel.

The Oury concoction? Take one wealthy anti-Semitic Frenchman, De Funès. Give him a Jewish chauffeur and a roadside accident that gets him involved with a dashing young Arab revolutionary escaping from a group of fellow Arabs who want to kill him. De Funès and the Arab are forced to disguise themselves as a pair of rabbis, freshly arrived from New York, to escape the killers. Lots of pratfalls as the real rabbis chase after the fake pair, who are in turn running from the wicked Arabs.

—CYNTHIA GRENIER

One half of this couple is a French Fascist, the other is a Jew. Complications by Louis Malle.

Lacombe Lucien. Ever since returning from India, where he made a seven-hour documentary that French TV refused to run, Louis Malle has had this thing about adolescence. Perhaps it is because he himself is no longer young. Perhaps it is simply because stories about adolescent youth are a French tradition. Malle followed *Murmur of the Heart*, a tender presentation of introductory incest, with *Humain, Trop Humain*, a film about growing up during the Algerian war.

Now Malle has made *Lacombe Lucien*, a portrait of a 17-year-old peasant who becomes a member of the Gestapo. Rather than present his collaborator as a vicious beast, Malle has the kid rejected from the Resistance because the schoolteacher who heads the local *maquis* doesn't think a rabbit-hunting dullard is fit for underground work. When Lucien goes out and gets drunk, he betrays the teacher to the local Gestapo, and there seems to be no turning back. Having fallen into evil in the most banal way, the kid finds he rather likes it. Until, that is, he falls in love with a Jewish girl.

Anicée Alvina paints Olga Georges-Picot in Alain Robbe-Grillet's **Glissements Progressifs du Plaisir.**

Glissements Progressifs du Plaisir. Practically speaking, it's as difficult to give a synopsis of Alain Robbe-Grillet's *Glissements Progressifs du Plaisir* as it is to translate the title (*Progressive Shifts of Pleasure* is a rough approximation). A beautiful woman (Olga Georges-Picot) who has been brutally murdered with a pair of scissors is found tied naked to a bed; the only suspect, a younger girl found on the scene of the crime (Anicée Alvina), is kept in a prison run by nuns and questioned by a judge (Michael Londsale), a pastor (Jean Martin), and a female lawyer (Georges-Picot again).

A mystery plot? Yes and no. For Robbe-Grillet, it's a way of continuing to explore the archetypal images of erotic fantasy that figured in his last two novels (*La Maison de Rendezvous* and *Project for a Revolution in New York*). The fantasy has been expanded here to include lesbians, medieval tortures, eggs, vampirism, necrophilia, and an inordinate amount of red paint. The idea of evil overtaking the murder investigation yields multiple and contradictory answers, a musical ordering of indecent possibilities. Key objects—a blue shoe and a broken wine bottle—keep reappearing in different contexts and go through progressive kaleidoscopic shifts of meaning. The luscious bodies of Georges-Picot and Alvina are shown throughout to best advantage, and Jean-Louis Trintignant puts in an uncredited appearance, parodying a police inspector.

—JONATHAN ROSENBAUM

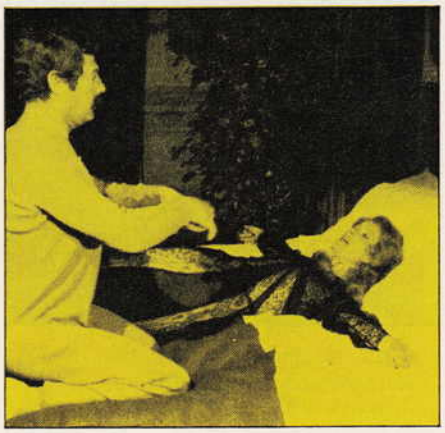
Histoires Scélèrates. Pier Paolo Pasolini, best known for *The Gospel*

According to St. Matthew and one of Italy's most prolific art-filmmakers, has a habit of pushing protégés forward. Bernardo Bertollucci was able to make his first film at the age of 20 because of Pasolini's patronage. Now, Sergio Citti, Pasolini's assistant for many years, has come out on his own. Citti's second film, *Histoires Scélèrates* (*Villainous Tales*), comes with all the usual protégé trappings—screenplay by the master and visual style to match. The film consists of several nasty, bawdy stories told by two imprisoned brigands who are entertaining their cellmates while waiting for the gallows. One of the condemned storytellers is played by Franco Citti, Sergio's brother and yet another Pasolini find. Incest in the name of art, it would seem, knows no bounds.

It is not always good to be beautiful, as these young ladies discover in a truly **Villainous Tale.**

Don't Touch the White Woman. Last time around, Marco Ferreri's idea for a serious comedy was to shuttle four bored Parisians (Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret) off to a country retreat and watch them eat and screw themselves to death—a premise yielding *The Grande Bouffe*, one of the more intriguing morsels in last year's French movie fare. The sensational notion of Ferreri's latest, *Don't Touch the White Woman*, is to set an honest-to-God Western in the ruins of Les Halles, the wholesale food market, which Zola called "the belly of Paris" and which was banished to the suburbs a few years ago.

Ferreri replaces that demolished culinary circus with all the ingredients needed for a grand-scale horse opera: the same male leads as *The Grande Bouffe*



Marcello Mastroianni should heed the injunction and not touch white woman Catherine Deneuve.

and no less a white woman than Catherine Deneuve, plus all the open spaces and horses that a European Western freak could ask for. The result is slightly surreal, satirically aimed slapstick, with the Forces of American Imperialism battling the Combined Resources of the Third World. Mastroianni, as General Custer, slaps his gloves and stamps his boot in deference to Puritanism and a picture of Richard Nixon; Piccoli, deftly lampooning an American accent as Buffalo Bill, recounts past exploits in a local bar; a host of "Indians"—mainly Chileans, Colombians, Vietnamese, and Ugo Tognazzi—plot their strategies before the final massacre. But Ferreri's own strategy is to take off from this semiallegory into a relaxed appreciation of sheer buffoonery, turning various Paris locations (including Notre Dame) into facets of his private sandbox and appearing himself as an interested reporter. —J.R.

Green men are usually found only in science-fiction films. This green man is actually covered with bubble gum. He is an actor in a comedy. He thinks he's a rabbi.

The Tenderness of the Wolves. There is no other filmmaker like Rainer Werner Fassbinder. At 26, the former film critic has already directed more than 15 features (he works so fast it is impossible to keep up) and has quickly established himself as the most important and brilliant man in the recent renaissance of German moviemaking. What Godard was to the New Wave, Fassbinder is to the Seventies—a man out to re-create the way we look at film. Fassbinder is largely unknown outside Germany, where he has an extensive and almost fanatically enthusiastic following. Many of his films premier on the state-owned German television network, a haven for movies with limited theatrical potential.

The Tenderness of the Wolves, is a chillingly perverse story even for a man of Fassbinder's peculiar taste. Drawn from the real case of Fritz Haarman, "the Werewolf of Hannover," it charts in explicit detail the career of a homosexual mass-murderer who faced the guillotine in 1925. Haarman would recruit homeless youths, bring them to his apartment where he treated them with the "tenderness" of the title, and then, after murdering the boys, would sell their meat on the black market. Fassbinder shows Haarman biting the jugular vein of one of his victims—as he licks the blood, we confront the hideous idea of a sexual murder as lust.

The blood on this man's mouth comes from the veins of a young boy. Read above only if you dare.

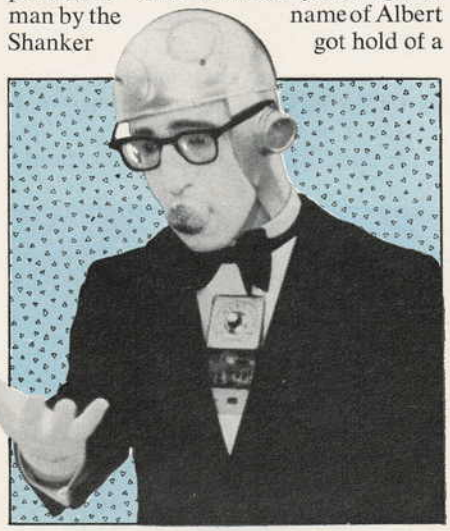
REVUE

Sleeper awakens with genius; *Exorcist* expels vulgarity. Will Mano never cease?

Useless to label Woody Allen's genius. It's like trying to smell your own breath. **Sleeper** is as hard and tight and irresistible as a morning erection. Silent comedy with cherry-bomb one-liners added. *Sleeper* even has a coherent plot. Woody and co-writer Marshall Brickman will go far before they flag down a more plastic situation. One Miles Monroe, time-capsuled in Reynold's Wrap like a cryogenic shrimp roll, is jostled awake circa 2173. *Sleeper*'s delivery has an inbuilt 200-year timing: that's one hell of a slow double take. For example, the sign over a McDonald's hamburger stand: 750,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 SOLD. And Woody loves huge, flat geometric monochromatic surfaces (remember the sperm scene in *Everything You Wanted To Know About Sex*). They provide a visual straight man: against this blankness, Woody's crotchety personal remarks and the freckled, four-eyed, Jewish Howdy Doody face seem crabbed graffiti on the great, white-tiled men's room wall of the future.

And Woody has learned to use his body: awkwardness graceful as Nijinsky in elevator shoes. Certainly the most accomplished comic talent of our time. Trouble is, he plays with himself. The Selective Service could have cast *Sleeper*; Woody's company comes from Actors Anonymous. Fame, fortune—and still he's afraid of an upstaging. Diane Keaton, Miles's girl, is pretty much ham: bad for a nice Jewish boy to work with. No one exists as a character except Woody. And his mechanical devices: a fag robot, autohelicopters, an insane, ballooning space suit. Woody needs the future: the irrational and the amazing. Allen-Brickman humor crosscuts a mad gigantism with commonplace items. *Sleeper* holds together for this reason. His contemporary films seemed uneven because they had trouble justifying, say, a banana the size of your average canoe. Anything goes in 2173. I suspect *Sleeper* is the best film Woody Allen will ever make.

Also, I think, a film with lousy shelf life. *Sleeper* is dated: very New York, very 1973—the futuristic dry goods notwithstanding. For instance, 20 years from now when they revive *Sleeper* at an art theater (if, by then, someone has revived art theaters) how many people will laugh at this amusing doomsday explanation, "One hundred years ago, a man by the name of Albert Shanker got hold of a



nuclear weapon—"? (For that matter, how many people west of Hoboken laugh at it today?) *Sleeper* is for us, now; even foreign releases will have a five percent voltage cut. Still, for us, now, it is *the* pure comic film. Pure, because it has no emotional avoirdupois whatever. Yet jewellike: you want an emerald should cry? Our gratitude to the block bullies and Jewish princesses who dumped on an adolescent Allen Stewart Konigsberg. We should all get much mileage out of our inferiority complexes. Shit, if Woody Allen had been four foot, one, and walleyed he'd probably have driven Rose Mary Woods off the Chappaquiddick bridge by now.

The Exorcist is powerful, vulgar entertainment. It works on the human spirit like a lead enema. You know how the story goes: 12-year-old Regan (Linda Blair) gets possessed by Beelzebub. Hamlet says, "The Devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape." If so, William Peter Blatty's Satan doesn't exercise his prerogative. This Devil is putrid, profane, and raunchy as Pantagruel: the unquiet soul of Lenny Bruce, perhaps. Young Regan pisses, murders, uses the crucifix as a dildo, pukes green slime. Also, she leans heavily on ripe four-letter words. (However, since her mother is pretty near as foulmouthed, this may be the effect of upbringing, not possession.) Enter the good Jesuits to exorcise young Regan. Talk about exorcism: I hope Blatty will pick up the therapy tab for Linda Blair; it might run to half his Gargantuan profits. *The Exorcist* has been billed as a great advertisement for the faith. Faugh on that. Blatty is single-minded: the devil works in a somewhat subtler way with 12-year-old girls. The Holy Spirit, too. Green puke, indeed.

Director William Friedkin is brilliant and cruel. Relentless as an emetic. He rubs your nose in pain: the brutal encephalograph, for one, is perfectly gratuitous. Marcel Vercoutere's special effects are, well . . . special; I'd like to hire him for my funeral. But, beyond sight tricks, Friedkin understands the tyranny of sound: after all, you can shut your eyes. He shoves noise in the ear like a cattle prod. Its shock effect is probably dangerous. I see lines for *The Exorcist* wrapped twice around a city block. Friedkin's *French Connection* dogged it at the box office by comparison. And before the run is over, I think, *The Exorcist* will cause someone's death.

Bone is a small effort, but clever in spots. Impotent black rapist, bankrupt car salesman: Larry Cohen mocks half a dozen American stereotypes. *Bone* has the structure of improvisatory comic routines. Its premises are imaginative enough, but they are sprinters, not distance men. By its last quarter hour *Bone* is winded, with a stitch in its side. Notable for another kinky performance by Jeannie Berlin, whose body looks like something that was catered for a Park Avenue *bar mitzvah*.

With **Zardoz** and a recommendation from his building superintendent, John Boorman could get himself committed. This is expensive madness. If you could recycle films, *Zardoz* would make eight *Mean Streets* or four *Sleepers*. I couldn't explain the plot with an electronic Ouija board. One ten-story-tall flying head. Fifty flat-chested women wearing a sort of training-bra costume. Effete men so limp-wristed they'd stop a self-winding watch. Great liturgical statements like, "The gun is good. The penis is evil, it shoots seed." There are brutals who can get it up. And immortals who can't

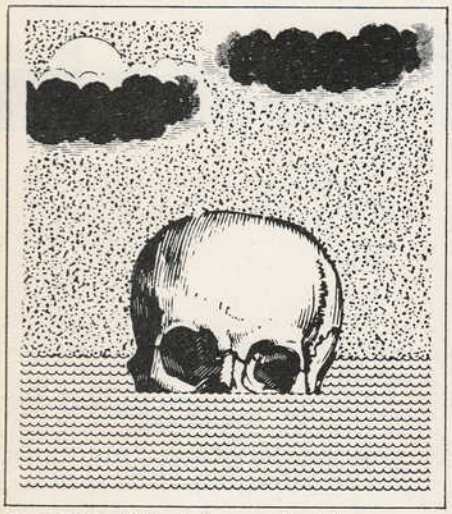
remember what it was. Fantastic sets. Extraordinary visual effects. *Zardoz* is the most ludicrous *meshuganah* film of 1974. Yet it has panache. Y'gotta give a big hand to anyone who is rich enough or smart enough to spring corporate money for his private insanities. Meaningless but fun, and Boorman has blown all the credit he amassed from *Deliverance*. See it as you would a superspectacular Rorschach test—for your own reactions.

—D. KEITH MANO

To the world of the rusty dead

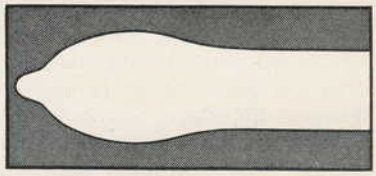
Upon finishing John Hawkes's new novel, **Death, Sleep and the Traveler**, I found myself emerging from an experience of flesh and mind so intense, so compelling, and so brilliant that I was reluctant to surface. The novel successfully fuses intense sex, individual psychological conflict, and the mysterious attraction of death. Hawkes has wound all these themes tightly together in a novel so strong it hits you like a stone fist, and you cherish your bruises long after you get up.

Allert, a large-boned, middle-aged man, serves as the novel's camera—a figure who presents personal experience with full and precise reproduction. Despite the intense emotions conveyed, he



is oddly distant from what he says—ironically superinvolved in aftertaste. Allert stands motionless in time while he maintains an unbreakable grip on our throats, taking us with incredibly sensuous detail through the magnetic couplings of his wife Ursula, himself, and his best friend Peter; and the consuming lust between his friend and his wife. Allert is a man seemingly incapable of a simple sexual relationship. On a gently rotating pleasure cruise, he becomes involved in yet another ménage, this time encompassing a young girl named Ariane and a somewhat crude radio officer

Contraceptive scientists introduce a dramatic new shape.

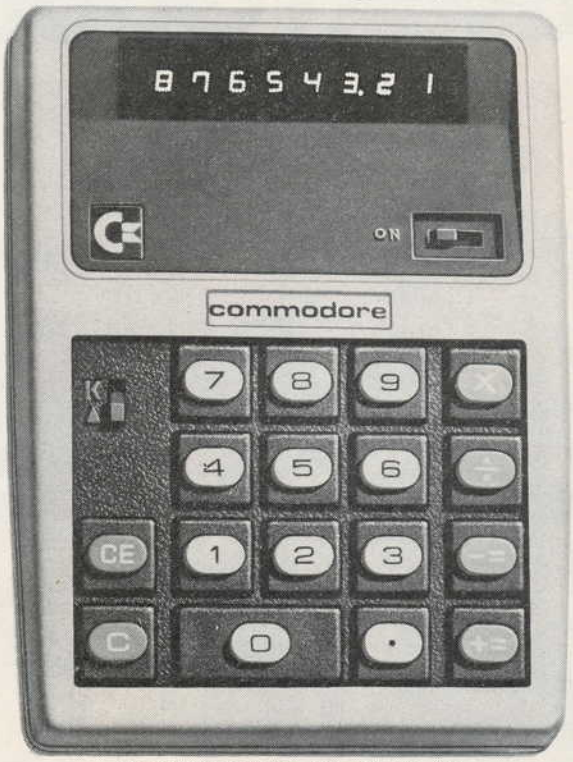


Now from our research laboratories comes a distinctive—and effective—new shape in male contraceptives. Called NuForm® Sensi-Shape, it's scientifically designed for added freedom of movement inside the contraceptive...to provide better, more natural sensation for both partners. You'll see the difference in NuForm's flared shape and soft tint. And you'll both feel the difference.

FREE SAMPLE OFFER We would like to send you free samples of the new, scientifically designed NuForm—both Sensitol® and Non-lubricated forms—and our booklet "There's a great new form of contraception you should know about". Send your name, address and zip code with 25¢ for handling to: Julius Schmid Pharmaceuticals, Box 0-5, 423 West 55th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

NuForm is available only in drugstores.

THE MIND-SAVER—NOW $39.95!



ACTUAL SIZE: 4"x3"x1¼"

TRY IT FOR 2 WEEKS—NO OBLIGATION!

Truly a fine quality, professional instrument. Everyone working with numbers or figures at work, school, or at home, can now afford and should definitely own this award-winning, full-feature Commodore Calculator. Really, why pay more?

- Adds; Subtracts; Multiplies; Divides
- 8-Digit Lighted Display
- Automatic Floating Decimal
- Constant Memory Factor
- Shows True Credit Balance
- Clear Entry Key Erases Last Entry in Case of Mistake
- Fully Depressed Keyboard for Finger Use
- Easy to Read Digital Readout
- 6 Month FREE Replacement Warranty Against Manufacturer's Defects
- Comes Complete with Batteries

Please ship me_____ Commodore Minuteman 3 Calculator(s) at $39.95 plus $3 shipping and handling each. If not satisfied I can return it within two weeks for a FULL refund.

☐ Also send AC adapter @ $3.95.
☐ Instead, send me the Rechargeable 3-S Model (with square and square root functions) at $59.95 (add $3 for shipping).
☐ Instead, send me the Rechargeable 3-M Model (with Memory and K Key at $69.95 (add $3 for shipping).
☐ Check or Money Order Enclosed (Illinois residents add 5% tax).
☐ Charge to my Credit Card Checked Below:
☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard
☐ Master Charge ☐ Diner's Club

Credit Card #_____
Master Charge Code #_____ (4 digits)
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Signature_____

Put coupon in envelope and mail to: **Contemporary Marketing, Inc.** OUI-5/74
607A Country Club Dr. • Bensenville, IL 60106 • Phone: (312) 595-0461

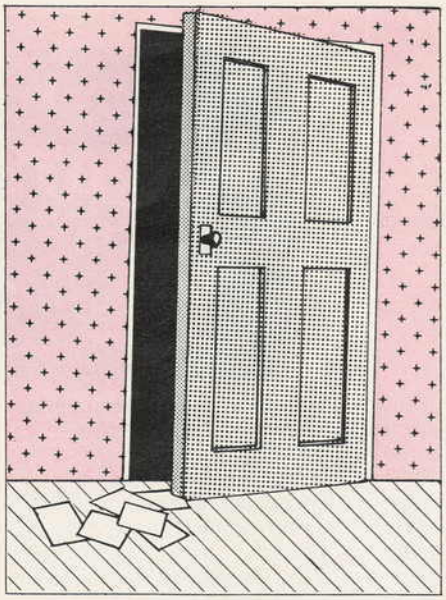
whose satisfied desire for Ariane threatens Allert like a whip of insanity.

Ursula, Peter, Ariane, and the antagonistic radio officer circle in Allert's memory, returning to haunt and entice, erect and demolish, without benefit of logical occurrence in time and place. Allert's immediate action is unimportant. What is important is the intoxicating honesty of the subterranean narrator, and the final realization that what has happened in the past occurred without his will and therefore without his responsibility. We do not like Allert, but we must respect him. He raises issues on existence that make us uncomfortable, yet he mesmerizes.

In Allert's recall of personal episodes, he achieves a kind of disciplined, direct honesty not unlike Camus's *The Stranger*. In achieving that honesty, he also gains the clarity of objectivity that allows the reader, through depth of feeling and detail, to share Allert's sexual encounters as if they were his own. John Hawkes is a superb writer who compels us to sympathetic understanding by opening rusty doors that lesser writers don't even know exist. *Death, Sleep and the Traveler* is a difficult novel to forget. Like Allert's memory, it keeps coming back after you think you've put it out of your mind.

—Walter Sublette

Patti Smith is an underground goddessette, a maker of scenes, the first *Rolling Stone* debutante. **Witt** can be apprehended as the passage of such a goddessette furrowing through such scenes. She functions within the Warhol ethic in which everyone is an artist, everyone is a poet. In that milieu, poetry exists merely for the creation of poets. We no longer are so doltish as to consider poetry



in terms of meter, rhyme, and images, so why bother with imagination either?

Ms. Smith had two books of poetry published before *Witt*. We cannot use the convenient phrase "shows promise." More often than not, her statements are prose, not poetry—images strung together without rhythm.

The territory of the pieces is usually sexual, but it is sex stripped of its sensuality and tension. The most blatant passages are not in the least erotic. Too often the metaphors are clichéd phallic descriptions; the fantasies are of the familiar self-infliction school, predictable and dated. There is an emptiness and voicelessness that permeates these selections. We neither can discover nor care to discover who Patti Smith is.

I am uneasy about Patti Smith. I have a suspicion that she is a closet poet, a woman of savvy who is afraid of the necessary verbal alchemy and spiritual dabbling essential to poetry. When she risks taking the material of life and rearranging it, when she starts to penetrate and shatter reality a little, I think more of the secret poet may emerge.

—Eugenie Ross-Leming

An early ad for Coca-Cola promised it was "Delightful! Refreshing! Stimulating! Invigorating!" That's exactly how we'd describe Lawrence Dietz's **Soda Pop. The History, Advertising, Art and Memorabilia of Soft Drinks in America.** As you can figure from the title, Dietz isn't one to limit his curiosity. He has

Kawasaki Good Times in

"The winner is..."

Kawasaki Motorcycle dealers think everybody's entitled to good times in life. And they think good times ought to be free.

So we not only came up with some nifty sweepstakes prizes, we're also going to make you a winner. Here's how.

Drop-by your participating Kawasaki dealer. He'll give you an official Sweepstakes entry blank. Fill in your name, address, mail it, and you've entered the Sweepstakes. And while supplies last, he'll give you The Kawasaki Vacation Guide and Road Atlas. Free.

Congratulations. Already you're a winner. Now get a load of the biggies.

GOOD TIMES PRIZES

Grand Prize. 1 Winner. 1974 AMC Jeep. Model C-J5. Kawasaki Jet Ski. Kawasaki MC-1M. 90cc. 1974 RCA 19" color TV. Weber outdoor grill and worktable. Kodak Super 8 Hawkeye Instamatic movie camera. $500 cash. **First Prize.** 3 Winners. Kawasaki Jet Ski. Kawasaki MC-1M. RCA 19" color TV.

given us one of the most entertaining, fantastically illustrated, and amusing books to have shimmied across our desk in many months. There's a Hires Root Beer ad promoting it as the national temperance drink (1897), a Coca-Cola stock certificate dated 1919, a Thirties Coke tray featuring Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan (in bathing suits!), a photo of Dr Pepper being delivered in Texas by Wells Fargo trucks, a Norman

Rockwell tray from the Forties, and a tremendous promotional shot of Greta Garbo in baggy beachwear, holding up—you guessed it!—a bottle of Coke. The photos and text roll through the turn of the century up to the present, passing through a lot of popular culture territory en route. But the book is for fun, not sociology. "Soda pop will not save the world," says Larry Dietz. "And that is probably a good thing." Amen.

Music for the end of the universe

The best jobs are created—not found in the classified ads. Take Christian Vander, for instance. He knew the end of the world was coming and figured it could use some background music. So he wrote it. A touch of Flash Gordon. A pinch of Stockhausen. And some dandy visual images dancing along to the musical strains. You can just see the dark caves with candlelight flickering on the walls and single-file lines of dark-cloaked figures weaving their way into the twilight of the ages. It's not something you put on the hi-fi before going to sleep.

So far, Vander and his band, Magma, have arrived at part three of a projected nine-album epic, the latest installment released in the U. S. as **Mekanik Destruktiw Kommandoh** (A&M). Briefly, the story involves a group of earthlings who, unheeded in their warnings of the coming disaster, leave to colonize a new planet, Kobaia. There they build a Utopian society, well-advanced in technology and social harmony. Decades later an itinerant earth spaceship discovers them and lures them back to earth, which is still going downhill. Stunned by their barbaric reception, they leave, never to return. But their visit leaves its mark: a leader arises who understood their teachings. Following this Nebehr Gudahtt, earth eventually comes to its senses and achieves a new state of grace.

It sounds like the second feature of a double bill headed by *Attack of the Mushroom People*, and Vander himself is unhappy with his liner notes. He merely intended to provide a rough scenario for his musical guide to self-discovery, he says. The lyrics, in an invented language of "sound symbols," do not translate. "You have to get away from the usual habits of playing offbeats, time signatures, anything familiar. Our purpose is to give strong enough images to jolt people out of the familiar and the habitual."

Needless to say, it takes an exceptional listener to make sense out of this. Most of us, fortunately, will not fall into that category. Magma suceeds in disturbing, but so does a leaky faucet. A leaky faucet, on this planet at least, is not music. Rather than creating something out of nothing, they have assembled the minor chords, dissonances, and ominous bass lines that have become a cinematic convention for the Martians' arrival.

Vander likes to quote Plato, who said, "When the music changes, the walls begin to crumble." Some think it's the other way around. —PAUL BERNSTEIN

Life are Free Sweepstakes

1974 AMC Jeep.

Kawasaki Jet Ski.

Kawasaki MC-IM.

1974 RCA TV.

Kodak movie camera.

Weber outdoor grill.

$500 cash.

Second Prize. 5 Winners. Kawasaki MC-1M. RCA 19" color TV
Third Prize. 25 Winners. Kodak Super 8 movie camera.

GOOD TIMES AHEAD

The Kawasaki Vacation Guide and Road Atlas you'll get for going to your dealer and entering the Sweepstakes is terrific. 48 pages loaded with useful information, and plenty of maps. It's compact enough to carry on all your good times ahead.

GOOD TIMES RULES

No purchase required. One Road Atlas per entrant. Sweepstakes begins April 15th, ends May 15th 1974. You may also enter by writing your name and address on a 3"x5" piece of paper and mailing it to: Kawasaki Good Times Sweepstakes, Derry, New Hampshire 03038.

All entries must be postmarked by May 15, 1974.

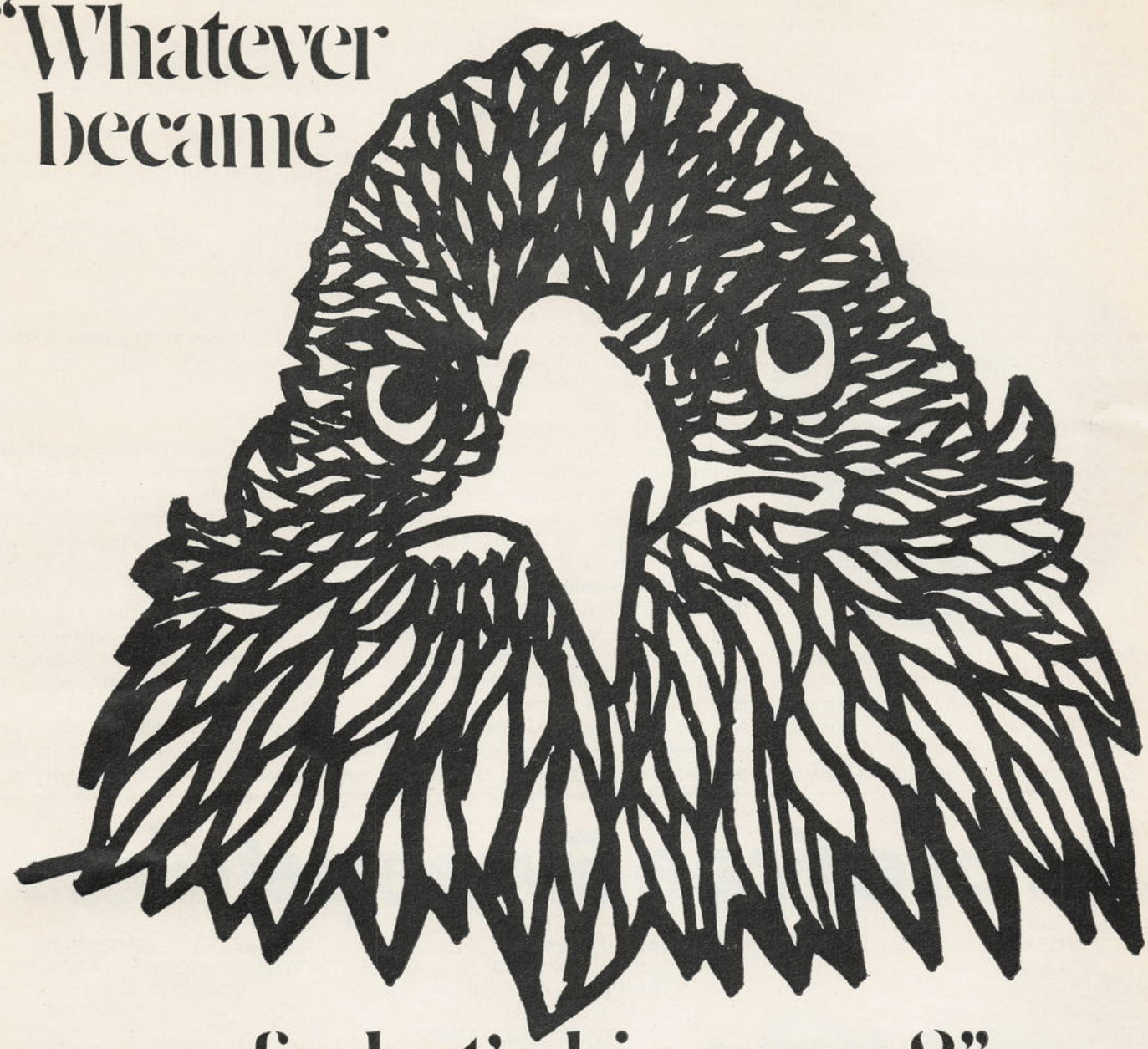
MORE GOOD TIMES HOW, WHAT'S, AND WHEREFORES

Prize winners determined by random drawings by an independent judging organization whose decisions will be final. Prizes non-transferable. No cash alternate or substitution for prizes as offered. The odds on winning determined by the number of entries received. All prizes will be awarded. Sweepstakes open to all residents of the Continental United States and Canada. Employees and their families of Kawasaki Motors Corp., its distributors, dealers, their advertising agency and the judging corporation will not be eligible. Sweepstakes subject to all applicable Canadian and United States Federal, Provincial, State and local laws and regulations. Void wherever prohibited or restricted by law. Void in Washington, Idaho, Georgia, Missouri, Wisconsin and wherever else prohibited, restricted or taxed. Taxes, if any, are the sole responsibility of the winners.

Winners will be notified by mail within 30 days after drawing which will take place during the week of June 10, 1974. To receive a list of winners, send a postage-paid, self-addressed envelope within six months after May 15, 1974 to Kawasaki Good Times Winners, Dept. K, Derry, New Hampshire 03038.

Kawasaki
lets the good times roll.
MEMBER MOTORCYCLE INDUSTRY COUNCIL

"Whatever became



# of what's-his-name?"

In years to come your children might ask that question. You may answer, "He is dead. He was called the bald eagle."
But your children may be asking more urgent questions. They may ask, "What has happened to the trees... the oceans and rivers... the air we breathe and the foods we eat?...
The danger to the bald eagle represents only a small fraction of the hazards we are creating for ourselves, and for the world we live in. The results of short sighted actions by man are endangering us *now*, and must be acted on *now*, to assure that the problems do not grow beyond the point of remedy.

The EDF is a coalition of scientists and lawyers. We intercede in the courts and before government agencies on behalf of you, the bald eagle, and other living things. Our work is not glamorous, but it is essential. We strive to assure an environment which allows for technological progress in a humane context. We urgently need your support.

Please send me further information
on the Environmental Defense Fund

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Donations to EDF are deductible for income tax purposes

Environmental Defense Fund
527 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

edf

oui

SATELLITE

The SST: dodo or phoenix?

PUERTO POLLENSA, MAJORCA—Telling a Frenchman that the Concorde supersonic airliner represents nothing more than a national ego trip and is a shameful waste of money is like telling him that Napoleon was an imbecile, or his mother was syphilitic, or that the soufflé was invented by a Prussian major. The result is likely to be a call for swords and seconds behind the cathedral at dawn. *Alors.*

The Englishman, who's splitting the bill for the thing, reacts quite differently. Quite. First of all, he's got that traditional reserve. More important, he's now almost fully aware that postwar Britannia has become the Rhode Island of Europe, and it's left him in a trauma. His upper lip is stiff only because it's been straight-armed by German, French, Italian, and Japanese industry, and if you look closely, you can see it quiver.

The average American probably still thinks that Concorde was the site of a redcoat rout in 1775. Those who know what it is probably also remember that Congress shot down our own Boeing Supersonic Transport (SST) in 1971 after a pitched battle between the Administration and aviation interests on one hand, and the eco mob on the other. So since the *real* SST (the American version) now seems as dead as the Tyrannosaurus rex, why pay attention to some smaller, slower (1800 miles an hour versus a lethargic 1350) foreign imitation of what we could have built if we'd really wanted to? Right? Wrong. It could be that the American SST is really a phoenix, that mythical bird that rose from its own ashes, and that Concorde is a supersonic match.

The Concorde is slated to go operational in mid-1975. And predictably, the French and British developers will then take out large ads in *The New York Times* and heavy-clout periodicals to brag about their feat. The PR smoke screen will attempt to obscure the Concorde's history of setbacks that began in 1972, when 14 airlines with options to buy 58 of the planes—spearheaded by our own Pan Am and TWA—gave it thumbs down on grounds of inefficiency (profitability) and unresolved noise and air-pollution problems.

Within a few months of the airlines' decision, Secretary of Transportation Volpe (who owes his job to the Administration that fought so hard for our SST, and whose name means "fox" in Italian) told the French and British that he "strongly" wished them to send a Concorde to Washington for some aviation exhibit. Lo and behold, the request was approved.

After making its first landing on American soil for the gala opening of the Dallas–Fort Worth Airport, the Concorde lumbered subsonically up to Dulles Airport outside Washington, where our industry and government officials looked it over. Included among the throng were representatives of the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Federal Aviation Administration, which certifies all planes that touch American runways. The day after the Concorde landed, Robert Timm, chairman of the CAB, announced that "the supersonic concept

is here and the supersonic airliner is here. . . . I have no doubts in my mind that supersonic air travel has come to stay." Alexander Butterfield, chief of the FAA, went even further by stating flatly that the Concorde "will be certified in the United States about the same time that it wins certification in Britain and France."

Besides standards of airworthiness (safety), FAA certification goes only to planes meeting the regulations on smoke and noise emission and other environmental criteria. Butterfield's prediction that the Concorde would definitely be certified by mid-1975 was remarkable, because it came within two weeks of the publication of a secret report by British Aircraft Corporation stating that the project involving quieting the Concorde's engines to an acceptable international (including FAA) level had been a total failure. In other words, the FAA was saying that the Concorde will assuredly meet our noise standards, while its manufacturer was saying that it is not yet able to do so and that some other scheme will have to be thought up. If Butterfield knows something about the Concorde's engines that its builder doesn't, it would be charitable to pass the information along.

Finally, one week before the CAB and FAA glad-handed the Concorde, the French revealed that President Pompidou had put it to President Nixon that it would be a grand idea if the United States participated in building the son of Concorde—the Super Concorde—for the mid-1980s. Having sold nine of 300 original planes, then, they were inviting us to pour money into the second batch. Nixon's reaction to Pompidou's brain storm was not made public, but let us remember that his civil air chiefs—the experts—think the existing model is swell,

and his transportation secretary invited it to America so they could say so. After all, how can you praise a plane you've never even been in? At this point, there isn't a linebacker in football who wouldn't be looking for the end run.

The play is *Con-SST on Red-White-Blue with passing option—ball to Boeing*: (1) The FAA certifies the Concorde, thereby giving it the official stamp of approval of the American people; (2) BOAC and Air France start regular transatlantic service and dump a measly $1 million more into ads heralding the dawn of the Supersonic Age; (3) The President, sighing with obvious envy, congratulates the British and French on the prestige they have accrued by further shrinking the world and reminds the American people that but for the shortsightedness of the environmentalists (who are now losing fashion), they could've had SSTs, too; (4) Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, who led the last pro-SST battle because Boeing happens to be in his state, is struck by a brilliant idea: the wooden mock-up and plans of our original SST are still around, so why not steal a march on them foreigners by building the second generation SST ourselves, based on all that existing (and paid for) knowledge? Hell, he says, flying supersonic is a proven thing now, and the environment hasn't disintegrated, has it? Phoenix, now apparently ordained by God, begins to rise. Touchdown. We're back in the game, our prestige saved. Or is it?

At a time when the airlines are being asked to fork over $60 million per Concorde, there's a midair crash over France in which an Iberia DC-9 is hit from behind by another Spanish jet and falls like an anchor, killing everyone aboard. Sure, the French air controllers happened to be on strike, so separation was being handled by less experienced military personnel. But McDonnell Douglas has already perfected a collision-avoidance system that could prevent such accidents, even in the absence of ground-based radar. Why isn't it being carried on existing airliners? Because, says the industry, at about $50,000 apiece, it's too expensive.

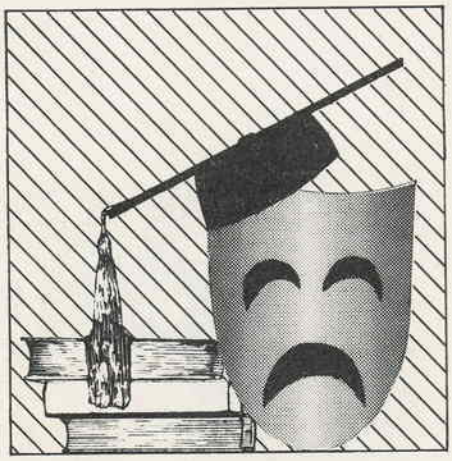
At a time when the head of the CAB is touting the Concorde as the messenger of progress, a Delta Airlines DC-9, cutting through fog on the final approach to Boston's Logan Airport, plows into a sea wall and disintegrates in flames, sending 88 trusting souls up in smoke. Then the people in the control tower, unaware of the crash, tell two more airliners to come in right behind it. But as the British know, all-weather landing capability—the so-called Category I system—is just about perfected. It allows planes to land right on the button, even when they come down in milk, provided they have the right ground-compatible gadgets. The CAT-I system was demonstrated successfully at Dulles Airport in 1967, when a Pan Am 727 landed itself while its pilot held his hands over his head. Why don't our airliners have the gadgets? Not enough available money.

Toward the end of the 1971 dogfight over the American SST, after the Administration had exhausted all its arguments on ecology, technology, profitability, balance of payments, the creation of jobs, and other topics, our President fell back on the prestige ploy. Even some particularly stupid analogies were heard that mentioned the Age of Exploration and man's almost biological need to shrink the oceans. Prestige, we were told, would go to the nation that further pulled the hemispheres together.

But right now, there are more urgent priorities. Every transistor and gauge on the Concorde represents a preventable air disaster that claimed lives; every circuit breaker, a near-miss; every spar, a major delay; every wire, a cattle-pen terminal; every bolt, a piece of smashed or lost baggage; every turbine blade, an overbooking; every inch of steel, a frustrated, angry, or frightened traveler. Where's the prestige in all that?

—WILLIAM E. BURROWS

It's excremental



MONACO—They were a shimmering audience of assorted Cinderella-sisters and stare-at-me starlets done up in everything from transparent evening dresses and Tiffany teardrop tiaras to Paris-original velvet jeans and authentic Indian headdresses. One dame, an aristocratic senior citizen, showed up in full drag—tux, circa 1920, string tie, and walking stick. A typical glamorous audience for an evening at the World Festival of Amateur Theater held here at the end of each year's social season.

The entries came from some 20 countries, with two or three productions performed each night for a week in the Salle Garnier, a posh little *belle époque* theater of marble, mahogany, and gilded cupids inside the Monte Carlo casino. It was all there—theater of experience, of folklore, of social relevance—and if you grew weary of the cultural tidal wave, you could always hotfoot it to the gambling salon. But *couth* was the festival's password, and the guests were wearing artistic sensibilities as carefully tailored and styled as their tiaras and tuxes.

The arty-farty elegance was shattered finally by a production adapted from Boccaccio's bawdy *Andrew of Perugia*, performed by a little-theater group from the northern Italian town of Udine. The play recounts the misadventures of a country bumpkin during a visit to the wicked city of Naples, where, after being wined and dined and screwed out of his *soldi* by the raffish whore-heroine, the rube is deposited down the shit-shaft of the ancient red-light *palazzo*. The hero emerges, steeped in human dung, to wander the city until two thieves smell him out and give him a bath in the town drinking well. The unintentional irony of this comic tale of cosmic excrement didn't dawn on the howling international audience who lost their cultural cool at the Monte Carlo festival. Naples, long acknowledged to be one of the world's dirtiest cities, was at that very moment suffering a cholera epidemic. The disease apparently had been borne by the waters of Naples' bay and was said to be spreading steadily northward toward Monaco!

But the aren't-I-beautiful people were enjoying the sudden shift to barroom humor, totally oblivious of the ominous link between illusion and reality. One wall-eyed Southern lady in a silk jump suit could hardly contain herself. "Oh, those Eye-talians, born actors, every one of them. You can always count on them t'entertain ya. No message, jes' good clean fun."

—CHRIS LONGO

Israel's playpen

EILAT—It takes $25 and 40 minutes to fly from Tel Aviv across the land of Israel to this very old city, which has become a very new, very now playground. The city sits at the top of the deep blue Gulf of Aqaba, which, 90 miles farther south, empties into the Red Sea. The purple hills of Jordan are on the left. Saudi Arabia is just 15 miles away. And to the west are the mountains of the Sinai Peninsula.

Moshe Dayan may have been as pleased with the scenery as he was with himself when he captured Eilat back in 1956. "The most imaginative dream could not conjure up so felicitous a combination," said the conquerer, gesturing in a broad sweep at sea, desert plain, and granite promontories, splashed with *(Continued on page 136)*

The French have a word for it.

OUI

It's an international point of view. An exuberant sense of humor. And a wildly sensual spirit. Every month in OUI.

Please enter my subscription for:

☐ 1 year $10
(save $2.50 off $12.50 single-copy price)

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

name (please print)

address

city

state zip

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

oui

OUI, 919 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois 60611

7391

Two Races, Two Paces

The Kentucky Derby and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe prove more than a nose apart — BY JOE FLAHERTY

It has always been there, somewhere in the waves between the Continent and the colonies: the classic cultural spit in the ocean from our antecedents. Oh, they deliver us occasional pats on the head—the ones that never matter—genuflections to "Yankee know-how," our wizardry with musicals, and our quaint flair for making cowboys-and-Indians and cops-and-robbers epics. This is not to say it has been one-sided. Americans grandly collaborate with the foreigners' idea of our cultural inadequacy. We acquiesce too easily, which might be the pathetic lot of bastardy. Perhaps Brendan Behan explained our cultural curtsy best when he said the only time an American audience is attentive is when an English lord is onstage playing an Irish priest. So, with an entry of humility and arrogance, I decided this year of the Lord was the proper time to compare our spirits in a field I know well—horse racing,

ALEX SBEL

TWO RACES, TWO PACES *Drinking was attacked at a maniacal pace, and one got that peculiar melancholy one always gets at heightened events in America. Americans are lousy at foreplay.*

and what better mecca to discover the divergent gentry than the colonies' Kentucky Derby and the Continent's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe? What collision course could be more revelatory? An American happening versus French history. A land that spawned Daniel Boone and Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken set against Marshal Foch and *Michelin*.

But when I frisked history, I received my first shock. This was to be the 99th running of the Kentucky Derby, and zounds! the noble Arc was inaugurated only in 1920. What a thought: we were into bathtub gin and the Charleston—the Lost Generation—while Europe slept!

It was 1875 when—over what an ancient chart maker dubbed a fast track—Aristides won by a length, holding off the fast-closing Volcano. In another flip-flop of history, first prize for the staid Arc this running was to be $300,000 compared with $125,000-plus for the Derby. Thus, couldn't a Kentucky colonel accuse a countess of being a gaudy lot?

Yet the perspective of the past held up in a vital area. In the region of the groin the two countries reverted to type. The Derby favorite was a massive red colt named Secretariat, who possessed one of those John L. Sullivan keg-of-nails chests and a rump you could deal five-card stud on. The flirtatious French squandered their francs on a filly, Allez France. To further point up amour's largesse, the fairer sex has won about ten percent of all the Arcs run, while in 99 runnings of the Derby only one filly has ever won, and that was on May 8, 1915, a day of infamy—if one is allowed to blend tongues—for chauvinist *chevaux*. There is solace though: since liberation still was slumbering in the libido, the lady had the genteel grace to be named Regret.

The mind now has to act as the stewards judge films when examining a claim of foul. The sequence of events is run in reverse. So backward we must trace the furlong poles to last May and the Kentucky Derby.

•

My motel in Louisville didn't offer a clue to the environs—no psychic detective work to be done there; motels are interchangeable from state to state. The sniff you get must be similar to the exercise of a dog when he is looking for a spot to relieve himself. The waft you choose could be similarly found a few paces up the road.

Pre-Derby early morns were spent in stretched-out meditation on the bed with the local papers. The world that daily huffs and puffs at the sanctity of our privacy was ignored. Indeed, reality was off on a bender and, delightfully, not to be heard from. The papers were all Derby news—mostly speculation on the chances of Secretariat and the California challenger, Sham, who had beaten the big horse in their only encounter, the Wood Memorial, at one and one-eighths miles in New York in April. But to most of the experts, Sham's earlier upset was heresy on the hoof, a one-time affair, like Martin Luther nailing his 95 theses to the church door. It was general doctrine that Secretariat, like the true church, would prevail.

And make no mistake about it. It was Secretariat and Secretariat alone that was the catalyst for such faith. He was as beguiling a race horse as ever touched a hoof to a track. But he was a three-year-old: a potential, a whiz kid in the wings. Our kind of stuff, that. As a two-year-old, he was unequaled, so in our way we granted him a golden future. On freshman promise we automatically bequeathed him the Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes—racing's Triple Crown. But in American life how many hot-shots have turned into has-beens? Contrary to myth, we are not exemplary in tutoring our young. It's a buried truth that we never fear for the mediocre. Was the message one of humility? Only He would be allowed to strut His stuff in the temple?

Thus, Secretariat was a colt that bred awe and dread, and his chore—the Triple Crown—was not an easy one. It hadn't been done since 1948 (a more innocent and pleasing time to the Deity?) when the mighty Citation turned the trick. In recent times six horses have failed in the final leg, the Belmont Stakes: Tim Tam, Carry Back, Northern Dancer, Kauai King, Majestic Prince, and Canonero. Two of them came out of the race badly crippled and never raced again. So there was no doubt about it, it was an awesome stunt to pull off. Secretariat was challenging a feat not accomplished in 25 years. He was odds-on to wipe out a quarter century of flops, but he had yet to win the first and most prestigious jewel, the 99th Kentucky Derby.

For those who tired of talking about the turf there was the tinsel. If New York inaugurated "radical chic" with composer-conductor Leonard Bernstein's party for the Black Panthers, Derby week produced "kitchen couth." The society pages noted the swells among the champagne, Sarmi dresses, yellow and white chrysanthemums, Italian garden lights, chicken breasts smothered with white grapes in a wine sauce, and the down-home humility of ham and grits. (Could Rex Reed playing one of Steinbeck's Joad family be far behind?) Thus it was recorded: all God's chillun got chitlings.

A trip to the track was needed to restore Americana. An early morning ramble along shed row offered a preview of the contestants in preparation. Both Secretariat and Sham were coming up to the race perfectly. Their well-being was such that they sported coats that would tempt Sherman Adams.

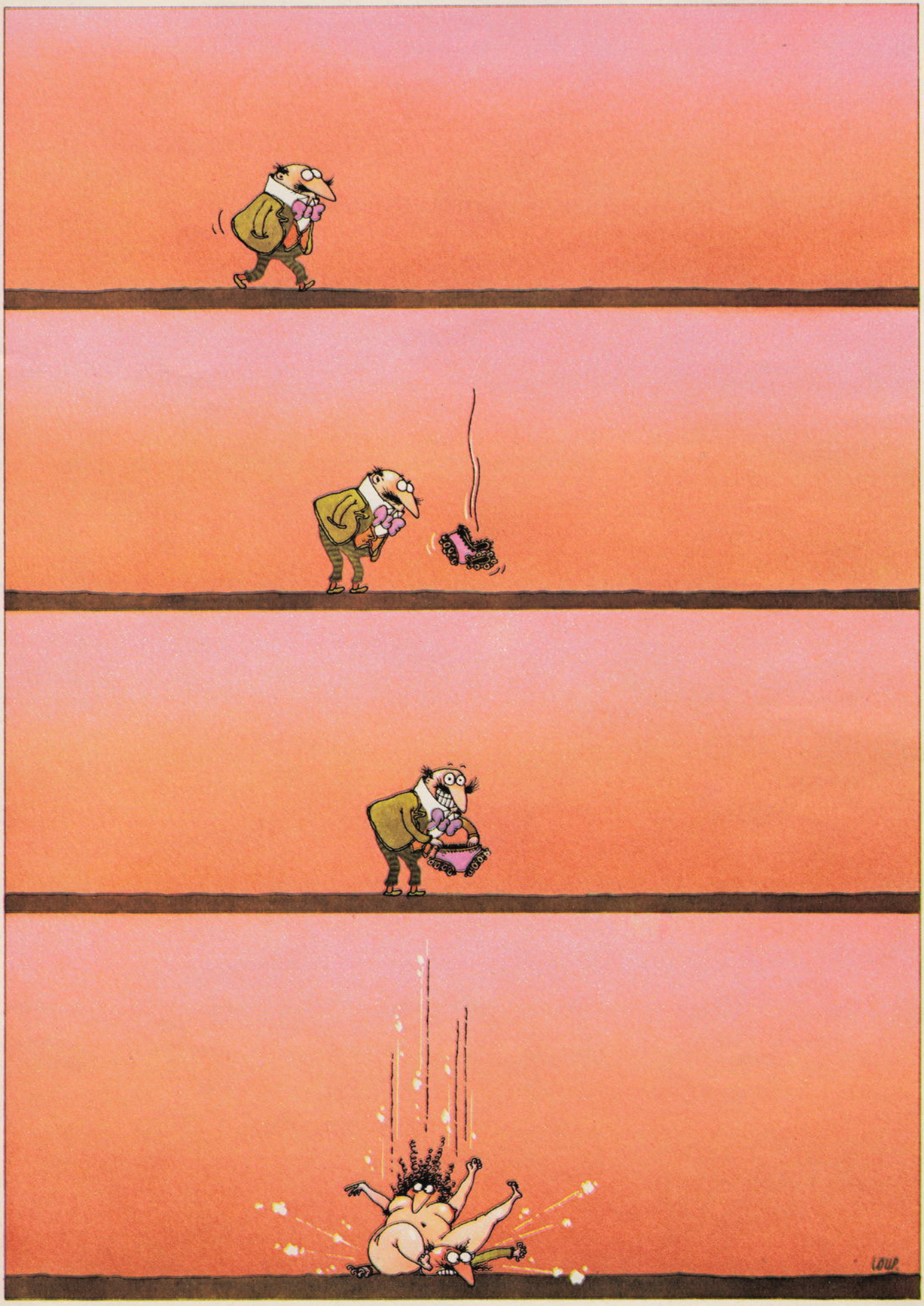
Sham is a beautiful, rangy, athletic-looking colt—a catlike creature who, if he were human, would have made a superb tennis or handball player. Maybe that was the problem. Looking at Secretariat, it is impossible to transform him from animal to human. He was divined to be a race horse, a gigantic glowing chestnut with three white-stockinged feet, whose *tuchus* on close inspection not only could handle the five-card-stud game, but also accommodate such amenities as schooners of Pabst Blue Ribbon and bowls of pretzels to boot! There is a single nagging flaw—his ankles seem too thick, unpleasantly recalling Irish Catholic virgins with whom one endlessly finished out of the money.

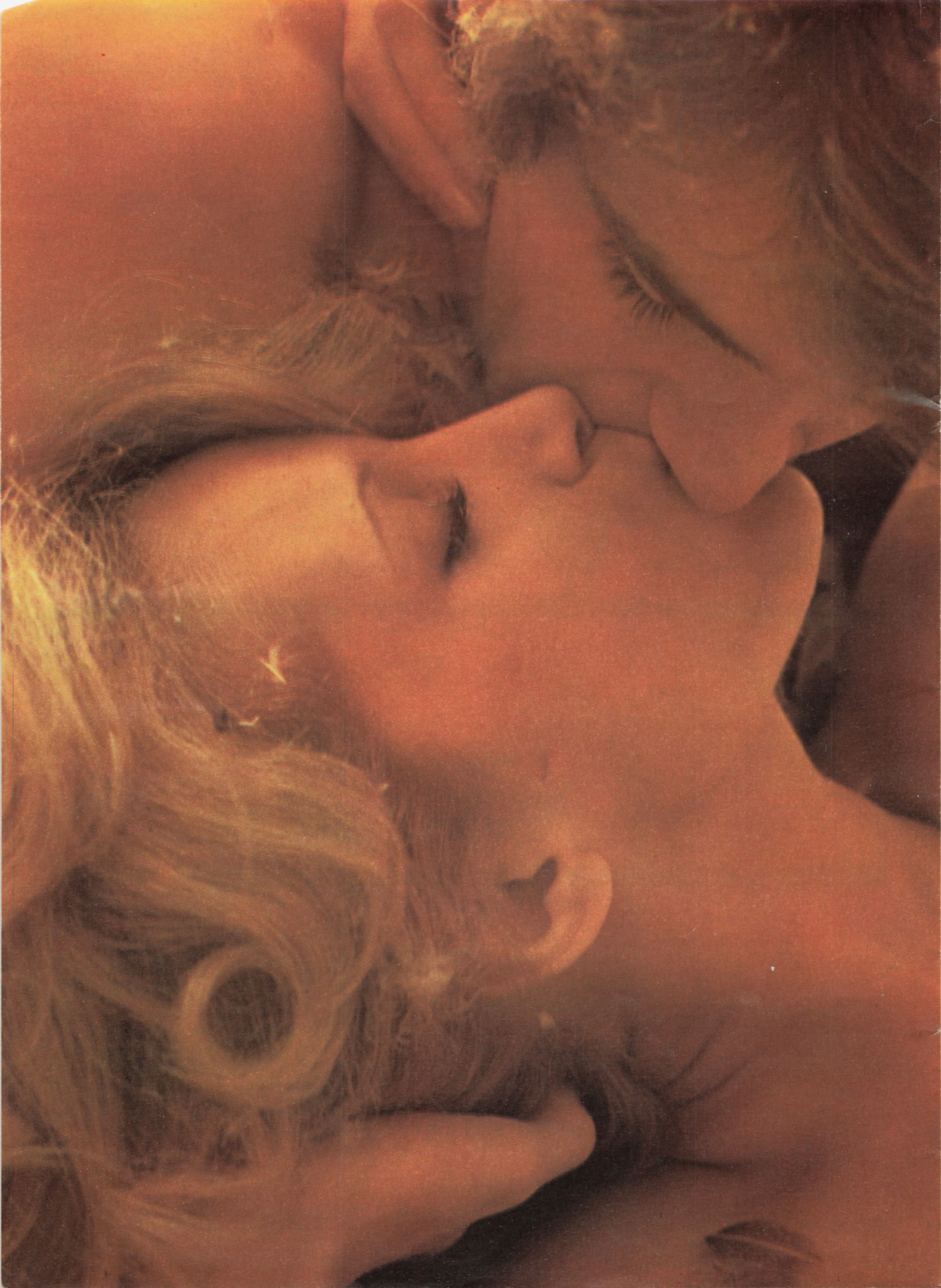
The track itself is a glory. It is perfectly cast for the event. Harsh cement is at a minimum, as well it should be. Under the legendary twin spires of the Downs sit the stands, looking like a friendly white boardinghouse that gives off the assurance management would never let you sleep through breakfast. The grounds and the infield were the green of an expensive gaming table, a perfect symbol since bucolic betting is what the whole affair is about. Green saluted the eye and quivered the nostril. Pleasure and profit. God's green and greed's green set deliciously in tandem.

The nights were not for the noodle. Meditation took place-money to the monger of rumor. At the Downs the press are regally treated (1500 attended), and they revel in it. Like their under-the-skin brethren, the cops, they have reached their nirvana: free booze abounds. Parties and tall tales are everywhere. If you would lend them your ears, soused soothsayers would pepper them with predictions and calamities to come: "Secretariat's running mate, Angle Light, has been sold to a mysterious source (Bebe Rebozo? Daddy Warbucks?) for a cool mil." "Secretariat's knees are shot, and he will be scratched."

And it wasn't only the press. Every drunk in Louisville was a prophet, or is it every prophet a drunk? Drinking was attacked at a maniacal pace, and one got that peculiar melancholy one always gets at heightened events in America. It is an inescapable conclusion: Americans are lousy at foreplay.

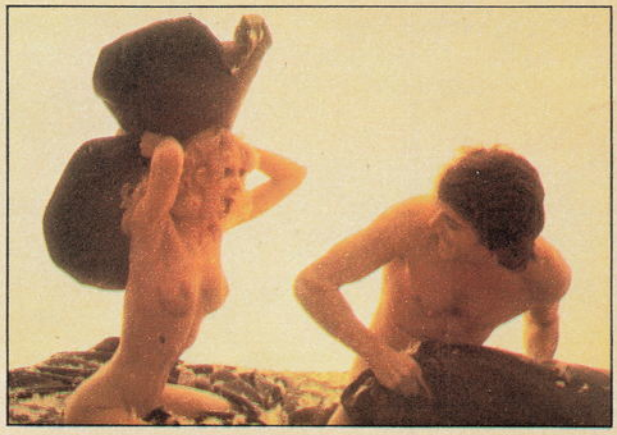
To let a good time happen or slowly be nurtured *(Continued on page 106)*


LOUP

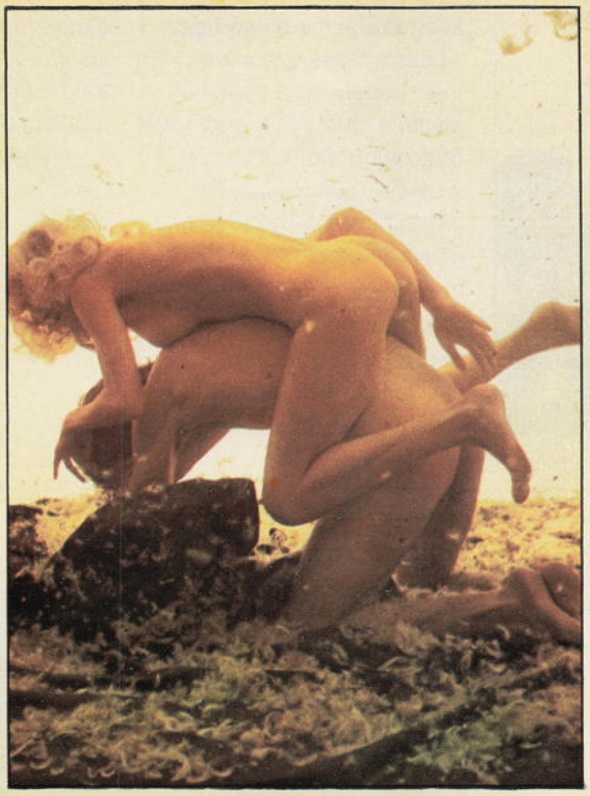


Soft Fury

It was once suggested, in the age of cold showers and baseball, that pillow fighting was a fine substitute for sex, or, at least, that it was a way of cooling off over-heated passion. Girls, assembling for the secret rite called the pajama party, would fling soft objects at each other with unrelenting fury, laughing wildly all the while. Mothers smiled; boyfriends desperately desired to get in on the fun. Gaily giggling all the way to school on the mornings after, the girls were charmingly innocent of the real nature of the battle.

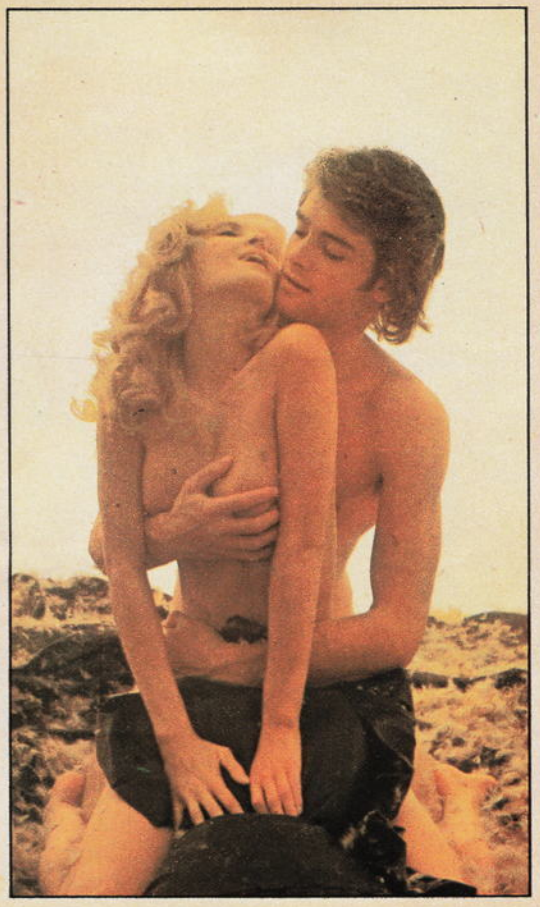


Most forgot the pillow fight. At best, it was a memory that brought an automatic smile, a bit of older and wiser realization. So that's what we were really doing, Dr. Werthingham! And to think I never understood it till now. Then a laugh, and all forgotten once more. "Sad, really," comments August Dittweiler, M.D., author of the recently published *Adult's Guide to Pillow Fighting; an illustrated rediscovery.* "Pillow fighting is so much fun, and besides, it provides a truly joyous accompaniment to the overserious sexuality so prevalent today. It's really badly needed."



Indeed, Dittweiler is so convinced of the need to revive the ancient art that he has gone on a national campaign to educate adults on the therapeutic uses to which pillow fighting may be put. "I believe that we must recognize that a revival of sexual stimuli based on our play as a child is not necessarily childish. Too many of us have suppressed the childlike desires that can provide enormous sexual release. That is why my book is so important—it can teach couples how to take the gayest moments of their pasts and relive them in a context that fundamentally belongs in an adult culture." It is this inherently serious stand that finally compelled Dittweiler to abandon *Pillow Fighting Without Clothes* as the title for his work. "Of course, as these photos quite clearly show, the title was perfectly accurate. But accuracy is not at all times correct, and I was forced to choose a less flamboyant name."

Photography by Larry Dale Gordon



Like any other cultish activity, adult pillow fighting has its controversies. The major argument rages around what material is best for stuffing. Foam rubber—often preferred by moderns for sleeping—simply does not hack it as the basis for sport. Only feathers can fly. Chicken is out—much too pricklish, and common besides. Pigeon has been seriously proposed, but the size of squab and the difficulty in capturing the birds make them too costly a choice. Besides, pigeon is unhygienic. Duck, devotees claim, will do. There is a definite solid stature reflected in mallard feathers. But goose makes pillow fighters wax ecstatic. Soft, fluffy, and prettily white, goose feathers are to a pillow fight what goose fat is to a *pâté*—absolute heaven.

JAPANESE COME TO CATCH LOCH NESS MONSTER

A PENETRATING ACCOUNT OF A BIG-GAME HUNT THAT NEVER QUITE GOT BENEATH THE SURFACE

BY DAN GREENBURG

One steamy day in Manhattan last July, I was idly thumbing through the latest issue of *Variety* when my eye skidded to a stop on a terse five-sentence item headed LOCH NESS MONSTER IN JAPANESE REVIVAL. The item said only that there was a Japanese plan to capture the famed Loch Ness monster with the aid of a submarine, a tranquilizer gun, and a budget of half a million dollars.

The prospect of a bunch of Japanese guys chasing a monster through the Scottish highlands in a sub was wholly irresistible. I knew I had to find a way to join them.

The item said that the expedition hoped to get going in late August and that the head of the group was a chap named Yoshio Kou. I called *Variety* to learn how I could contact Mr. Kou, but *Variety* knew no more than was in the item. I called the British Consulate, the British Tourist Office, and the public relations firm that handles Japan, but nobody I talked to knew even as much as I did about Mr. Kou and his project, not being *Variety* readers themselves.

A friend of mine named Benni had recently made a film in Japan, and on a wild hunch I called him to ask if he knew anything about a Japanese expedition to Loch Ness. He did. He remembered it as being some sort of a documentary film project, and he just happened to know a Japanese film director in Tokyo who was a close friend of Mr. Kou. I asked Benni to call Tokyo at my expense and have his friend try to weasel a berth for me on the sub.

Three monstrously expensive phone calls later, Benni's friend had wangled permission for me to go monster chasing with Mr. Kou's boys and to bunk down on the sub.

Mr. Kou and I exchanged formal letters, greetings, and credentials (the Japanese are obsessed with credentials), and I arranged to meet him and his group in Scotland on August 31st. Despite the glut of verbiage shuttling between me and Mr. Kou, certain points still remained murky—like what day the monster hunt was actually to begin, what hotel we were staying in, whether they were hunting the monster primarily with the sub or the fishing boat or the trawler I'd heard they had, and so on.

My friends thought me foolhardy to have voluntarily committed myself to pursuing a monster through the waters of Loch Ness in a Japanese submarine, the more so when it developed that the sub was a two-man variety not dissimilar to the kamikaze subs of World War II. To add to my mounting apprehension, on August 29th—the day before my scheduled departure for Scotland—a two-man sub, similar to the one I would be diving in, got trapped 1375 feet below the Atlantic, off the coast of Ireland, and all attempts to haul it out of there before its oxygen gave out were proving fruitless.

On the afternoon of August 30, having said wary goodbyes to everyone I knew and having carted my three pussycats off to their foster mother's apartment, I packed my bags and was preparing to leave for the airport when a telegram arrived from Tokyo: ARRIVING LOCH NESS 7TH SEPTEMBER HOWEVER SUBMARINE AVAILABLE 25TH SEPTEMBER WAITING YOUR URGENT CONTACT REGARDS KOU.

With a gigantic feeling of anticlimax, I unpacked my bags, retrieved my pussycats, and put in a call to Tokyo. The connection was excellent, and the Japanese fellow who answered spoke perfect English. Unfortunately, it was a wrong number. The operator apologized and placed the call again. This time the connection was not so excellent, and even less excellent was the precision of communication between me and Mr. Kou.

Using pidgin English and endless rephrasing of questions, I was able to establish that the sub's lack of availability has caused the delay, that the search would start without the sub on September seventh, that the sub would arrive on September 23rd, that Kou would cable me the name of his hotel and would warn me if there was going to be a further delay.

For the next seven days I waited for the cable from Kou that would either reveal the name of his hotel in Scotland or cancel my trip a second time. I did a lot of research on the monster, read interviews with hundreds of people who'd seen the thing, looked at half a dozen fuzzy photos of what appeared to be a giant reptile with a long neck and a snakelike head. I read a recent Reuters dispatch about the expedition I was about to join:

INVERNESS, SCOTLAND—Advance units of the Japanese invasion of Loch Ness took up position here today and began preparing for the main assault on the Loch's most famous denizen, a monster named Nessie. The main party, at least 15 strong, is due to fly here from Tokyo about September sixth, bringing with them two miniature submarines—one Japanese, one German-built—to hunt the monster. . . . First task for the two-man Japanese advance team was to allay local fears that they aimed to capture the Loch Ness monster and take it back to Japan. . . .

Illustrations by David Wilcox

LOCH NESS MONSTER *"Boyshko?" he asks pleasantly. It takes me a number of painful exchanges and a lot of body English, but I find out that it means, "born in Chicago?"*

The expedition has already run into trouble with the British Government over reports—now hotly denied—that it planned to use rifles and anesthetic bullets to knock out the monster. 'Such weapons,' a Scottish official said, '[could be used] only in very exceptional circumstances. For example, if the monster were to climb out of the Loch and go on a rampage.'

On September second, I learned that the trapped sub in Ireland had been hauled to the surface 90 minutes before the men's emergency oxygen supply ran out. On September sixth, when no cable had come from Kou, I issued cautious goodbyes to friends and colleagues, I once more carted the pussies over to their foster mom's, and then I left for the airport.

•

It is in the high 90s in New York, but I have nonetheless packed my bags with sweat shirts, sweaters, and heavy boots, having heard rumors of Scotland's nippy climate. It is in the low 50s when I arrive in London at six A.M. on September seventh to change planes for Inverness. As is usual on eastward evening flights across the Atlantic, there has been no time between dinner and dawn in which to sleep.

Nodding at the gate of the Inverness flight, I note a small group of Japanese assembling. It is my understanding that Mr. Kou's party was flying direct to Edinburgh and driving to Inverness, so this can't be the group I seek. The last person to join the party I'm watching is a chap with an ice-cream-colored mod suit, a black silk shirt, a wide purple tie, breast-length black hair, brown teeth, and the look of an American Indian. From photos I've seen, I realize this is Mr. Kou.

I go over and introduce myself. Kou smiles broadly and gives me a business card that, like the two he's sent me in the mail, declares him to be Chief Producer of the International Loch Ness Monster Search Party. Kou introduces me to an attractive young woman named Taki Kato, who is his interpreter, and to a diffident man named Mr. Yoshida, who, it is explained, is leading the expedition. Mr. Yoshida bows, mumbles "leader" several times, and bows some more.

Kou's English, which had not been spectacular on the phone, has deteriorated even further in the flesh. He offers no explanation of why he is here rather than in Edinburgh or why he'd sent no cable telling the name of our hotel in Scotland. Instead he asks me something that turns out to be whether I live in New York. I say I do, adding as a bonus tidbit for crashing the language barrier that, prior to New York, I grew up in Chicago. Kou says he comes to New York every month, which seems doubtful, and that he stays at the Park Ray. I figure out he means the Park *Lane* and think I must be getting the hang of it. I ask if he's still starting the monster hunt today, September seventh, as he promised on the phone. Oh no, today is a press conference, he says. The search will start on September tenth. I have blown three days, but decide to be philosophical. I ask if the sub is still coming on September 23rd. Oh yes, he says. I believe both answers. I am incredibly naive. I will learn.

•

We arrive at Inverness Airport, which is a good deal colder than London. Kou conducts a short interview with a BBC-TV film crew, then comes over to chat.

"Boyshko?" he asks pleasantly.

It is not an easy question. I say I don't understand. He repeats it: "Boyshko?" It takes me a number of painful exchanges of questions and a lot of body English, but I find out that *Boyshko* means was I "born in Chicago?" I say I was. Kou seems obscurely relieved.

Cars arrive and take us all to a hotel in downtown Inverness. I think this is where we are going to live, but learn that we are here just for a press conference. At the conference Kou speaks only through Taki, which is just as well or it might become the longest press conference in history. Kou reveals that his party will stay at Loch Ness for three months, till the end of November, and return the following April if they haven't found the monster. Kou says he organized the search because the Loch Ness monster is the last romantic myth and unsolved mystery of the 20th Century. The search for the monster is only the first of seven great adventures he plans, but he refuses to say what the other six might be. Kou is 100 percent sure the monster exists (clippings I've read have him as variously 50 percent sure, 75 percent sure, and so on—it's a tricky thing, how sure to be about monsters). Kou is asked why he thinks he'll succeed in finding the monster when so many other expeditions have failed. He says because he has inspiration on his side. He is asked what his method of search will be. Trial and error, he says. Does he still plan to capture the monster with a tranquilizer gun? No, no, he'll just take pictures of it. What if the monster proves dangerous? He will run away very quickly, he replies.

After the press conference, the assembled journalists are given a six-page handout labeled THE INTERNATIONAL LOCH NESS MONSTER SEARCH PARTY PROSPECTUS. Under PURPOSE we read:

For a long time, we, human beings intend the realization of our material property, but in such kind of the society, we think materially, we act materially, we live a life materially and we hope the stereotyped advantage in the consequence of the lack of our spiritual and physical vitality. After all, we are apt to lose the dream, the adventurous mind and romanticism which rooted our original humanity both in our social lives and in our private lives. . . .

This search party is took the initiative by the persons concerned who are worrying about these inclinations and is managed as an international social service project. . . .

Under the mysterious heading STAVES FOR THE FIRST SERIES, I read:

(To raise members from Japan, U.S.A., England, and France without asking the nationality.)

Under the heading THE PLAN FOR THE FIRST SERIES, it is revealed that:

Loch Ness Expedition is the first series of our expedition and this party continues from the first series to the seven series. The first time of the first series begins September 6th and ends November 20th in 1973. In the first series, we intend to explore the Loch Ness for several times.

There is a budget printed, adding up to a total of 138,000,000 yen. Listed are such items as "Transportation Expenses, 7,500,000," and "Hotel Expenses, 9,000,000," but my favorite item is "Getting Various Kinds of Machines, 25,000,000." The prospectus concludes:

SEARCHING. Scotland Government gave this permission to search the Loch Ness under regulations to keep the surrounding natural circumstance, not to corrupt good manners and to get the permission when we use the submarine. Keeping the above mentioned, we confirm the existence of the Loch Ness Monster, "Nessie," by diving, the sonar, the submarine and so on. We collect and analyze the evidences which are said by inhabitants who saw the "Nessie."

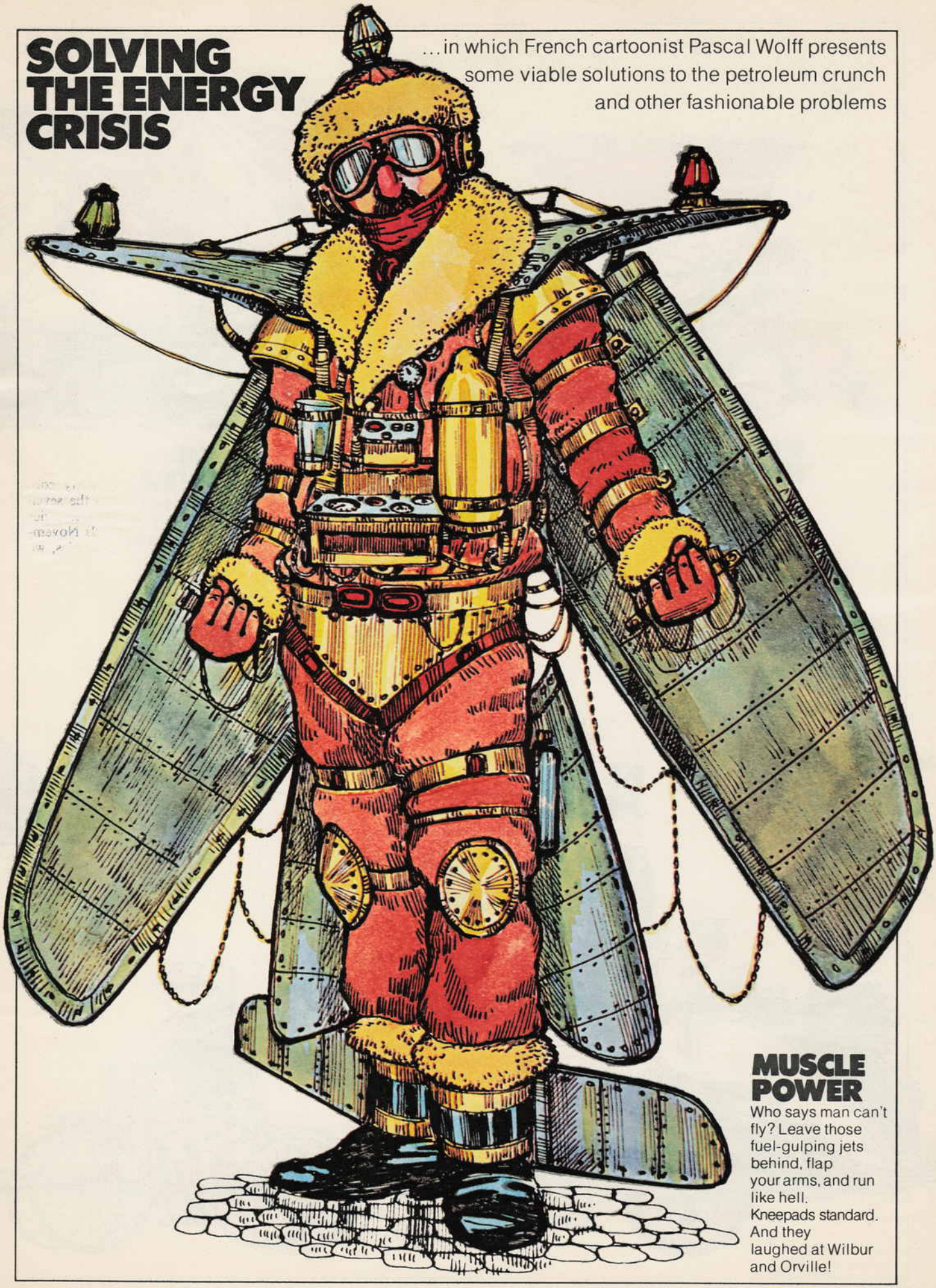
POINTS. We search the "Nessie" with sonar with the lighting, the sound wave and so on. We collect sources about not only the "Nessie" but also the other kinds of objects, for instance, the ecology of underwater animals, the botany of underwater plants, the traces of the "Nessie," etc.

•

Kou rounds up the members of the press and our cars take us next to the shores of Loch Ness itself. The loch is about a mile wide and 24 miles long and nearly 1000 feet deep. The high concentration of peat particles from the surrounding soil has stained the water brown. The water temperature is a uniform 42°F all year around. The bodies of people who drown in Loch Ness don't decompose and bloat, they simply sink and are *(Continued on page 82)*

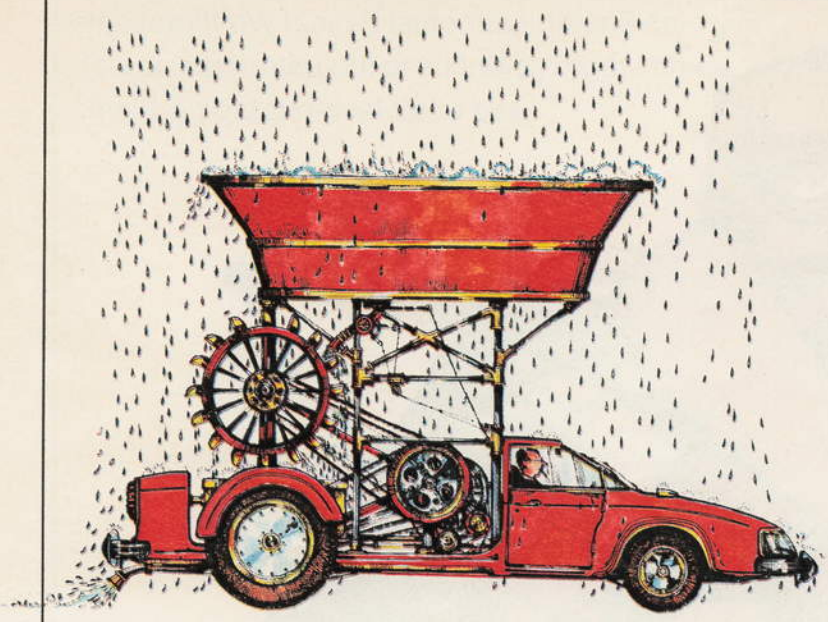
SOLVING THE ENERGY CRISIS

...in which French cartoonist Pascal Wolff presents some viable solutions to the petroleum crunch and other fashionable problems



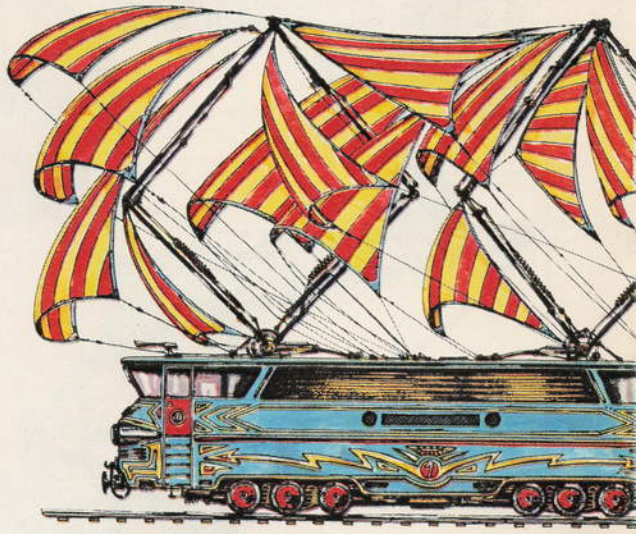
MUSCLE POWER

Who says man can't fly? Leave those fuel-gulping jets behind, flap your arms, and run like hell. Kneepads standard. And they laughed at Wilbur and Orville!



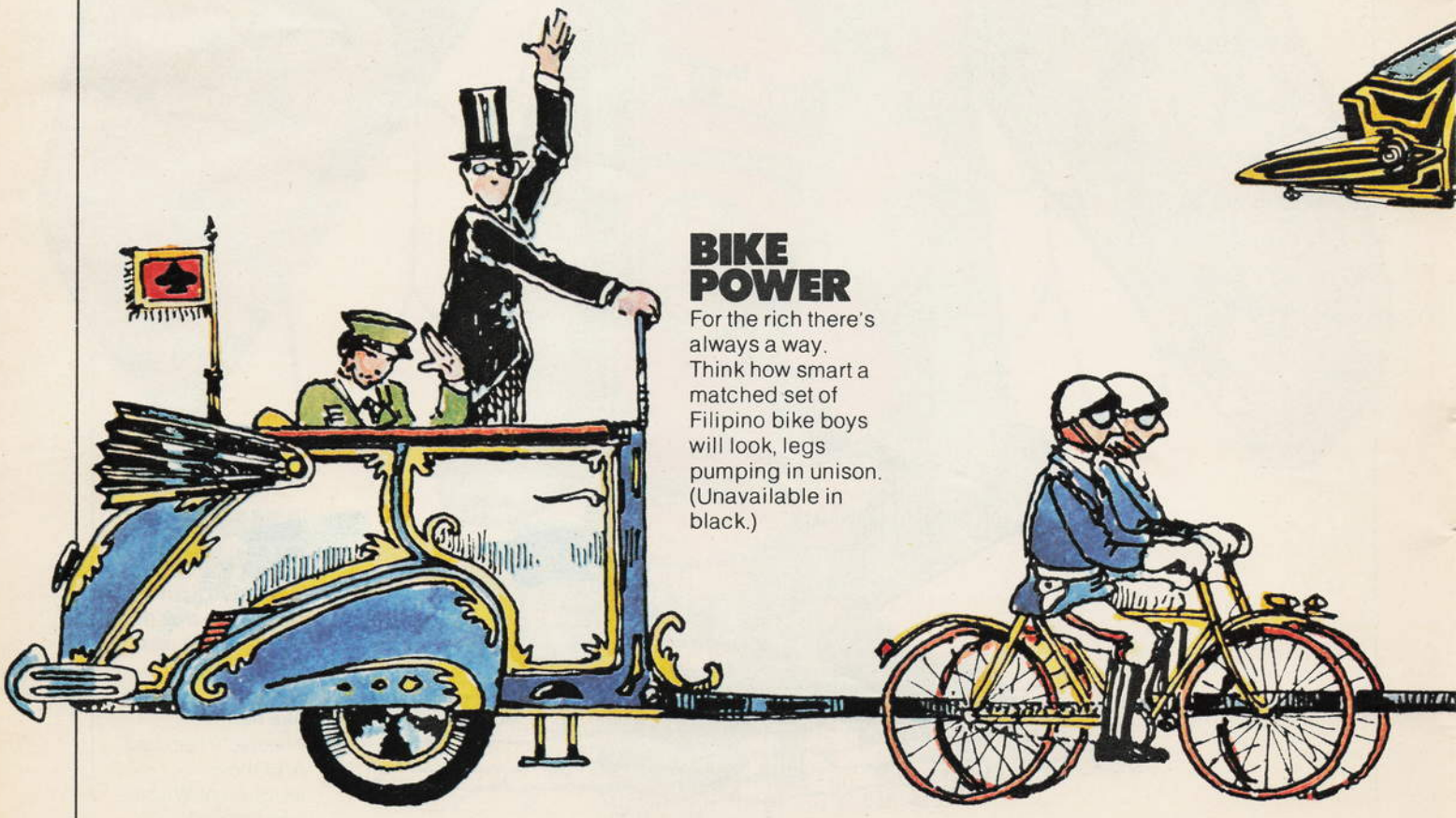
RAIN POWER

When it droppeth like mercy upon the place beneath, you can catch it in a large bathtub and let it propel your gears. Note water wheels. Two hundred million Chinese peasants can't be wrong.



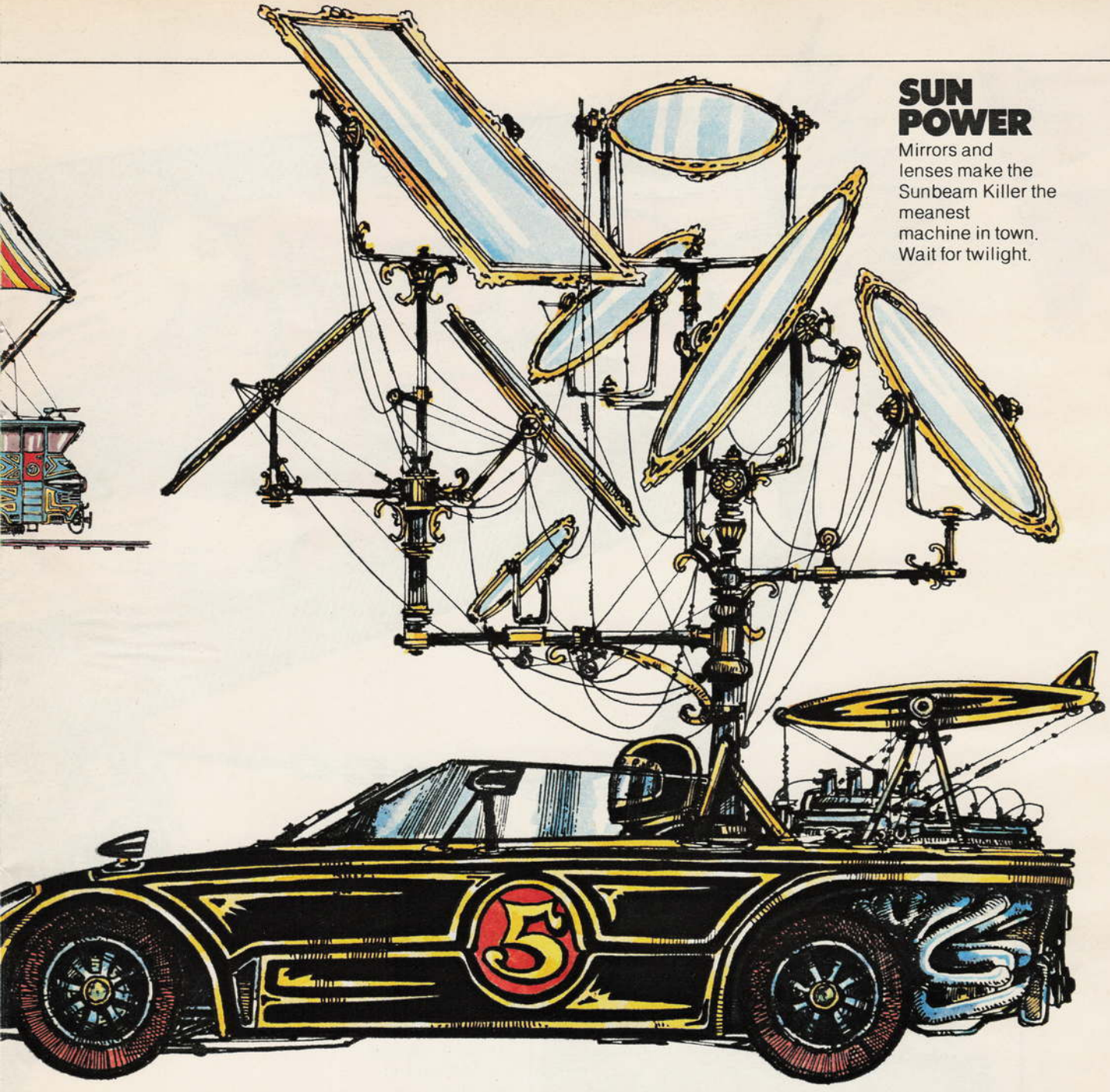
WIND POWER

Back to the days of the romantic windjammer as the sail train glides over the prairies. Comes complete with pieces of eight, bottles of rum, 16 men and a dead man's chest.



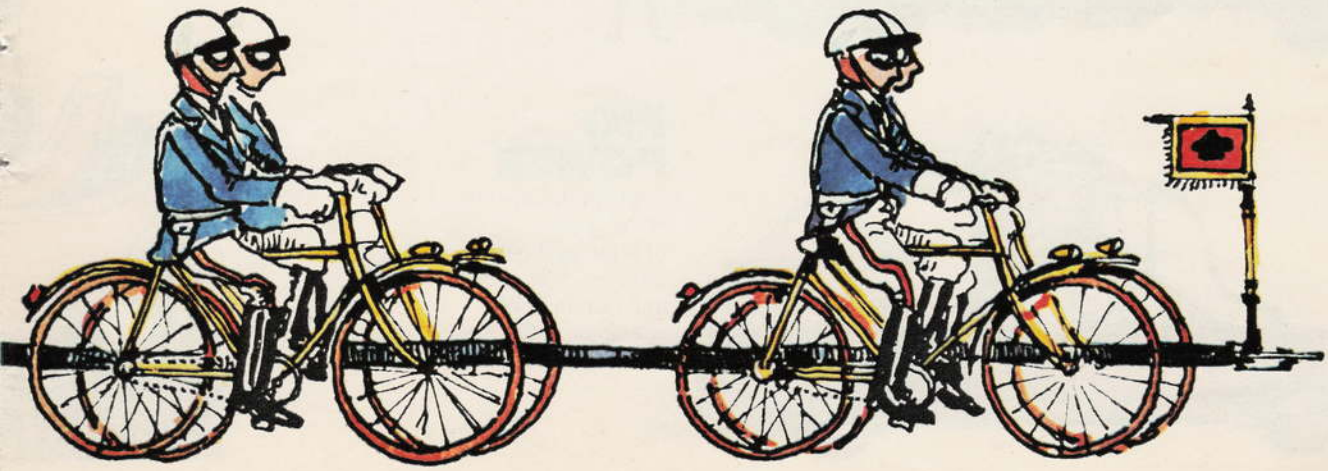
BIKE POWER

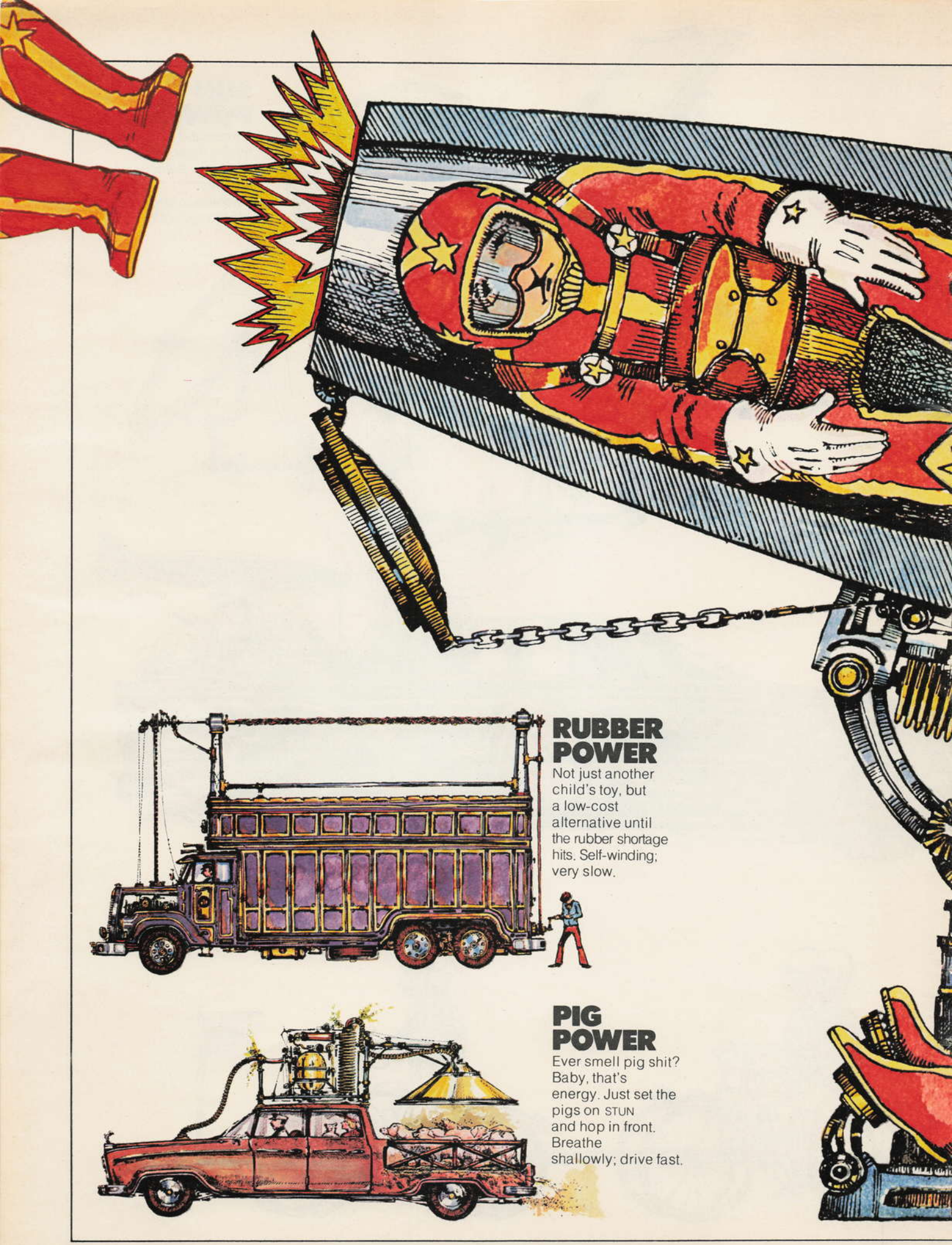
For the rich there's always a way. Think how smart a matched set of Filipino bike boys will look, legs pumping in unison. (Unavailable in black.)



SUN POWER

Mirrors and lenses make the Sunbeam Killer the meanest machine in town. Wait for twilight.





RUBBER POWER

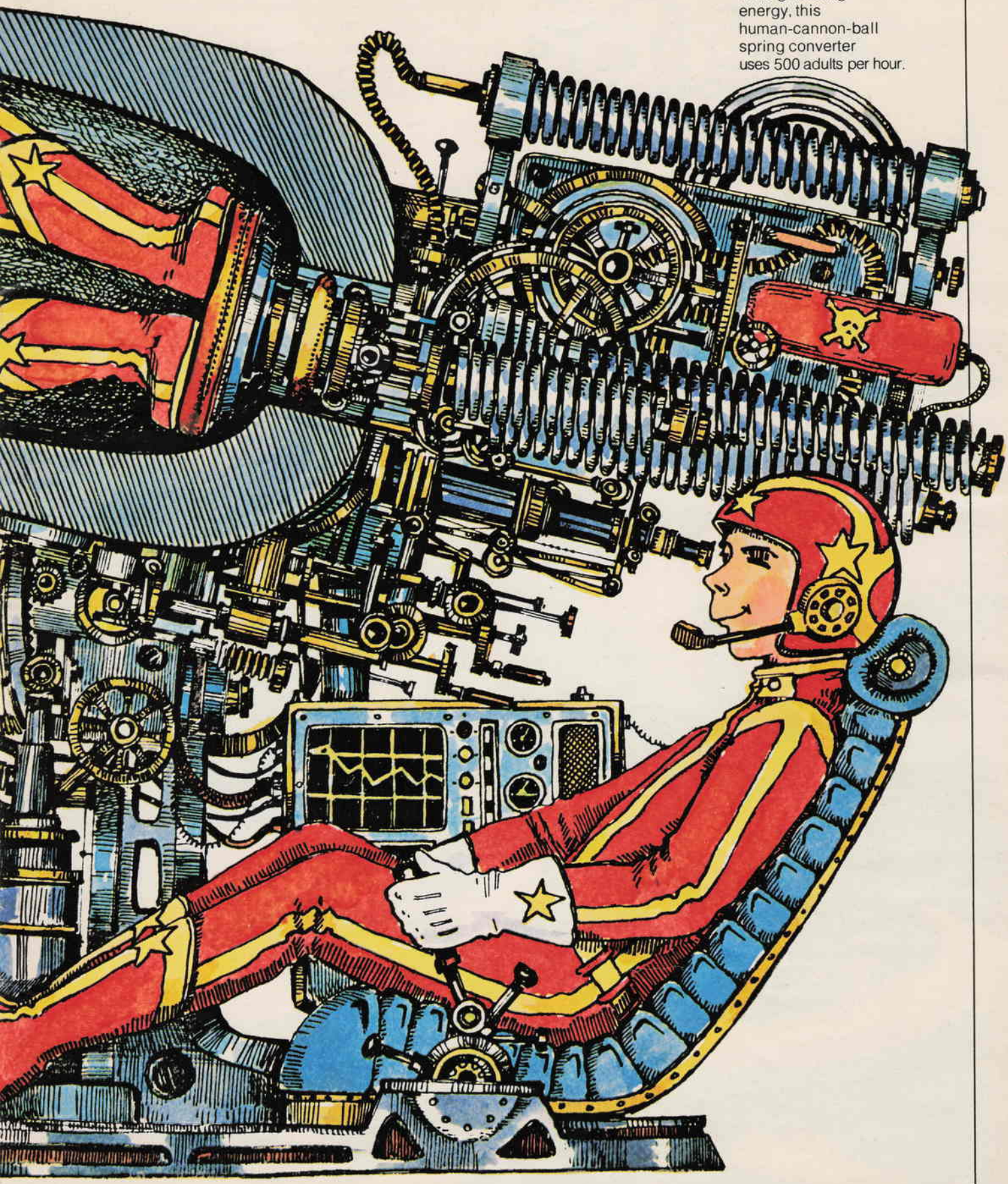
Not just another child's toy, but a low-cost alternative until the rubber shortage hits. Self-winding; very slow.

PIG POWER

Ever smell pig shit? Baby, that's energy. Just set the pigs on STUN and hop in front. Breathe shallowly; drive fast.

PEOPLE POWER

Solving unemployment while generating energy, this human-cannon-ball spring converter uses 500 adults per hour.



SWEDISH GIRLS GO JA, JA —OR DO THEY?

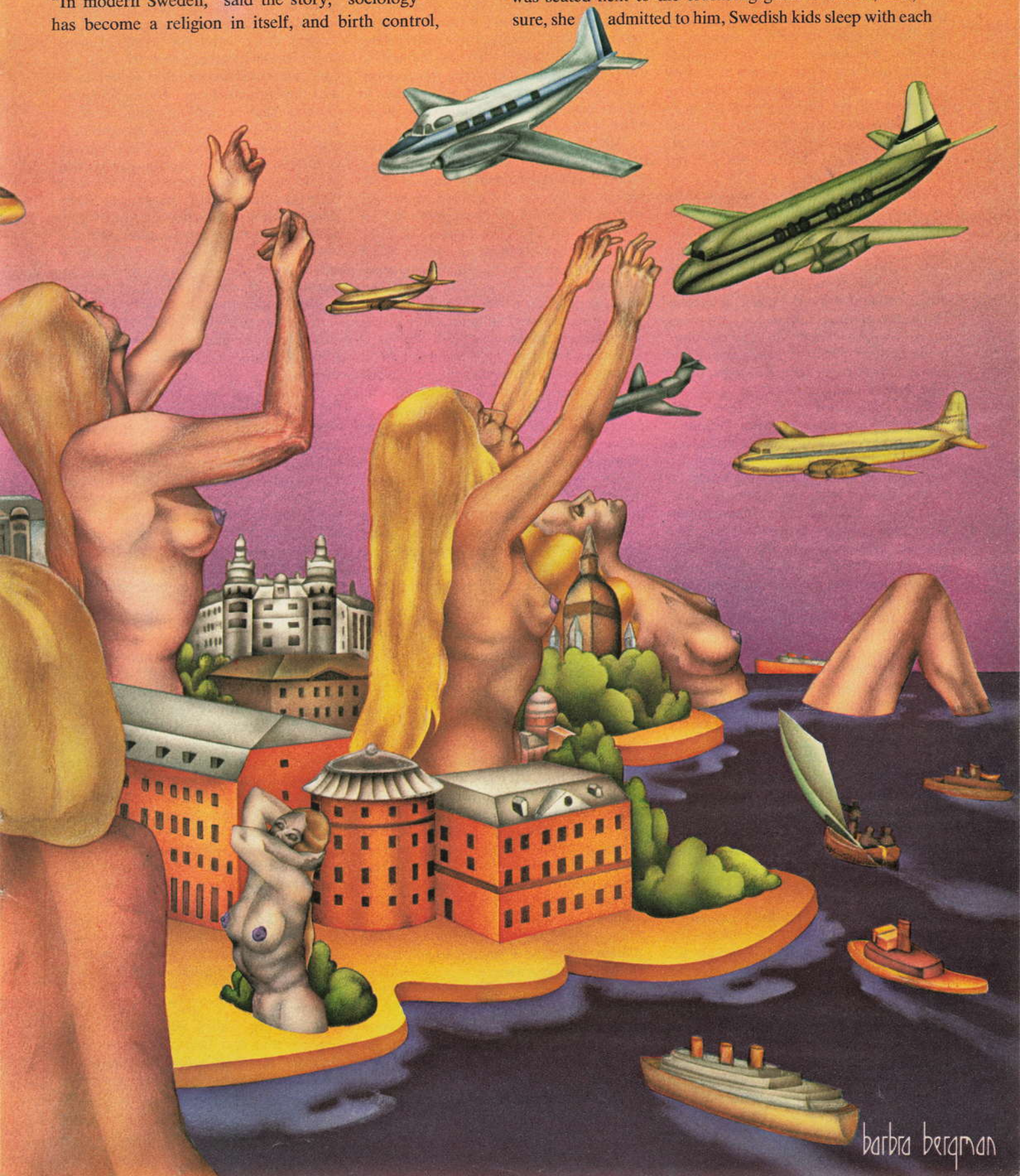
BY ANDREA SVEDBERG

Ah, to grow up a Swedish girl in the Fifties. Sounds great. Free love, heavy breathing, squeaking beds, invisible parents, sneaking off for a quick guiltless tumble among the wild flowers with a different boy each night. But no, that wasn't quite the way it was. It was unsettling when every foreign boy you went out with expected you to ball on command because—and only because—you were one of those *Swedish* girls. What were we, anyway? It was a confusing time. Were we whores? Harlots?

Or just plain unnatural? It was hard living next door to a myth. After all, most of us weren't even blonde. And it all started with Henry Luce.

In April 1955, *Time* magazine ran a full-page story circled with a bold red line. SIN AND SWEDEN read the enticing headline. Sweden's shocking sin appeared to consist of a complete and total breakdown of all sexual morality. "In modern Sweden," said the story, "sociology has become a religion in itself, and birth control, abortion, and promiscuity—especially among the young—are recognized as inalienable rights."

This story, which started the whole myth of the loose, lascivious Swedish woman, began when Joe David Brown, a *Time* correspondent, deplaned in Sweden and was invited to a dinner party that evening honoring Elise Ottesen-Jensen, Sweden's top sex educator. Joe David was seated next to the crusading guest of honor, and, sure, she admitted to him, Swedish kids sleep with each



SWEDISH GIRLS GO JA, JA *When the story appeared it had the legendary objective balance of* Time *writing: it read like a mixture of crude barroom gossip and preaching. It was a brilliant PR job.*

other when they go steady. "Let's face it," was her attitude, as she discussed the need for more contraception information, liberalized abortion laws, easier divorce, and a responsible sort of permissiveness. This made steamy copy indeed for a stuffy *Time* writer. Next morning, Joe David wrote his article, stamped it URGENT, and cabled it to the delighted editors in New York. When the story appeared it had the legendary objective balance of *Time* writing: Brown's story read like a snickering mixture of crude barroom gossip and fire-and-brimstone preaching. It was a brilliant PR job, but of doubtful accuracy.

The *Saturday Evening Post* picked up the story and ran a feature that gave every crew-cut sophomore lover's nuts and an overriding desire to spend his next summer sleeping his way through Sweden. The *Reader's Digest* followed duty's call and warned American citizens about the immoral epidemic spreading across Sweden. They ran the *Post* piece to make darn sure the message reached every American hearth. Then President Eisenhower darkly referred to "a certain welfare state whose politics have made its inhabitants so unhappy as to incur the largest number of suicide victims in the world." Gosh. Sex and sin in Sweden were leading to more than just warts.

The Swedes were angered by this sudden media barrage. Mrs. Ottesen-Jensen cabled an angry protest to *Time*. The Swedish ambassador to the U. S. called the story "vicious." But the head of the See Sweden First club wrote from California to praise *Time* and Joe David Brown for his "stimulating article. . . . Business has doubled because of it." All over Europe, magazines and papers were picking up the story. So were European men. And Swedish women, quite bewildered by all this, wondered just why they had suddenly become the playgirls of the Western world.

Of course, we Swedish girls had always known about sex. But we didn't just go around doing it. It was serious business, and contraception, abortion, and divorce were debated with the same kind of dispassionate tone as the nationalization of the steel industry or the lack of housing. They were social questions. That was our crime, it seemed. We admitted the existence of sex. We knew it made babies. But we refused to be middle-class Puritans. Swedes could talk about sex without embarrassment or taboos for the simple reason that Puritan morals had never existed in Sweden. In the early Thirties we'd popped right out of an agrarian economy topped by a layer of aristocrats into a technological state with a welfare government. The peasants had had sex to produce future farm workers. The aristocrats had regarded sex as a light diversion. And now the attitudes of the new *bourgeoisie* came from a combination of these two—neither had the inclination toward a false, sniggering morality. We were honest and aboveboard. But that didn't mean our sexual mores weren't serious or conservative. Or, anyway, that's what we thought—until the foreign press kept insisting we were corrupt libertines, a disgrace to Christendom, and a threat to the moral fiber of the whole Free World.

What had begun in *Time* as a journalistic wet dream started to achieve a strange and lasting reality abroad. Foreign men desperately wanted to believe that in the middle of the uptight Fifties there was actually this mythical country that produced women who were silent and willing copulating machines—beautiful blonde Swedish women, at that. We underwent a crazy transformation. What was wrong with us? Why couldn't we see ourselves as others saw us? Maybe it *was* true. Little by little we tried to fit ourselves into the myth, to escape our sexual schizophrenia. And suddenly we *were* promiscuous. Our self-image at last corresponded to everyone's expectations of us. It was a very peculiar and painful phenomenon.

Just what the word *promiscuous* meant to foreigners was really beyond description. Decadent wouldn't even begin to cover it. In my teens, I spent vacations in the South of France. People would point to me on the street as "the Swedish girl." French boys constantly assumed I fucked around. *"Vous êtes Suédoise? . . . Sie sind Schwedisch? . . . Sueca?"* The joy and fascination in their faces were unbridled; the boys couldn't believe their luck. To escape these constant advances, we were forced to resort to ridiculous forms of subterfuge. "You must be Swedish." "Oh, no—who, me?" "But you look it." "Sorry, I come from Iceland. Reykjavik—you know?" "Huh?" In time they got wise and called our bluff. "I'm from Luxembourg." "Oh, no, you don't. Nobody is." Damn it. We ran the gamut of odd nationalities and phony guttural accents, with little success. Foreigners had learned to spot us.

Each summer brought an invasion of young studs into Stockholm, and their numbers escalated like GIs hitting the whorehouses of Saigon. First came the Italians, then the French and Germans, and finally the Americans, who had first caused our sexual schizophrenia. They arrived flashing their cash—hordes of spoiled college brats acting like bearers of a latter-day Marshall Plan intent on bringing relief to our world-famous sexual itch.

The Americans would ask us to join them for dinner and we'd try to be brave and game. We'd say yes against our better judgment, knowing what would happen later but always too curious to say no. Having contrived to take our dates to only the very best restaurants, we'd order fabulous dinners, gracefully washed down with two kinds of wine and followed by an exquisite four-star cognac. Our dates would often be very civilized during dinner, and we would begin to think that perhaps it would be nice. But it soon became evident that the high cost of dining for the boys was nothing compared to the price we Swedish women had to pay in bed. The Americans were both too clumsy and too greedy. Once aroused, they would flop on top of you, stick it in, hump a few seconds, and that would be that. And that mythical Swedish orgasm? Well, you feigned it. No woman in creation could have had an orgasm under those circumstances. The men never gave us a chance, because all they were interested in was a fast fuck, not who, or even what, they were fucking.

If we had the temerity to refuse them, they became hurt and petulant. They accused us of leading them on, ruining their vacation, and ripping them off—not only for the dinner, but the price of a return ticket to the States. "Come off it," they would snort. "Who do you think you are?" Everybody would have been better off if they'd stayed back in the States and played with their neckers' knobs. Oh, well. "Experience is the name everyone gives to their mistakes." (Oscar Wilde said it.)

And despite the vision of the Swedish sexual superstar, most girls were still initiated into sex in the time-honored conventional Swedish way. You kissed a boy at 14. You necked at 16, petted heavily at 17, and soulfully lost your virginity somewhere around your 19th year—but only after very serious discussions with your girlfriends about how you loved the boy and planned to marry him.

Ultimately, the hysteria about Swedish sexuality died down as it became cliché during the raucous mid-Sixties. Swedish women were finally left alone to sort out what had happened during those ten years of notoriety. And it was then that we fully realized that everything we had been accused of we had unwittingly adopted and made reality. The prophecy had been fulfilled. The Swedish woman, glory to her, had actually become "sinful and promiscuous." Just like *Time* had promised.

It was the "sinful and promiscuous" concept that had been the catch. Here we were, thrashing around trying to find a comfortable niche for ourselves—either by staying *(Continued on page 130)*

She
ain't
no saint
nor
shows
restraint
carole augustine

Carole is not related to that terrific philosopher / author / letter writer/lush/pimp/ posthumous saint of the same name. She has not even read his *de civitate dei*, nor the *confessiones*. She doesn't like confessions, anyway. "They reveal too much," she says. "There are better ways of telling people about yourself than by telling everything." Does she have much to confess? "Oh sure, but it probably wouldn't make good reading. I'm basically a visual person." (See photos. Convinced?)

She is 19, lives in London, and has South American,

Her elusiveness is legendary and so is her presence

Scottish, and Polish blood running through her body at a uniform temperature. That would make a strange combination of humors flow there as well. Hence, she would be fiery, thrifty, and the object of tasteless jokes. Or, she could make friends easily with llamas, look nice in plaids, and be able to form those impossible Eastern European vowel sounds inside her mouth.

Carole is a famous and successful model. She also has a weird reputation. A message we recently got from London said: "She has the repulsion of being the Howard Hughes of modeling." That really stumped us. But one of our crack researchers, well-versed in translating trans-Atlantic telexes, said, "Cool it, boys, it's only a misprint," which was kind of disappointing. The communiqué went on to report: "She won't do as she's told. In fact, she does exactly the opposite of what you want her to do. If you say smile, she frowns, if you say look into the camera, she looks the other way.

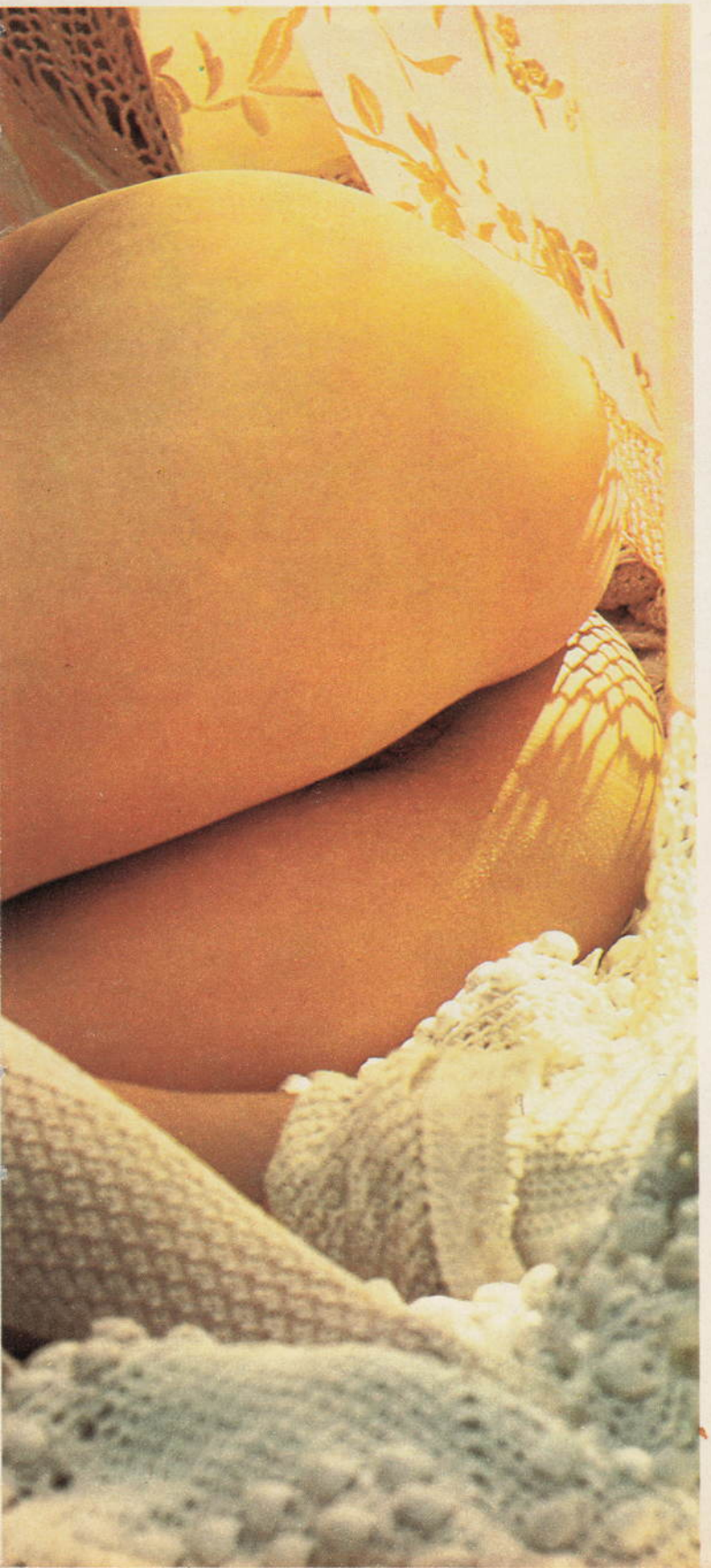
Then, just as you feel you have to hit her, she does everything perfectly and then walks out of the studio. She's very sensual, and the only girl worth the aggravation." Carole lives with her boyfriend. She has her own apartment, however, as a kind of escape valve. She goes there to be alone, to regroup her senses. "I like to paint and listen to music. And I really like to dance. As a matter of fact, doing physical things is the only way I can work off my energy. I like to get away from work and be somewhere no one can get in touch with me. I'm difficult to work with and I make others mad at me, but there's a lot of garbage in this business and I want to get the garbage out of my mind." Her boyfriend is a photographer and coaxed her into posing nude. "I knew I was selling myself, but I had to start somehow. I was fascinated by the idea of being visually erotic because it appealed to the theatrical side of my nature." There is no sense discussing to what side of his nature it appealed.

Before we met Carole about a year ago, she was pointed out to us in London's East End. Her black trench

High fashion is insolence and Carole is delightfully rude

coat was flowing behind her, and she had Levi's charmingly in need of repair and the only honest-to-God pair of high-heeled sneakers we've run across. No kidding. No wonder she is one of Europe's most successful models.

When these pictures were



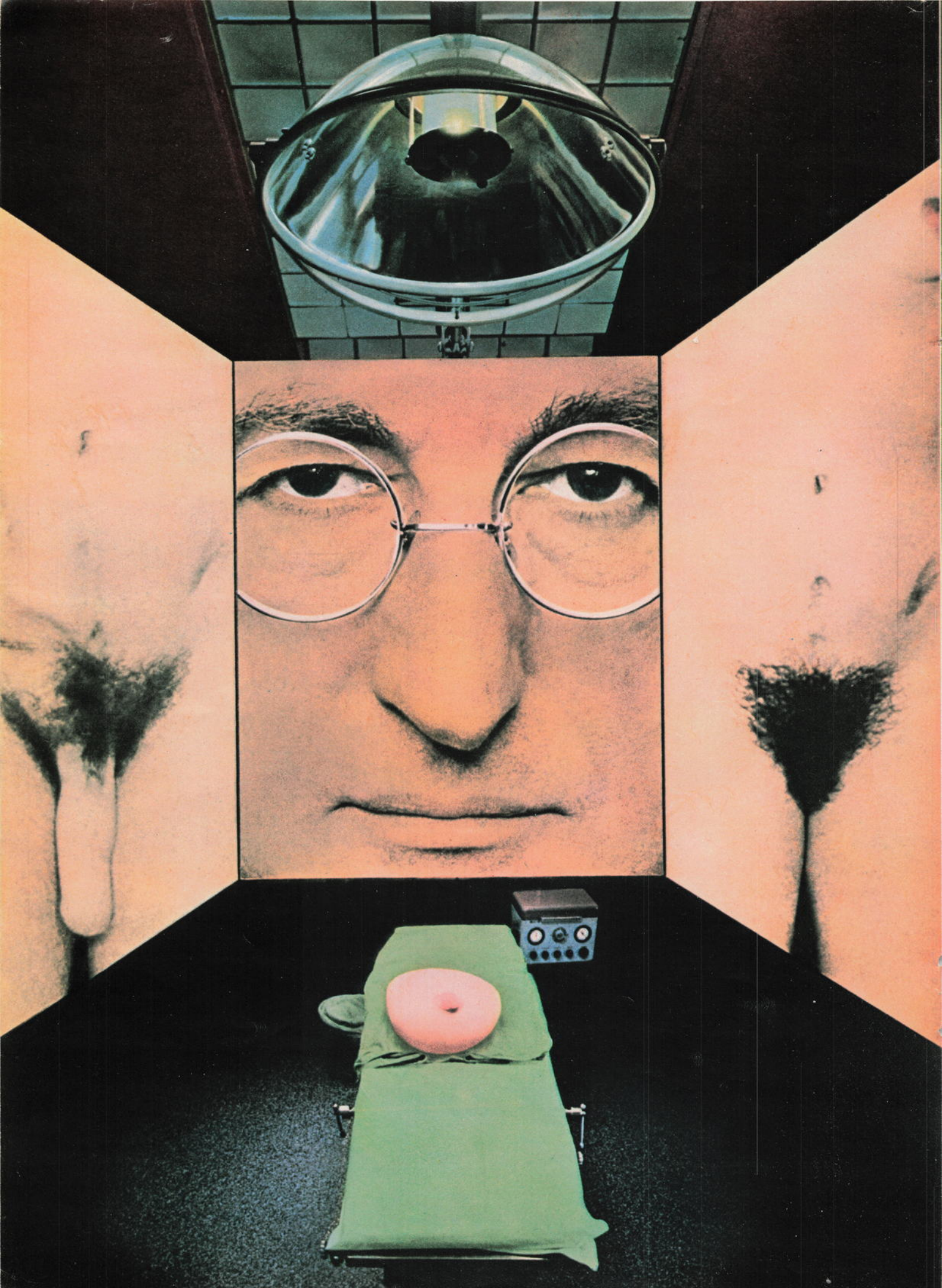
being shot in London, Carole had just returned from a grueling schedule of fashion assignments in Spain. She was recovering from it while attending to odd bits of domestic business that had piled up in her absence. On this particular afternoon, she was doing her laundry down the street. The photographer, knowing her reputation as a feisty subject to work with, suggested that whatever she wanted to do was OK by him. Carole had to leave periodically to see that her wash was proceeding smoothly. He didn't like that, but didn't let on. He merely told her to indulge her fantasies, and he'd take it from there. Notice how her mood changes. Notice how she utilizes the last bit of her clean clothes to their fullest potential. Notice how she doesn't smile. Modeling is hard work. It takes concentration. Carole is concentrating on her laundry. Most people would jump at the opportunity to indulge and cater to their fantasies. Carole lives hers. Notice, too, that something is missing in these photographs. Carole is elusive. What's missing is her nervousness. "I need a lot of love, and that's why

I'm a difficult person to work with. I'm awkward. I'm late for jobs because I'm trying to be flashy, but it's only a defense mechanism to cover up my nervousness. I'm afraid of not being a success, or not being loved, or having to make business decisions. I'm not very sure of myself at all. I'm terribly shy, too. Even when I'm being intimate with a man, I like to play little feminine games; you know, pretending I am helpless or being incredibly bossy and scary. But my boyfriend understands me when I let him."

One day, in a moment of introspection, she decided that her tombstone should read: "Here lies Carole Augustine. She lived the good life," adding quickly that it wouldn't be accurate now. Like St. Augustine, she would say "Give me chastity and continence, but do not give it yet."

She's the only cure for the headaches she creates

oui



CONVERSATION WITH

JOHN MONEY

John Money knows more than anybody else about what masculinity and femininity really are and how they take shape in human beings. He is an associate professor of medical psychology and pediatrics at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins Hospital and School of Medicine and is associated with the institution's pediatric endocrine clinic, best known to Americans for the transexual surgery done there—converting men into women and women into men. Money has studied intersexes—persons caught somewhere between male and female—for more than 20 years. He went public with this work in 1952 when he published a monograph on the psychology of hermaphrodites. His research delves deep into the physical anomalies of these confused human beings and into the factors that determine gender identity.

There are those who believe that Money's relatively low-profile work is an important part of what science in this era will be remembered for: the analytic exploration of humanness. There is irony in this, of course, when we consider the billions of dollars, the publicity, and the patriotic fervor that have been lavished on shooting hardware at the moon. If this theory is correct, the irony starts earlier, in the surname of John Money, because grant cash was in extremely short supply when he began his work. After graduating from Harvard, he joined the staff at Johns Hopkins (he has been there ever since) and had to do his work in odd hours, only occasionally with the luxury of assistants. Now that both Money and the pediatric endocrine clinic have achieved national reputation, funds tend to flow in, along with the clinical cases that are as vital as dollars for the gathering of hard background information and diagnoses on persons who inhabit the fringes of sexual identity.

Money, who is 52, has come into his own in the world of sex study. He is a member of the National Institute for Mental Health and the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States (SIECUS). He has written two books, Man and Woman, Boy and Girl *and* Sex Errors of the Body, *and edited a number of others, including* Transexualism and Sex Reassignment.

OUI *asked James Lincoln Collier, himself a prolific author who has written numerous articles on sexual behavior, to talk with Money about his life and work. They met in Money's apartment in a rundown neighborhood close to his Johns Hopkins office. Money mentioned that he has problems with break-ins. The converted-storefront flat is cluttered with fetishes and other bric-a-brac collected over his 20 years of research, and the walls are filled with avant-garde paintings. The front of the apartment overflows with plants.*

Money is a medium-sized man whose soft-spoken manner belies his forthrightness. He is candid about his opinions and his work, and one suspects that his commitment to research offers little time for anything else. He speaks with a slight accent, a carry-over from his childhood in New Zealand. He is independent-minded, and his sympathies are, for the most part, countercultural; he supports liberation from anything that seeks to constrain the expression of human potential. He is quick to spot error, in conversation and elsewhere, and does not suffer fools gladly.

OUI: One of the crucial questions today is the differences between men and women—how they're formed, how changeable they are, and especially whether men and women can, to some extent, switch roles. We'd like to hear what your research is telling us.

JOHN MONEY: One of the things that's become clearest to me is that the differences between the sexes are a lot smaller than we have believed over the centuries. As far as I'm concerned, there are only four irreducible differences: women menstruate, produce milk, and give birth; men impregnate. That is, men can't have babies, and they can't wet-nurse them, but, if they have to, they can do anything else that's necessary in connection with child rearing. As a matter of fact, it's not beyond the realm of possibility for a man to wet-nurse a child. By playing around with hormones, you can actually create men with breasts that produce milk. It wouldn't be of very good quality, but you could do it.

OUI: They would produce milk?

MONEY: Yes, you can do it with rats. You have to start prenatally, giving them the right combination of hormones before birth. If you manipulated the hormones correctly, you could get sperm from men so they could impregnate a woman, and then have them produce milk. Of course, their sex lives would be very weird. It's a bit of science-fiction nonsense, but it's theoretically possible.

OUI: In other words, you'd have a person who would be daddy first and then turn into mommy.

MONEY: Not mommy so much as a wet nurse. As I say, it's in the realm of science fiction, but it's possible. As a matter of fact, men can get pretty involved in the childbirth process as well. As it happens, I'm currently working on a movie on childbirth, which is really quite super. It was made about 15 months ago in the delivery room at Johns Hopkins. We had a couple—a young doctor and his wife, who had been a nurse. She was using natural childbirth, so that she was fully conscious the whole time. Throughout, the husband acts as a kind of coach. He was trained to do this. For example, she'd sometimes get so involved in expelling the baby that she'd forget to breathe properly, and he'd be there to remind her. It wasn't an authority thing, either—like a coach and his football player. There was an easy flow between them. You can clearly see in this film that the birth process can be a two-person endeavor. They're both having the baby.

OUI: But the husband is a kind of adjunct in this case—I mean, he isn't absolutely necessary to the process. The difference between the sexes is still clearly there: she's having the baby, he's merely helping out. You certainly don't

Illustration by Tetsu Okuhara

expect that we'll see the time when men are actually carrying infants in their wombs, do you?

MONEY: Not that, exactly, no. But nonetheless, there are already hundreds if not thousands of men—I should say former males—who are today mothers in the most crucial senses of the word. I'll give you an interesting example, a case that we're still watching. This involves a pair of twin boys. One of them suffered an accident during circumcision. The doctor used a cauterizing instrument, which more or less burns away the flesh. Something went wrong, the penis got an overload of electricity and was charred. I mean it was cooked and just dropped off completely. Here was a boy who was going to grow up and spend all his life comparing himself to a twin who had a penis, while he had nothing but a scar there. So the decision was made to turn this boy into a girl.

OUI: Why? What was the thinking?

MONEY: Well, partly it was what I've said: that the psychic burden for a man to live without a penis, to be deprived in this particular respect, is terribly heavy —especially when he's growing up alongside a twin who is complete. Then, too, the feeling was that this person was entitled to an erotic life that was going to be very difficult for him to achieve as a man. How would a girl react when she discovered his handicap? So it seemed clearly right to make the switch.

OUI: How was that done?

MONEY: Well, of course, the job isn't finished yet. The child is just about ten years old at this moment. The first processes are surgical—you have to move the urethra around, and then give the child a rudimentary slit so that she appears to be a normal girl to herself and others. At that point in life, nothing much further has to be done physically. At puberty, of course, she'll be put on a course of female hormones, which will bring along normal breast development, female body shape, female body-hair configuration, and all the rest of it. The testicles have been removed, of course, so there won't be normal male hormones present. Then further surgery will give her an operating vagina. She won't menstruate, because she hasn't any womb, and she won't be able to conceive. But she'll certainly be able to marry, have a more or less normal sex life, have children by adoption, raise them, and become a grandmother. I mean, there's nothing in her psychic make-up preventing it.

OUI: You say "she," but is this person really female? Aren't her chromosomes male?

MONEY: Well, chromosomally she's XY, which is the normal male pattern. But the question is: how important, how crucial are chromosomes in forming a gender identity?

OUI: I should think they'd be pretty important.

MONEY: Not really. Their main function in the development of the embryo is to set in motion a course of hormones. That is, the male child in the womb will develop testicles, and in turn these organs will produce the male sex hormone that start him developing in the male direction. The chromosomes seem to be responsible for deciding that the embryo will develop testicles instead of ovaries. But after that it's the hormones that count. The world is full of people whose chromosome pattern is screwed up some way—the XYY types, the women who have only one X instead of two, and so forth. So you don't want to jump in there and say that this person must be a boy because he's got the typical male pattern of chromosomes. There's a lot more to it than that.

OUI: What, for example?

MONEY: Well, I think what you've got to see is that maleness and femaleness are not formed all at once. We used to believe—and this is still taught in most high schools, by the way—that at the moment of conception it was decided by the chromosomes: bang, you're a girl or a boy. Today we know better. We know that you become a male or a female a step at a time. First there's the chromosome thing, then there's the question of the kind of hormones the embryo gets in the womb. Then after birth, how do people perceive you? How does the world think of you? This is terrifically important. It happens all the time that a child is born with an anomaly to his or her sex organs—maybe it's an enlarged clitoris or maybe the reverse, a very undeveloped penis. The doctor takes a quick look and assigns the child to one sex or another. Then years later it turns out that the sex assignment was wrong. There are many, many hundreds of cases of "boys" who at puberty begin to grow breasts. As a matter of fact, we've even had cases of boys who began to menstruate through their penises at puberty. And there you've got a problem.

OUI: I should rather think so. Then the problem is to turn them back into their original sex?

MONEY: Unfortunately, that's what's been done too often in the past. It's absolutely the wrong idea. By way of example, we saw a child from the South somewhere who had been misassigned as a boy at birth, and he'd grown up as a boy. Well, as he was getting into puberty some doctor happened to discover the error, and his first thought was: OK, we'll do corrective surgery, and we'll turn this child back to the sex he belongs to. Well, the boy was simply horror-struck, and God knows what would have happened. But he came to our attention, and we got him to Johns Hopkins. All he wanted from us was to get himself straightened around again as the boy he'd grown up believing he was. So you see, the point I am making is that once you establish in your mind a certain sex identity it's very difficult for you to change. In general in these cases, we almost invariably find that it's actually easier to switch the physical body around than it is to change the mind set.

OUI: And this mind set is something that a child picks up from his parents?

MONEY: Of course. Or rather, it should be. And you can clearly see how much feedback, how much interaction is involved. The people around you see you as a boy or a girl, they think of you that way, and, more importantly, they treat you in a certain way, and in time—very quickly, as a matter of fact—you get it fixed in your head that you are a little boy or a little girl. Once that idea is fixed, it's tremendously difficult to change. And it's my feeling, based on a hell of a lot of experience, that this is really more crucial in establishing gender than all the chromosomes you can have.

OUI: Let's get back to the little boy who lost his penis. How would it work out here, at Johns Hopkins?

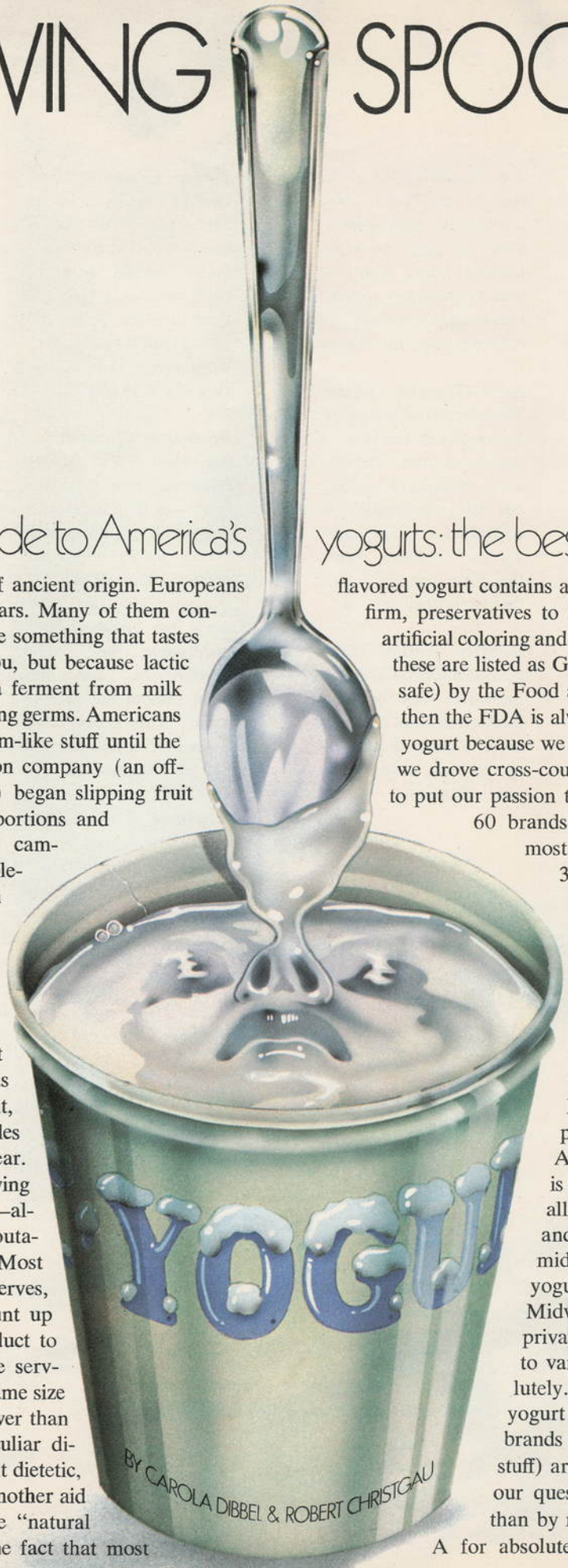
MONEY: It isn't how it would work out, it's how it *is* working out. The child was lucky that we got to him early, and he was lucky that his parents were able to cope with the problem and work with it. Because, of course, how the parents handle the thing is vital. If they start sending out confused signals to the child, the child is going to have a very hard time getting his head straight about who he is. But in this case, the parents accepted the situation and went along with it.

OUI: But it wasn't just the parents—what about all the friends and relatives who had been told that there were twin boys?

MONEY: That's relatively easy to deal with. I mean, you just say that the doctor made a mistake or something. The real problem is how the parents take it, and in this case they took it well. For example, the father told me a little while ago that when he comes home from work he makes it a practice to spend time playing with the children. On one particular occasion when he came in, there was popular music on the radio, and he and the little girl began dancing. The brother was put out at being excluded, so he began dancing with the mother; and there they were, paired off in a heterosexual *(Continued on page 76)*

THE LOVING SPOONFUL

A consumer guide to America's yogurts: the best and the worst



BY CAROLA DIBBEL & ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Illustration by John Youssi

Yogurt is a dairy product of ancient origin. Europeans have known about it for years. Many of them consider it healthful, not because something that tastes so bad must be good for you, but because lactic acid—which yogurt bacteria ferment from milk sugar—inhibits disease-causing germs. Americans didn't discover the sour-cream-like stuff until the mid-1950s, when the Dannon company (an offshoot of Danone in France) began slipping fruit preserves under individual portions and launched an intelligent ad campaign. Dannon's fruit supplement changed yogurt from an oddity to a novelty. The next innovation was Swiss style, which satisfied the American taste for the sweet and the ready-made by mixing the fruit and sugar right in. By now, yogurt qualifies as junk food—sweet, convenient, cheap, and habit-forming. Sales were over $100 million last year. One factor in yogurt's growing popularity is its substantial—although unsubstantiated—reputation as a weight-loss aid. Most Americans eat it with preserves, which brings the calorie count up from 130 for the plain product to 270 calories per eight-ounce serving. This is higher than the same size serving of ice cream, but lower than pie. Of course, yogurt's peculiar digestive properties may make it dietetic, but that's only conjecture. Another aid to yogurt sales has been the "natural foods" movement, despite the fact that most flavored yogurt contains additives—stabilizers to keep it firm, preservatives to hold off yeast and mold, and artificial coloring and flavoring to save money. All of these are listed as G.R.A.S. (generally regarded as safe) by the Food and Drug Administration, but then the FDA is always changing that list. We eat yogurt because we think it tastes good, and when we drove cross-country last summer, we decided to put our passion to the test. We sampled about 60 brands, tasting several flavors from most, to arrive at an evaluation of 37 representative brands. This method had its difficulties. Because yogurt doesn't keep forever, we had to compare by memory and compensate for context (a great yogurt in San Antonio tastes more extraordinary than a great yogurt in San Diego, because you don't expect to find great yogurt in San Antonio). Our first conclusion is that the reason 60 percent of all yogurt is sold in the Northeast and on the Pacific coast is because mid-American dairies make lousy yogurt. Virtually the only good Midwestern yogurts we found were privately made. Second, price tends to vary with quality, but not absolutely. It is possible to get excellent yogurt cheap, and some expensive brands (including health-food-store stuff) are bad. Overleaf, the results of our quest, listed alphabetically rather than by rating. Yogurts are rated from A for absolutely great to E for execrable.

Anderson and Erickson (Des Moines, Iowa) Contains potassium sorbate (a common yogurt preservative), which is OK as long as you're not allergic. The FDA might decertify the "artificial coloring and flavoring" tomorrow, for all you know. For A & E cherry vanilla, which goes down like cannoli, we'll endure it all. The other flavors aren't worth it. The blueberry (a fruit hard to preserve or imitate) is downright puky. **C**

A & P Look-fit (New York, New York) This is your low-average high-additive Swiss-style yogurt—a gelatinous hunk, with flavors from funny (peach, Dutch apple) to inedible (strawberry, plain). **D plus**

Astro (Toronto, Canada) The other kind of yogurt. You get it in health-food stores in the Toronto area. Nothing is added, but the fermentation is controlled so that some natural sweetness from the milk sugar gets past the lactic-acid test. **A**

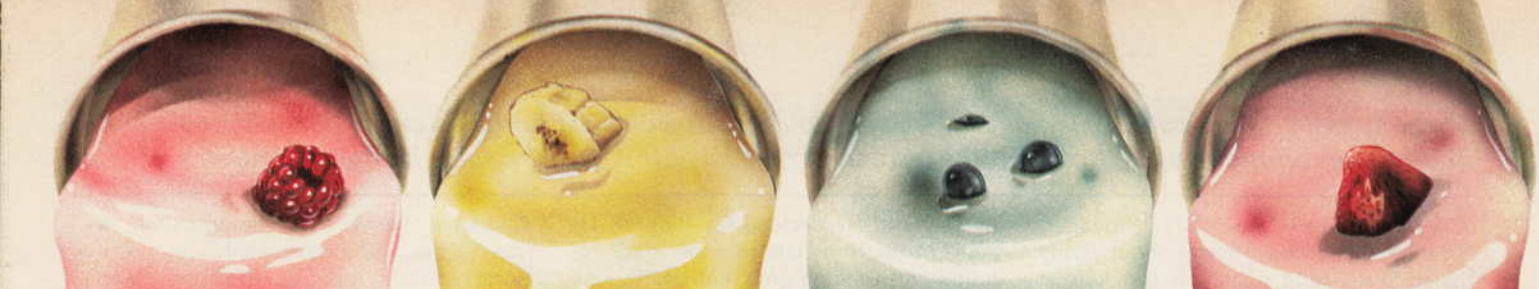
Berkeley Farms (Oakland, California) This additive-free local brand is inoffensive but forgettable. Comes in the expected fruit flavors. Too sweet. **B minus**

Borden (Columbus, Ohio) One of the imitators of Swiss-style yogurt, which does require stabilizers—starch, gelatin, gum, or carrageenin—to keep the fruit in place. It usually gets a funny taste. Borden's funny taste is like cardboard. **D plus**

Breakstone (South Edmeston, New York) Breakstone succeeds at blueberry—in its All Natural line—with plump, whole berries in an ungummy preserve. The All Natural raspberry is tart and seedy, the strawberry immemorable, the vanilla overflavored, and the plain smooth but nondescript. The sticky-sweet Swiss Parfait line has additives, costs more. **B**

Carnation (Los Angeles, California) A good yogurt with adequate flavors put in sundae style at the bottom. Stabilizers, artificial color, etc., but no preservatives and no aftertaste. **B**

Colombo (Methuen, Massachusetts) After 40 years of small-timing, Colombo is cutting corners to try to get Dannon's market in a hurry. Too bad, because it could be the best yogurt in the East. Its whole-milk formula beats every contender in the country except the higher-priced Continental. Its fruit flavors are sumptuous, and even its novelty line (shocking-pink peach melba, lemon custard with egg, lavender cold duck) tastes good. But the new supermarket quantities show inconsistent product control and the flavors are artificially spiked. It's not impossible to avoid additives—just expensive—and Colombo wants to remain competitive. The blueberry, with its dusky blue color, generous strewings of berries, and creamy consistency, is the best in America, as is the all-natural honey vanilla. When they make it right, even the wheat germ and honey is better than you can mix yourself. **A minus**



Continental (Glendale, California) The yogurt with *hubris*. It could be too rich. At seven percent, the butterfat content is well over the one-and-one-half percent of ordinary low fat, or even whole milk's four percent. But it could be the best-tasting plain and certainly is the most unusual yogurt with any real distribution. The honey-sweetened sundae-style flavors are subtle and close to those of the real fruit—though the raspberry is thin and overly tart and the pineapple is bubble-gummy. Strawberry, apricot, and pear are our favorites. The low-fat Bulgarian line is not special, and the Goat's Milk yogurt made us gag, but Royal Continental is worth seeking out, in the ubiquitous California health-food emporiums (at about 40 cents/8 oz.) and in big Eastern cities, where it's expensive. **A**

Crescent (Montreal, Quebec) Dannon's recipe with whole milk. It tastes remarkably like Continental, only it isn't quite as well rounded and the fruit is mushy. **B plus**

Dannon (Minister, Ohio) In making lactic acid yummy, Dannon has done more than any other to promote yogurt in America, has never used an artificial ingredient—even when nobody cared. The plain is so conscientiously controlled that it comes short on character, but its function is really to mix with the carefully preserved choice fruit underneath. Dannon is wholesome rather than mind-blowing. It's good with tricky yogurt fruits like cherry and peach (though not blueberry) and some of its flavors are the best. Try the fluffy pineapple-orange, with shreds of marmalady peel, or tart apricot, made from frozen fruit to avoid the sulphur used in drying. Our favorite is Dutch apple, in which the lightly spiced tender apple chunks go with mellow yogurt like apple pie with ice cream. Number one in the United States east of the Mississippi. **A minus**

Dean's (Chemung, Illinois) Crummy for the money (40 cents/8 oz.) with a surface like the moon—cratered. Blueberry as weird as usual. Dark, viscous cherry. Strawberry tastes like a lollipop, the plain is so sour it made our eyes water, and all of them are loaded with G.R.A.S. helpers. **D**

Delisle (Boucherville, Quebec) French Swiss-style yogurt doesn't use stabilizers, and maybe that's why Delisle has the consistency of soup and tastes chalky. Still, the over-all effect is fresh, with large pieces of fruit. Delisle coffee is the best we've come across—subtle and light textured. **B**

Dr. Gaymont's (Chicago, Illinois) A tolerable basic formula (thick) but a cheesy aftertaste (parmesan). Candy-style strawberry, spoiled blueberry, and black cherry that's like marzipan, which is at least a novelty. Sells big in North Central States and is the only American brand to spell it *yogourt*. **C minus**

Eudokia's Ya-our-ty (Des Plaines, Illinois) Variations on this yogurt—by no means identical but just as unique—are probably made at small Balkan and Middle Eastern restaurants and food suppliers all over the country. This one, available in the Chicago area, has curds, tastes mild as light cream, and goes with salt and pepper. **A minus**

Erivan (Oreland, Pennsylvania) A whole-milk yogurt available in some Northeastern health-food stores (at 63 cents/7 oz.). Freshness is the main attraction, as it has no special flavor. **B plus**

Gandy's (San Angelo, Texas) A lot of brands outside the big yogurt markets are really awful. We ate this in Big Bend, Texas, and it wasn't awful. Despite the ingredients listing on the label, the plain tastes like it has sugar in it. The lemon (a good bet in bad brands because it doesn't cost much to make) is all right. **C minus**

Hawthorne Mellody (Chicago, Illinois) Why do they bother? **E**

Hollywood (Detroit, Michigan) One of the worst yogurts in America. Smells like fresh chemicals, and the blueberry looks like extract of used typewriter ribbon. Cheap and gummy. **E**

Hood (Boston, Massachusetts) Dannon's New England competition buys artificial flavoring instead of fruit, and stabilizers instead of quality. Why no preservatives? Nothing to preserve. **D plus**

Jerseymaid (Los Angeles, California) Twenty-three cents is a good buy for good yogurt, even in California, where it tends to run cheap. Jerseymaid plain is clean and rich. It has pizazz—but not too much pizazz. The preserves are like fresh fruit

(Continued on page 134)

JOHN MONEY *"There are some males who want to dress as women, but they want to live with a woman in a lesbian relationship. Of course, the lesbians won't have this guy, because he has a penis."*

(Continued from page 72) manner. You see, that's what I mean about giving the child the right signals. If you look at those children today, there isn't any question about which one is the boy and which one the girl—it's just plain and obvious.

OUI: What happens when the wrong signals go out?

MONEY: You can have trouble. I'll give you a good example of how much craziness there is sometimes behind our façades. There was a couple I had in therapy—I'll change some of the details here to disguise their identities. The husband was a business executive with a good job. They came to see me because of their six-year-old son. One day he said to his mother, "Does God really answer your prayers?" And the mother said, "Yes." And then the boy said, "I've been praying to him for six weeks to change me into a girl. How come he hasn't done it?" Since then, I've worked with that family for years, and all that time they maintained this façade of the nice middle-class couple. But then one day the wife suddenly opened up and began telling about the horrible fighting that went on between her and her husband. The real story started to come out. Every time the husband and wife had one of their major battles, the father would take the little boy down to the department store and ask him what he wanted. The kid always said he wanted a doll, so the father would buy him a doll. Of course, after this came out I told the father, "That's the end of the dolls; you can buy him anything you want, but we're going to wean him off dolls." And the funny thing was, the father still couldn't resist the temptation to buy the boy dolls. They would go down to the department store, and the kid would say he wanted an airplane, but the father would say something like, "Well, I think you'd really prefer a doll." That's the way it went.

OUI: How did the boy turn out?

MONEY: I'll tell you in a minute. The thing was, this boy was adopted, and the reason was that the whole time these people had been married they had never once had intercourse. He used to do it interfemorally from behind—that is, he simply put his penis between her legs and did it that way. I asked him, "Are you satisfied with that?" And he said, "Well, doctor, it isn't so good. With all that hair around there it rubs the end of my penis raw." And I had to sit there and act as if I wasn't surprised. Week after week these people could come into the pediatric clinic and *never* tell you anything about that at all. No wonder the boy ended up as a homosexual.

OUI: There wasn't anything you could do about that?

MONEY: It wasn't a question of deciding for him. He decided for himself. He went through a late-teenage stage of dating and fucking girls and finally realized it wasn't what he wanted. About that time, he was invited into a homosexual relationship. Fortunately, he had guts enough to get into it, and he ended up saying, "My God, no wonder I've been so perfunctory about sex before. This is for me. I'm not going to bother with heterosexual stuff anymore because this is where I belong." Today he's a successful homosexual.

OUI: How do you mean "successful"?

MONEY: He's in a type of business that attracts a lot of homosexuals. He's doing superbly well at it. He has his customers and his friends, and he's very content. His parents are still coming in, asking, "Doctor, what did we do wrong?"

OUI: And what they did wrong was to send out the wrong signals?

MONEY: I don't know what else you'd call it when the father is buying his son dolls.

OUI: A child, then, learns to imitate the parent of his own sex.

MONEY: Yes, but there's more to it than that. In my studies I've come more and more to see that it's a dual process. A girl, for example, learns female patterns from her mother and other women around her; but she also learns boy things, as well. Both of these schemes get fixed in her head—with this difference: that one is positive and one negative. In other words, she learns that she's supposed to adopt one pattern and not adopt the other.

OUI: So it's important that there be two parents in the home? I mean, we've been hearing a great deal about single-parent families—where a woman might have a child and raise it without a father, or a male homosexual might adopt a child.

MONEY: It isn't crucial, but it's better. Take a woman raising a child by herself: it isn't so absolutely vital that she have a husband if there are other males around—an uncle or a grandfather or a boyfriend or someone. And, of course, any child sees people of both sexes in the world around him—in school, on television, and so forth. Still, I think it's just easier if both sexes are present. You take a lot of lesbian women who are raising children—usually little girls. I think that a lot of those girls are going to grow up hating men.

OUI: You've been fairly insistent upon the idea that it's difficult for a kid to change over once he's got it fixed in his head what sex he is. And yet, we know that a lot of people want to change their sex—and many of them actually do.

MONEY: You're talking about transexuals.

OUI: Yes, and to begin with, what's the difference between a homosexual, a transvestite, and a transexual?

MONEY: It's a kind of spectrum. You take the guy who's married. He likes to live in that kind of circumstance, but every once in a while he has to go out and pick up a man someplace—a few times a year. It's like—I hate to say it—having a cold. You get it, the tension is relieved, and it's over with. Then you have the person who is basically homosexual—although a lot of homosexuals are bisexual—maybe the man who acts like a pansy. Then beyond that there's the transvestite, who likes to dress in the clothing of the opposite sex but still basically stays with his own sex. Finally, there's the transexual, who wants to change over completely and live as a member of the opposite sex. In some cases they want an operation, in some cases they don't. Some of these are pretty tragic. There are some males, for example, who want to dress as women, but they want to live with a woman in a lesbian relationship. And, of course, the lesbians won't have this guy, because as far as they're concerned he has a penis.

OUI: So the answer for a man like this is to have his penis cut off.

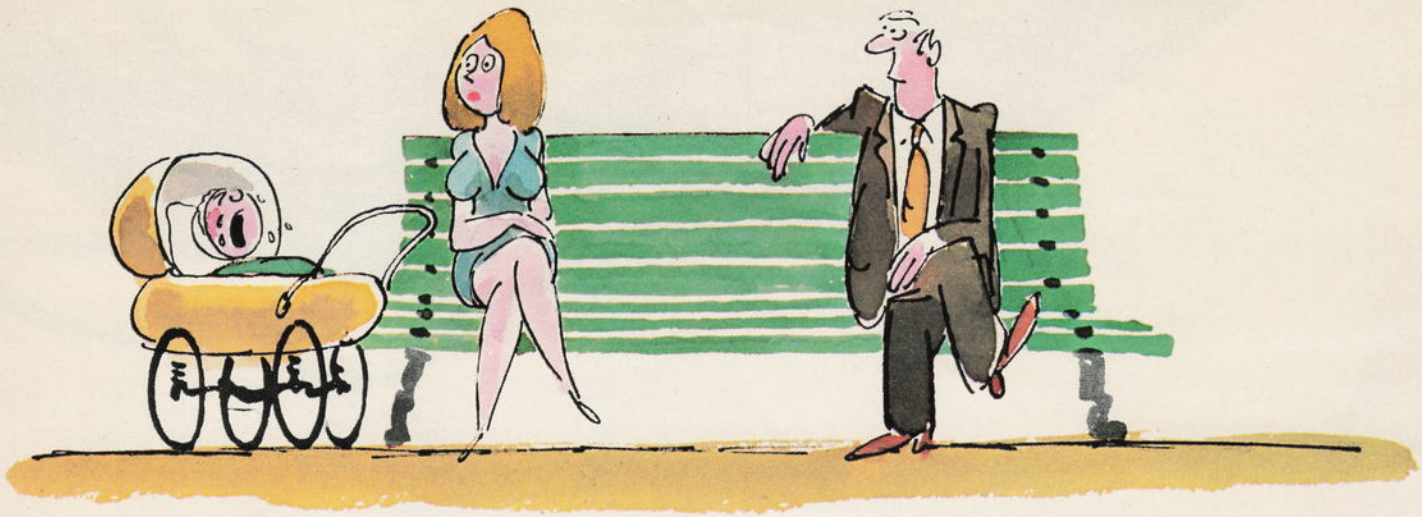
MONEY: Of course, it isn't that simple—you have to program the hormones and all that. I have a couple who were both women to begin with. Now they're living in the backwoods of Maine. She's a lawyer—that is, the one who stayed a woman. And the other one is determined to be a man. She's only five foot, four or five, and she doesn't have a particularly muscular frame. She's out there in Maine chopping down trees and rebuilding the house and so forth. She wants to go into surgery and have her ovaries and her breasts removed. It's come-hell-or-high-water with her.

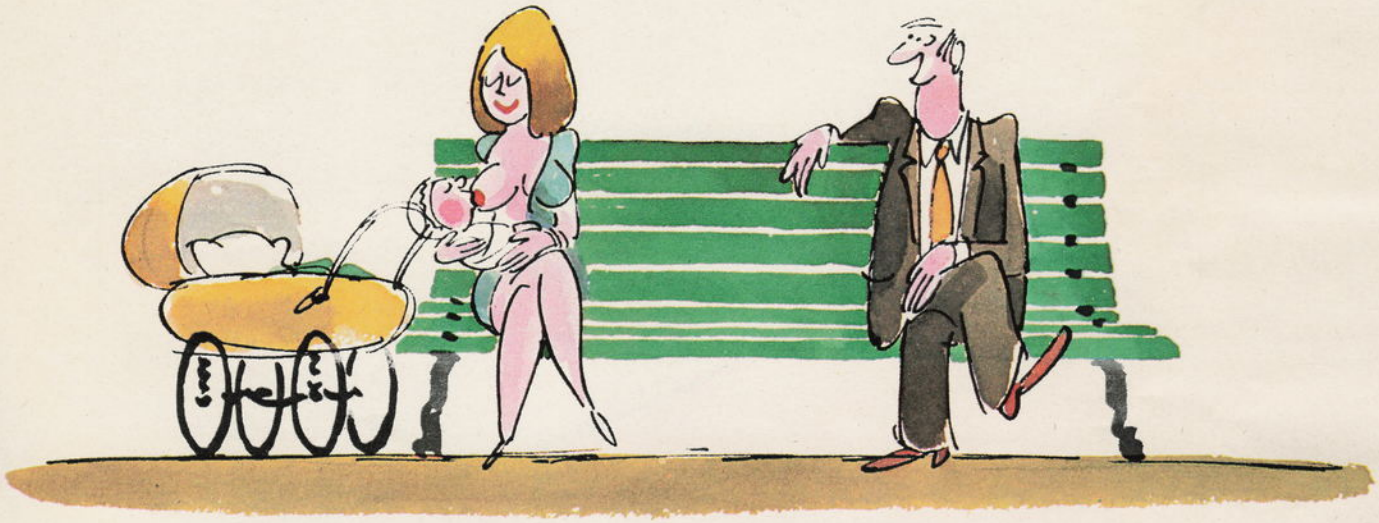
OUI: But what about their sex lives? What can it be? Can you build this person an artificial penis?

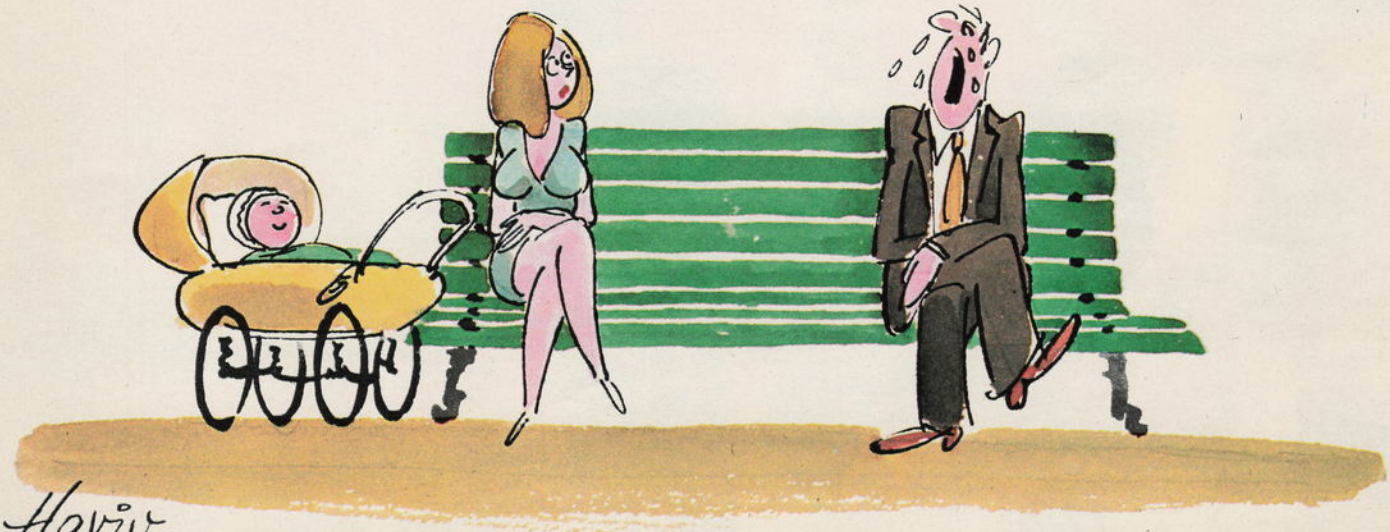
MONEY: Not really. Building an artificial vagina isn't so hard. After all, it's basically a sheath of tissue. A normal vagina doesn't have a lot of nerve endings. But a penis has all that erectile tissue, and so far we haven't found a way to make one surgically.

OUI: So a transexual who goes from female to male doesn't have much of a sex life.

MONEY: No, that's not true. For example, there was a woman who was about to commit suicide because she wasn't permitted to have her sex changed in the country where she lived. She traveled a lot and finally went back home to have a last dramatic Christmas with her family before ending her life. A few days before she planned *(Continued on page 124)*

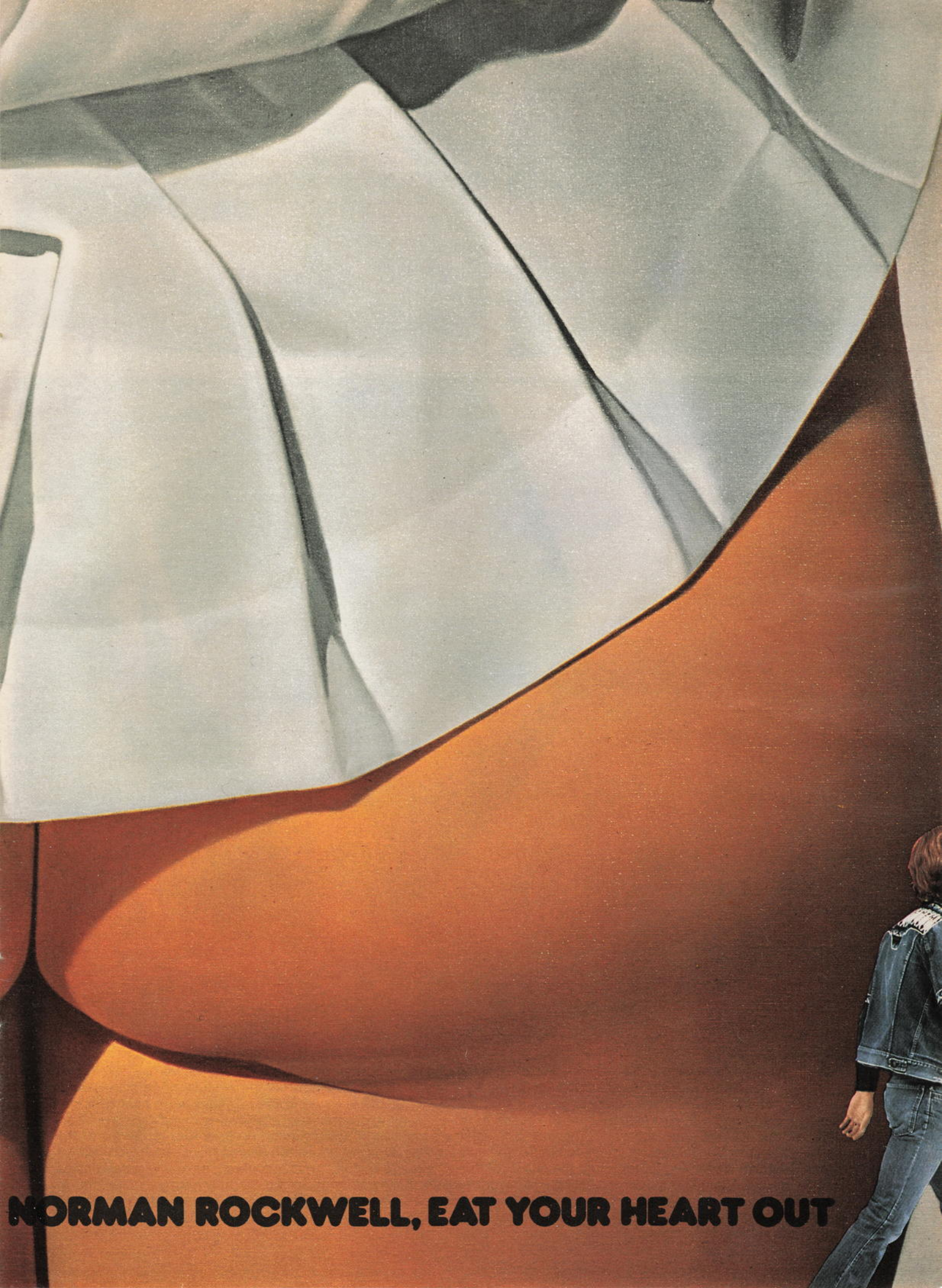


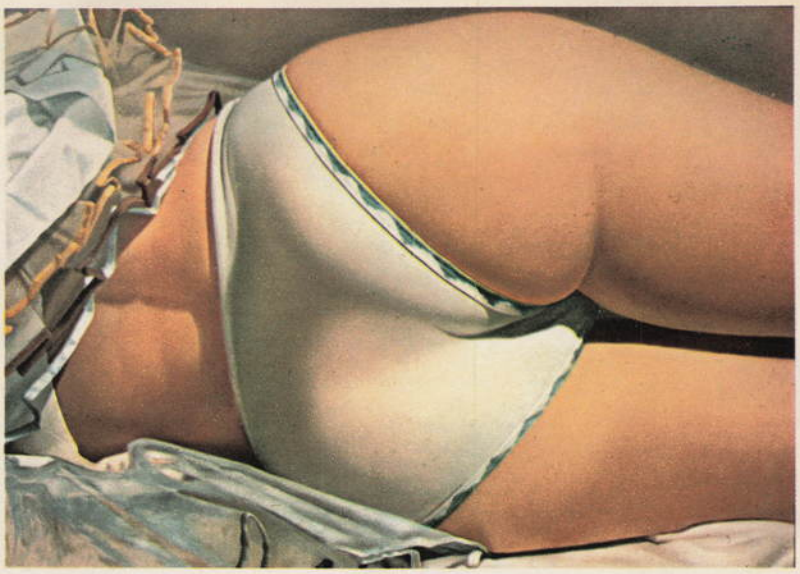




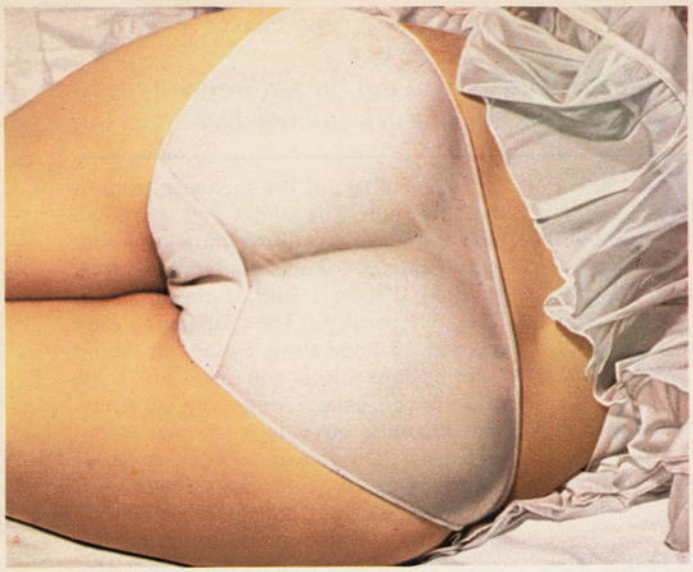
Hovin

THE END OF ART:


NORMAN ROCKWELL, EAT YOUR HEART OUT



We were browsing in New York's SoHo recently, and as we turned onto West Broadway we saw swarms of people crowding into the O.K. Harris Gallery. They were a surprisingly scrambled lot—none of the Gucci shoes, silk scarves, and sunglasses that authenticate the uptown art crowd. They were mostly neighborhood folks and elegant Puerto Ricans in rolled jeans and Lurex tops. Inside we found ourselves surrounded by John Kacere's ass-art works (above). They give off a sense of accessibility; here, at last, is the art of the available—truth and beauty resting cheek to cheek, and in a big way. One young visitor, easing his hand down from his girlfriend's waist, whispered to her about the charm of these "exaggerations," which wouldn't make any sense unless you saw the girl. A lot of people were smiling a silent consensus: these paintings are wonderfully happy—no polemics, no diatribes, just totally competent, graceful eroticism. Later we visited the artist in his studio on Wooster Street, about a block from the gallery. Two canvases dwarfed the huge work area, making it concise and intimate. Kacere



is an energetic man in his 50s who used to do abstract work but abandoned the genre in 1963 because he couldn't get behind the "loose way people handled things." So he gave it up to articulate his own fix on what makes women womanly. Kacere focuses on the geography of hips and the play of sheer fabric on flesh. His paintings overflow with anonymous archetypal opulence, an awed delight in utter pelvic volume. "Visually, that area to me is where our life is. Something involuntary occurs in that area, something active. I mean, that's *it*, but I don't think that's all there is or all that is erotic or inviting about women. But what interests me is what you can see through clothes, or because of clothes, or in spite of clothes: what cannot be concealed." Why then concentrate on the ass? Isn't it possible to isolate any area of the body for the same purpose—like the crotch, maybe, or tits? "Oh sure, but I guess there's just more of it from behind."

LOCH NESS MONSTER *The tiny bar in the Glenurquhart Lodge is tended by a tall, broad-boned typical Scottish barmaid—except that she happens to be a Jewish girl from New York named Eve.*

(Continued from page 52) swallowed up by the quicksandy silt at the bottom of the loch. It is said for this reason that Loch Ness does not give up its dead.

The loch is choppy today and the wind off the water is bone-chillingly cold. The sky is eerily lit and heavy clouds hang overhead. The hills that ring Loch Ness are a lovely, moody combination of greens and grays, yellow grass, and purple heather. It is very beautiful, but it is also brooding and somehow vaguely sinister. It is possible to believe that monsters live here.

We are taken next to our hotel, the Glenurquhart Lodge—not in Inverness but in a tiny town on the shore of the loch itself, called Drumnadrochit. The hotel, and specifically its pub, is the local gathering place for monster hunters. The tiny bar is tended by a tall, broad-boned, typical Scottish barmaid—except that she happens to be a Jewish girl from New York named Eve.

Frozen from the icy winds at the shore of the loch, we all order a local favorite—a mixture of hot brandy, hot water, and sugar that sounds a lot better than it tastes. Eve, it develops, is an expatriate American who uses phrases like "you Americans." She does reassure me, however, that I'm nicer than *most* Americans she's met.

Standing at the bar at my left elbow is a textiles man from Yorkshire by the name of Hartley. He asks me if I think the monster is "a lot of codswallop." I say that whatever the monster is, I doubt that it's codswallop. He warns me that Loch Ness is so cold I'd freeze to death in its water in 20 minutes. Then he sings me a lewd rugby song about four and twenty virgins who came down from Inverness. I ask him what he thinks the Japanese team's chances are of finding the monster. He laughs. "Bloody barbarians, the Japs," he says.

•

I am standing with Mr. Kou in the hotel parking lot that afternoon, waiting for cars to take us down to the 160-year-old Temple Pier, which the Japanese will be using as a base for the sub and the trawler that will service the sub. Fresh from Boyshko triumphs, Kou ventures more small talk:

"How you unnastan Joan Gazza?" he asks.

"How I unnastan Joan Gazza?" I say.

He nods.

"Who is Joan Gazza," I ask, "an Egyptian folksinger?"

He shakes his head impatiently.

"Joan Gazza, Joan Gazza—you know, *I'si' Yewhessay*."

"*Inside U.S.A.*—you mean John Gunther?"

He nods vigorously.

"Joan Gazza," he says.

We are both inordinately pleased with ourselves.

"How you unnastan Istan Diboro?" he asks.

"How I unnastan Istan Diboro?" I ask. "Could that be . . . a Hindu writer?"

He shakes his head, disgusted with my obtuseness.

"Istan Diboro," he says. "Boaby Kenn'dy, Joan F. Kenn'dy . . . Boston Ilish—*Istan Diboro*."

"*Eastern Liberal*," I say. "Is that what you mean?"

Kou is jubilant. I am again a linguistic hero. I decide to risk my winnings and wade in further.

"What you mean, how I *unnastan* Eastern Liberal?" I say.

It is a mistake. Kou thinks I'm saying that I don't understand what an Eastern Liberal is and proceeds to explain it to me at some length. In the course of this, a hornet starts to buzz and bump about my person. I try to fend it off, but my bodily gyrations are as comical as they are futile. Kou finds my predicament hysterically funny.

"Fry rike a buttuhfry, sting rike a bee," he says.

•

Kou is 36, a bachelor, and was born of wealthy Chinese parents in Japan. He comes by his Muhammad Ali quotations honestly, for he brought Ali to Japan and stage-managed his first fight there. Kou also brought a number of other people to Japan, including the Rolling Stones, the Moscow State Circus, and Tom Jones. When Jones's agents heard that Kou planned to charge $110 a head for tickets to see the British singer, they were ready to cancel. Then Kou straightened them out. Japan's entertainment industry, he explained, thrives on the snob appeal of outrageously high prices. Kou finally convinced Jones to come to Japan by promising to donate $10,000 to charity, provided that Jones chipped in half as much himself.

•

For several years a group of volunteers who call themselves the Loch Ness Investigation Bureau, or L.N.I., have maintained a permanent lookout post at the water's edge, complete with binoculars, telescopes, and still and movie cameras with powerful telescopic lenses. This year the L.N.I. ran out of funds and was forced to give up the lookout post. Two members of the L.N.I. remain here, a young American expatriate named Holly Arnold and a British guy named Dick Raynor. They've become the Japanese team's official advisors.

Late in the afternoon Holly approaches two members of the Japanese team in the hotel pub. She smiles and sits down next to them. "I want to know all about you," she says. The two Japanese look alarmed. "As a friend, I mean," adds Holly hopefully. The Japanese look puzzled. "I hope to find out a lot about your culture while you are here," she says slowly, enunciating very carefully. The Japanese guys' look of puzzlement increases. "Do you understand anything I am saying to you?" asks Holly. The Japanese guys look at each other blankly and shrug. "Well," says Holly, "I guess we'll each have to learn the other's language before we can communicate." The Japanese guys and Holly exchange embarrassed smiles.

•

At dinner that night in the hotel dining room I order something called a Miami cocktail, which turns out to be half a grapefruit with an orange slice, and "escalope of veal *Mexicaine*," which is revealed as a dry veal cutlet with a terrible peppery sauce. The side dishes are boiled potatoes, roast potatoes, *and* mashed potatoes, plus a number of gluey boiled vegetables—identical in look, feel, and taste. It is clearly going to be rough gastronomic sledding, this monster hunt.

Immediately after dinner, the Japanese have a get-together to formally meet some experienced monster hunters. Present are Holly and Dick, a Member of Parliament named David James who is one of the guiding forces of the L.N.I., former L.N.I. regulars Peter and Pauline Hodge, and a bearded 20-year-old American student named Lee Frank who maintains the permanent underwater camera and sonar installation in Loch Ness for the Academy of Applied Science.

Peter and Pauline Hodge tell of a frustrating sighting they had 12 years ago: they spotted the monster with its head, neck, and shoulders out of the water; they went into their car for a camera; the car door slammed shut; and the noise caused the monster to sink immediately into the loch. Dick Raynor tells about some film footage he took of the monster that the R.A.F. certified as authentic.

Taki translates everything said in English into Japanese, and everything said in Japanese into English. I notice that all the Japanese carry with them not phrase books but Japanese-English dictionaries. I ask Taki the word for monster in Japanese. She tells me it's "monstuh." I ask if I can take a look at her dictionary and she hands it over. I riffle through its pages, stopping at the English word *so*. Given as an example of *so* in a sentence is the *(Continued on page 112)*

Love is nothing without imagination.

Jean-Pierre Holley

Middle Cowboys

The massive horse is Duke, named after that grand cinema cowboy, and the clothes are Western, styled after those worn by the expansive cowpokes who pushed the country out to its Pacific limits. Which is where we are right now: Los Angeles—lingering refuge of the drugstore cowboy. A place where men like Edward Bohlin made these silver saddles, first for Tom Mix and Roy Rogers, then ultimately for those fleeting stars of television —the riders in the Tournament of Roses Parade. In 1954 this saddle cost Bill Crook $10,000. Now it's worth $15,000, and the glimmer is still as stately. The flashy saddle clothes are by John David Rinaldi: her top ($33), sleevelets ($36), skirt ($36), belt ($16), and kerchief ($3); his shirt ($36), jeans ($35), and chaps ($33). Her Tony Lama boots are $65; his Dingo boots are $40, and his Stetson ($25) is from Nudies.

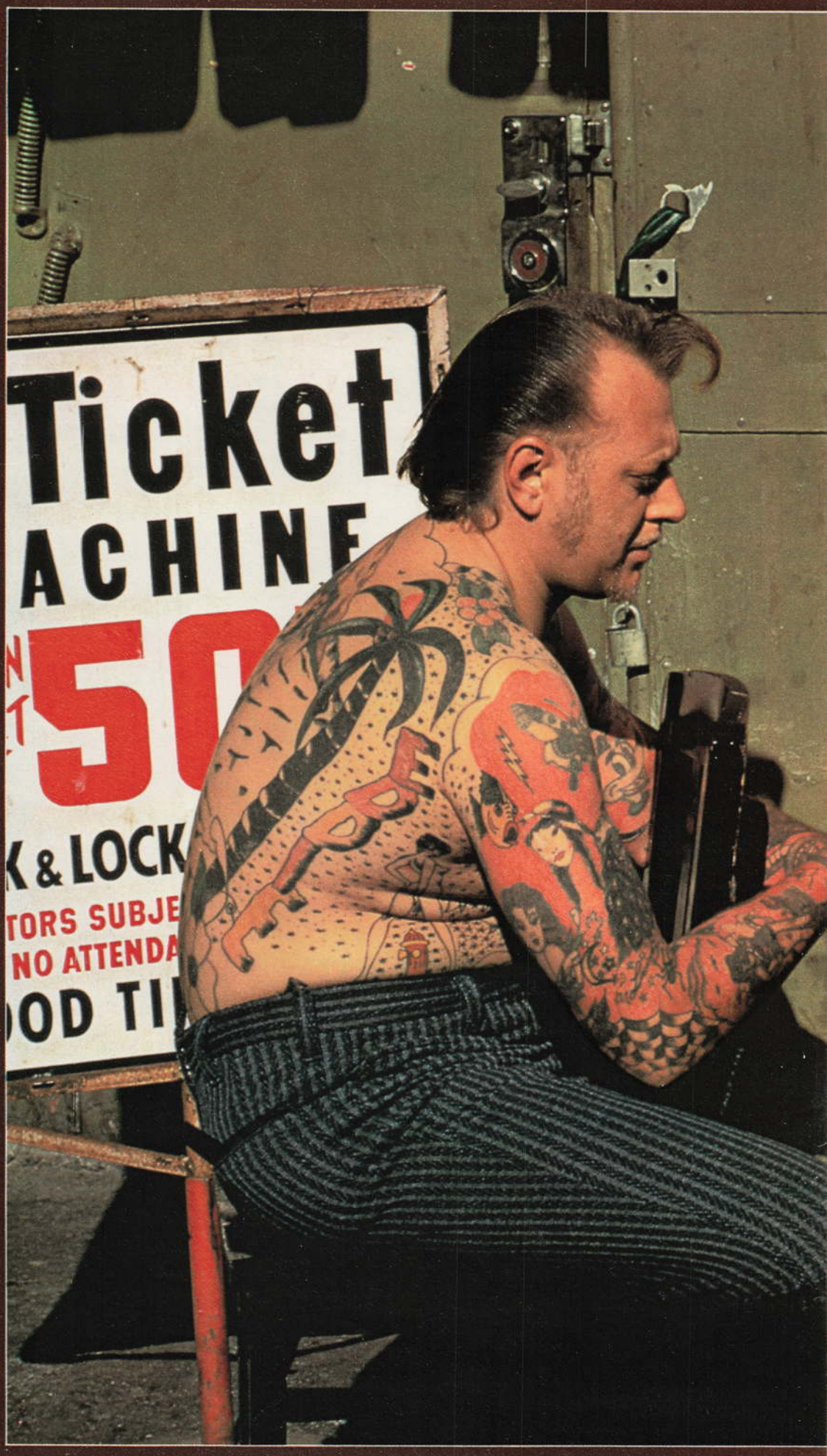
AIRSTREAM

A midday rest out by the Airstream (left), the Los Angeles home on the range. Her studded denim outfit is from the Stitching Horse (about $180); boots by Dingo ($45). His denim shirt ($35) is from Moon, with a Byer Rolnick hat ($30), Tony Lama belt ($11), and Wrangler boots ($34). Outside the Palomino Club (right) our cowpokes sit and sip in the company of awards from the Academy of Country and Western Music. Her pinafore ($65) and enamel cross ($75) are from Fred Leighton Imports. His Pierre Cardin

"relax" suit ($145) goes with Barney's shirt ($30), Byer Rolnick hat ($30), and Dingo boots ($40). The Tail o' the Pup (below), exotic baby of the postwar boom, is a pop hangout for Hollywood hopefuls like these, dreaming of palm trees under a blue California sky. His and her pants by Ronald Kolodzie, $80. Her Gentleman John shirt is $18; Tony Lama boots, $65. Both are topped by a Jeff Desind straw hat ($12). His shirt comes from Boutique Sportswear ($15), boots from Wrangler ($34).

Midday Cowboys

Midday Cowboys



Midday cowboys sitting, sipping, and sunning in the company of Philadelphia Eddie, the man who needled that black widow onto Janis Joplin's flank. He runs a shop called Tattoo right next to a store advertising "Cash for Everything" and one block away from the Greyhound bus station. It's downtown Los Angeles, pure and simple. Philadelphia Eddie started his career at Coney Island with a fellow by the name of Edward M. Funk and continues in the fine, funky tradition of the needle-and-skin trade. The two cowpokes are sporting luscious red matching silk shirts from Gentleman John ($30) and classic Levi Strauss jeans ($9). His Crow Indian beaded vest ($530) is very old and very precious and comes from At Reservation Creation. Her beautifully worked blue snakeskin and leather boots ($106) come from Tony Lama. And the tattoos? Well, a dagger with a snake coiled around it—nothing fancy, mind you—could run about $35 or $40, depending on Eddie's time and your patience.

TATTOO STUDIO
WOMEN T
. . . IN

WHO WAS GURU MAHARAJ JI?

JUST THINK OF HIM AS A SPARE TIRE/BY MARJOE GORTNER

When OUI asked me to cover the Peace Millennium at the Houston Astrodome, I had mixed emotions. I knew people would think I had come to expose—to point an accusing finger. But the truth is that I set out with an open mind. Maybe there *was* something to this Maharaj Ji. Maybe he did have a way of bringing peace to those who wanted it. "Blissing out" was not my trip, but that didn't make it wrong for the kids. During the first day at the Astrodome, the crowd mostly milled around, checking out the Divine Sales booths where you could buy buttons, T-shirts, pamphlets, records, posters, incense—all the spiritual accouterments. People kept asking me, "Have you received knowledge? Have you seen the light?" When I said, "Yes," they oohed and aahed and said, "Far out, man. When did you get it?" And I said, "I was born with it." They paled a little and said, "Oh, you didn't get it through guru Maharaj Ji?" I said, "No. You don't have to receive it through him." "But guru Maharaj Ji says. . . ." They're such complete little zealots! Then there were the Biblical Scriptures being flashed on the Astro scoreboard all day long: THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD, I SHALL NOT WANT . . . YEA THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH. . . . They were using Scriptures because faith in the guru purportedly encompasses all religions: the universal all in one. They even had him sitting on a throne under what oddly resembled the white-flame-and-blue-dot Natural Gas emblem. The whole contraption was built on a platform that extended toward heaven, some 50 feet up in the air, very un-Eastern, very theatrical. Before the guru spoke, there was always a performance by the Blue Aquarius, an 80-piece band conducted by his brother Shri Bhole Ji, who was decked out in a blue-sequined Western suit à la Nudie's Rodeo Tailors. Aquarius played every kind of music imaginable—from country-and-western to Jimi Hendrix's *Purple Haze*. On the first day, Eric Mercury was supposed to sing. Apparently, Eric's recording company, Stax Records, had been promised a great spot for him, a hype space to launch his career. As it turned out, though, he came onstage at about four in the afternoon, and there couldn't have been more than 4000 or 5000 people in the whole stadium, most of them blissing on the guru. And Stax had gone to great expense for Mercury's launch, too! Just about this time, a voice came up behind me saying, "You're not who I think you are, are you?" Well, with a line like that, I was a little scared to turn around. Anyway, I turned around and was face to face with the preacher who goes around making his money by attributing the moral deterioration of young people to rock-and-roll music. Devil's music! He started out by saying, "Now, I know you don't like me, Marjoe." I agreed. "However, don't you think this is the sign of the Antichrist?" "I don't know," I said. He seemed relieved at that and sat down with me. Nikons dangled from his neck, and while he talked he snapped, obviously getting lots of pictures of babies and bedraggled mothers to use as ammo for the next months of sermons. I was feeling a little negative, too: a guru as God, Divine Sales, push, push. So even though this preacher and I were bitter enemies philosophically, we shared a common bond—the upshot of which was that we had dinner together that evening. We exchanged pleasantries until the

Illustrations by Melinda Bordelon

GURU MAHARAJ JI *"In the trunk you have a spare wheel in case one of your wheels goes flat. Just think of me as your spare wheel when you go flat." Everyone goes crazy at that.*

insisted on saying the blessing. I said, "That's cool. Go ahead."

After he finished, I said, "Now I want to ask you something, friend. You work for Christ. You consider yourself a called messenger, a witness."

He said, "Yes, of course."

I went on, "Well, now, if Christ were here on earth and He were taking me to dinner—me, a heathen who has backslid and turned my back on God—I don't think He'd feel He had to make me uptight by praying in front of me. I think He would want to communicate with me and make me feel comfortable and relaxed so that He could reach me. I know your whole approach. I know what you want to do. But you don't have to do that with me. I don't think Christ would have done that."

He admitted, "You know, you're right."

"And another thing," I went on. "Eric Mercury sings a lot of gospel songs. One song he did this afternoon I have heard in churches ever since I was a kid. Now, if Eric Mercury were in a church or at a Billy Graham meeting, singing the same song with the same backup singers and the same accompaniment he had here—if everything were the same except that he were not at the guru's Millennium at the Astrodome—you would lean over to me and say, 'Isn't it wonderful how many young people can be saved or illumined through this ministry of music?' Right? But because it was sung here, you want to believe it was inciting the kids to sexual activities—the devil's workshop and all that."

Again, he agreed. I began to think he was one of those unfortunates who, through preaching this anti-rock-and-roll stuff so much, has gotten himself up against a wall where he can't defend himself. His own preaching gets him caught at every turn, but he can't say he was wrong—even if he feels it—because he has built himself an empire out of it.

At the end of the meal, preacher picked up the check—except for the wine. He said he couldn't pay for my wine. And I said, "Of course, friend."

•

I got back just in time for the first address by the guru himself. His first words—preceded by the followers' unison chant, "*Bolie Shri Sat Guru Dev Maharaj Ki Jai*"—squeaked out in a small, high voice: "It's so simple. I have the answer. What can I tell you? I have peace for the world. I am the perfect Master. It is like a four-wheeled car. . . ." Maharaj Ji speaks in parables. No direct answers. They have trained him—or he has learned—to give you a roundabout answer, never direct. When asked if he is the Christ, the Messiah, his answer goes, "What can I tell you? It is not for me to say. However, I will say, when the sun rises in the East and you look at it, you do not have to ask if this is the sun. The sun does not have to say, 'I am the sun.' Everyone *knows* it is the sun."

And cars. . . . He talks about cars quite a lot in his parables. Probably because he loves them and has so many: Rolls-Royces and Mercedes, motorcycles, and that sort of thing—all gifts. "In America, all cars have four wheels. Now in England, some cars only have three wheels. But in America here, all cars have four wheels. And in the trunk you have a spare wheel in case one of your wheels goes flat. It's so simple. Just think of me as your spare wheel when you go flat." Everyone goes crazy at that. Revelation time!

Just before I fell asleep that night I thought of how the guru's speeches lacked real philosophy or seriousness. What he did have to say was all true enough. But it didn't go very deep. If I were searching for a way, a path to spiritual enlightenment, I would want to hear a revelation—something new—something I didn't already know.

The second day I made a quick round of the Divine Sales booths again and found one really unusual spiritual aid. It was a set of corks you stick in your ears to help you meditate and receive light. The corks block out sound, and someone presses on your closed eyeballs and asks you if you have seen or received light. Well, if someone is pressing hard enough, of course you're going to see light. Naturally, this whole light thing is done only after you have decided you want to become a follower of the guru. And it reminded me of my experience as a preacher of the people who wanted to receive the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

The guru's people do the same thing the Pentecostal Church does. They say you can believe in guru Maharaj Ji and that's fantastic and good, but if you receive light and get it all within, if you become a real devotee—that is the ultimate. In the Pentecostal Church you can be saved from your sins and have Jesus Christ as your Saviour, but the ultimate is the baptism of the Holy Ghost. This is where you get four or five people around and they begin to talk and more or less chant in tongues until sooner or later the person wanting the baptismal experience so much—well, it's like joining a country club: once you're in, you'll be like everyone else in the club. The people who've been chanting say, "Speak it out, speak it out," and everything becomes so frenzied that the baptismalee will finally speak a few words in tongues himself, and the people around him say, "Oh, you've got it." And the joy that comes over everybody's faces! It's incredible. It's beautiful. They feel they have got the Holy Spirit like all their friends, and once they've got it, it's forever. It's quite an experience.

So essentially they're the same thing—pressing on your eyes while your ears are corked, and standing around the altar speaking in tongues. They're both illuminating experiences. The guru's path is interesting, though. Once you've seen the light and decided you want to join his movement, you give over everything you have—all material possessions. Sometimes you even give your job. Now, depending on what your job is, you may be told to leave it or to stay. If you stay, generally you turn your pay checks over to the Divine Light Mission, and they see that you are housed and clothed and fed. They have their U. S. headquarters in Denver. You don't have to worry about anything. That's their hook. They take care of it all. They have houses all over the country for which they supposedly paid cash on the line. First class. Some of them are quite plush. At least Maharaj Ji's quarters are. Some of the followers live in those houses, too, but in the dormitory-type atmosphere with straw mats for beds. It's a large operation. It seems to be a lot like the organization Father Divine had back in the Thirties. He did it with the black people at the Peace Mission in Philadelphia. He took care of his people—mostly domestics and other low-wage earners—and put them up in his own hotel with three meals a day.

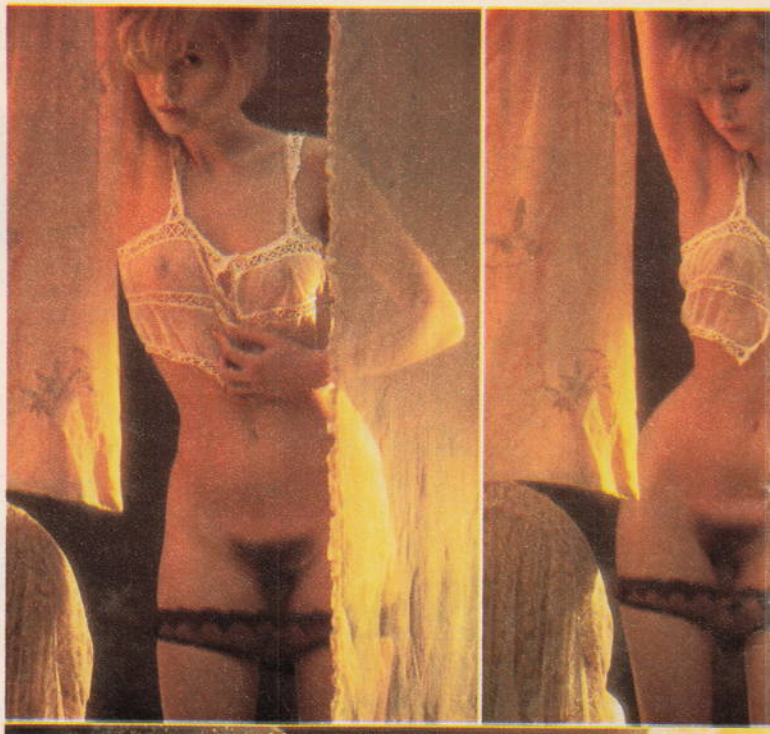
The guru is much more technologically oriented, though. He spreads a lot of word and keeps tabs on who needs what through a very sophisticated Telex system that reaches out to all the communes or ashrams around the country. He can keep count of who needs how many T-shirts, pairs of socks—stuff like that. And his own people run this system; it's free labor for the corporation.

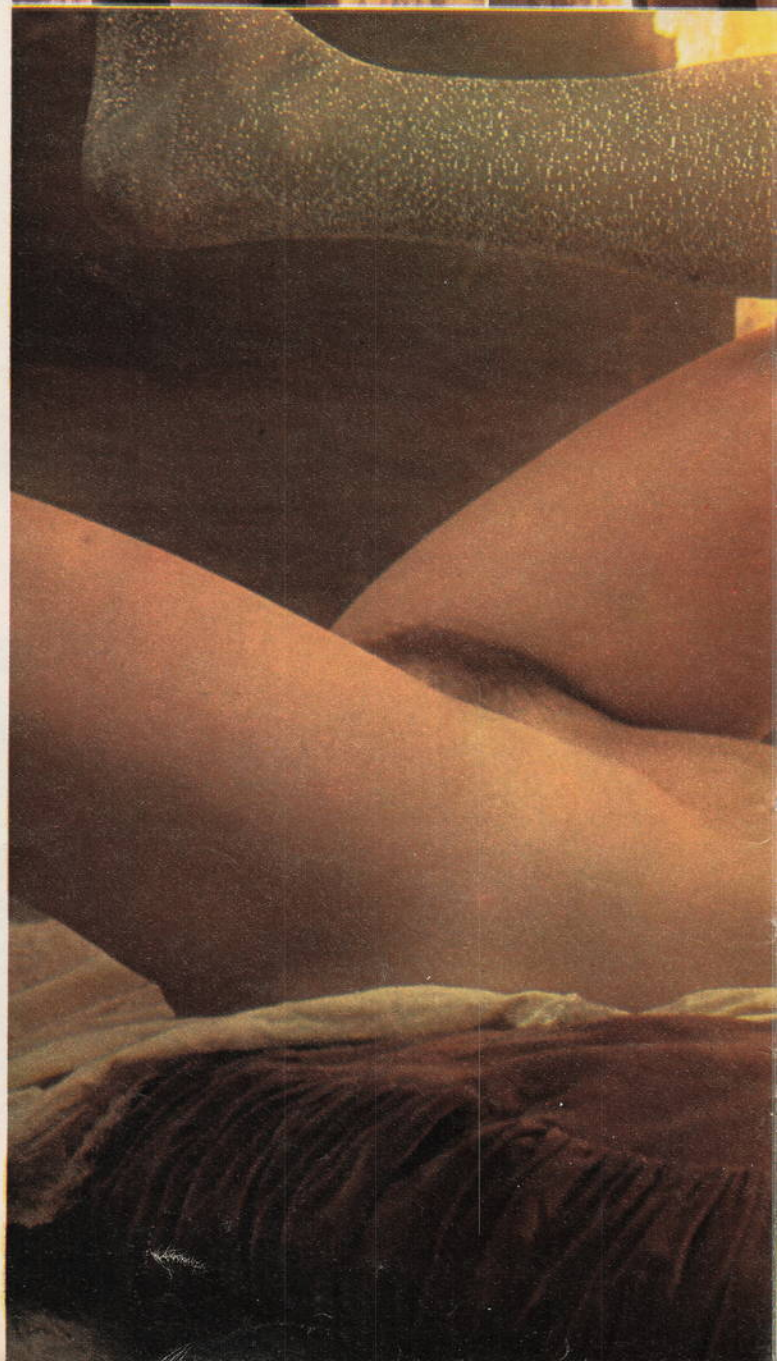
A lot of the followers are young mothers, essentially holdovers from the acid-culture days—girls who were very much into free love and having babies, changing old men, and like that. But they are perfectly well accepted by the guru's movement, even though the entire feel of the group is asexual. Out of a good 15,000 people at the Dome, there was not one *(Continued on page 100)*

"My husband!"

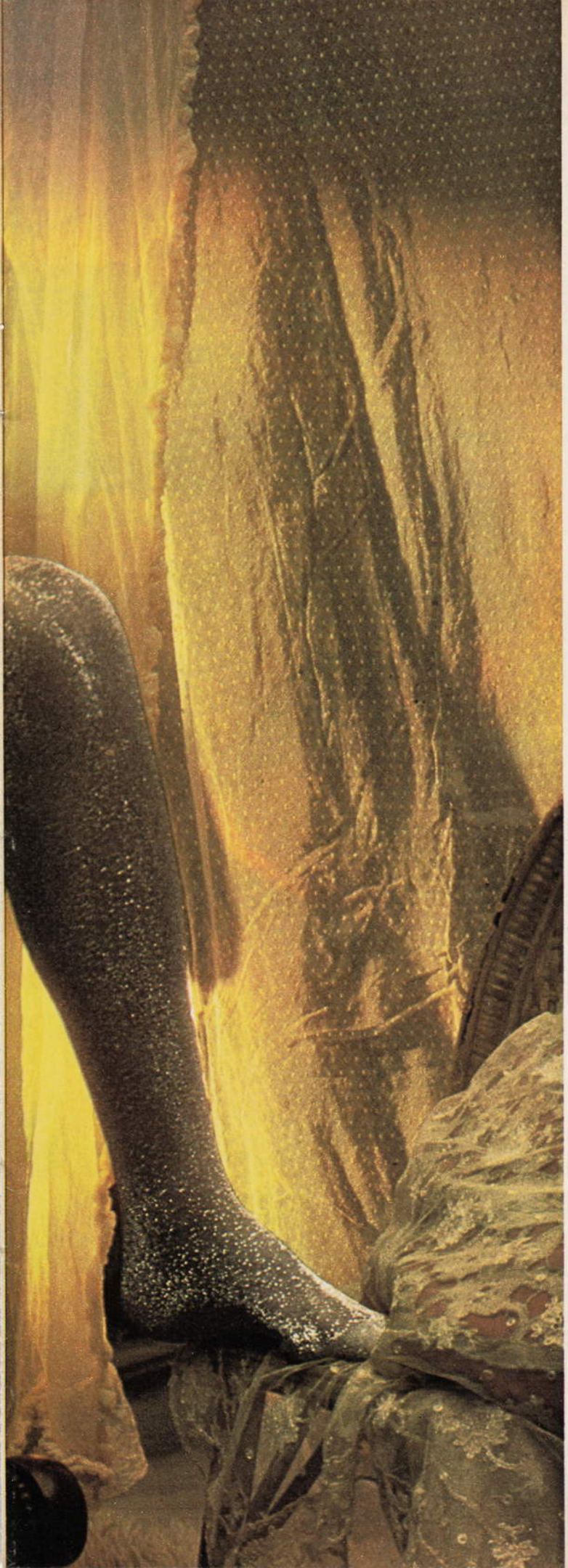
MADELEINE, ROBERT, & DE MAUPASSANT

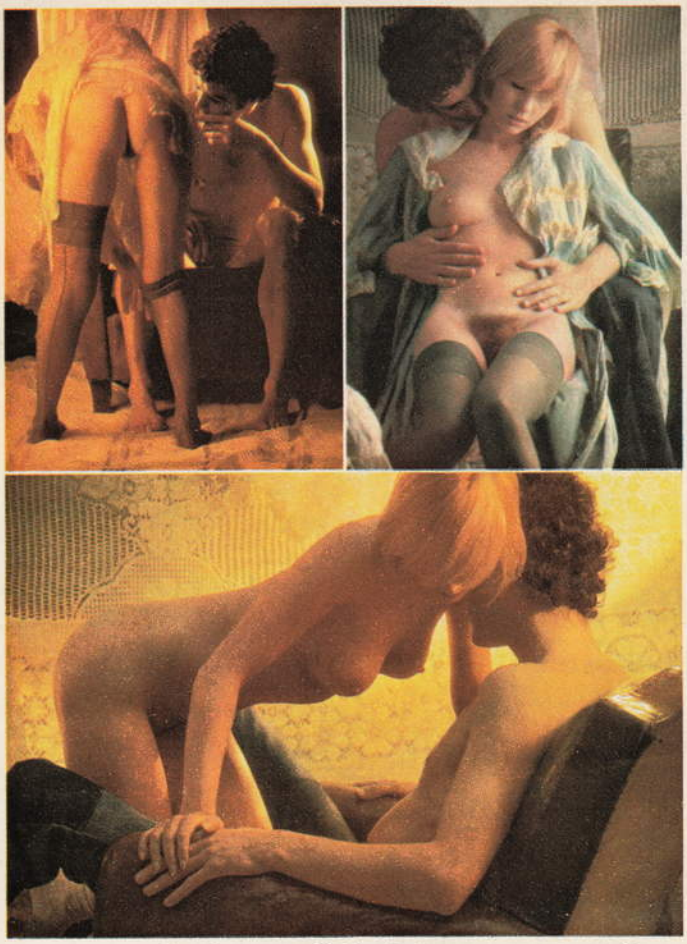
THERE IS MORE TO LITERATURE THAN A DEGREE





Of course she had read de Maupassant! Madeleine is 19—she has her *bac*. *The Signal* had been one of her favorite stories; even if she did think the lady who didn't know what to do with the man she invited up was just a bit of a fool. Madeleine had often toyed with the idea herself, standing at a window, letting a handsome man down below know that she was—why mince words?—available. Besides, Madeleine was not married; her lover had gone off to Africa to cover yet another tedious story for *Le Figaro*. She was free and feeling very naughty. "I can tell a man's character 50 feet away!" she had bragged the night before over a glass of Frais du Bois. Her girlfriends had laughed. Well, she thought, we shall see. I shall stand at this window and choose my man! Just like that! Robert was much amused. "So you



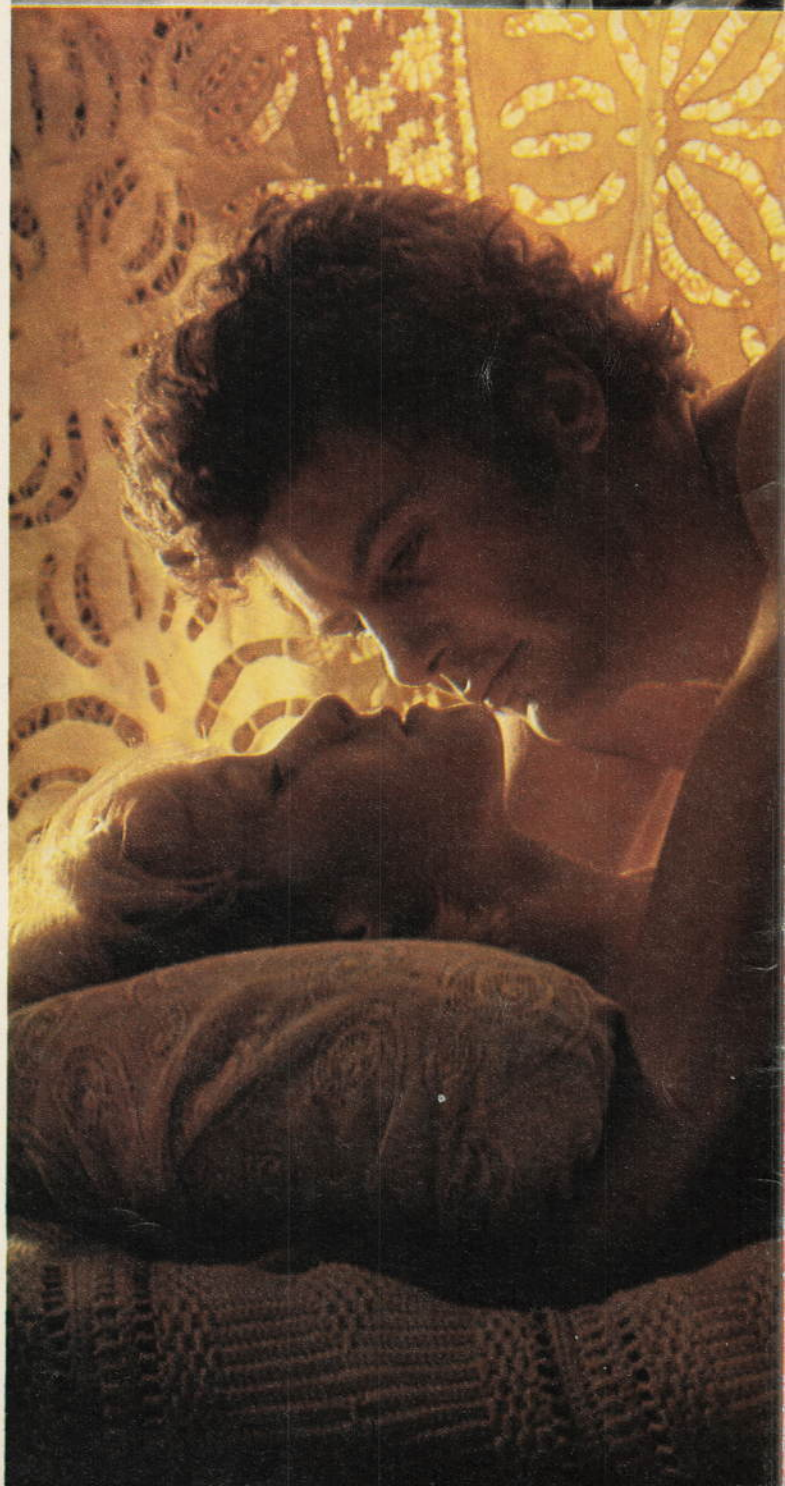


are an admirer of de Maupassant," he laughed. "I thought he was only for schoolgirls." Madeleine was annoyed. "You ought to be flattered," she told him. "I am," he replied. "But nothing like this has ever happened before." Then they made love for the rest of the afternoon, and Madeleine was delighted to discover that she had indeed been right. Her "50-foot man," as she began to call

TRUSTING HER JUDGMENT

NOT KEEPING HIS DISTANCE

him, was sweet, gentle, and extraordinarily bright. She marveled at his accent—it did not sound American in the least. "That's because I had a very good teacher," he explained. "Her name is Catherine. She tends bar in the place where I work. She is not at all like you—very formal and severe." Madeleine nearly made a nasty remark. Instead, she asked him what he did, why he could roam the Left Bank streets in the middle of the afternoon. "I play the piano and sometimes I sing. Parisians have a fatal weakness for American show tunes." After that, they frequently met at her place. Once, she had gone to hear him perform. She decided he was not very good. But then, it was not his voice that she found attractive. Occasionally, when she felt particularly playful, she gave him the signal as if they had never met. But she never really tried it again. "You cannot be this lucky twice," she said.



GURU MAHARAJ JI *A banner, handmade by a couple of humorous members of the press and underground radio d.j.s., was flashed at me like a golden trumpet: fuck a premie.*

(Continued from page 92) sexual or even sensual vibe floating around. Now that's laid back. The movement does not condone or condemn sex. But it is very well understood that sex is secondary. Nonessential to the nature of the movement. I talked to one premie—premies being recent converts who have come to believe in the guru but not yet given everything up for him—who told me she had not had any sexual relations in three months. She was completely happy and found sex unnecessary. She had reached a higher level of consciousness with no drugs, no stimulants.

•

Rennie Davis, the guru's most famous convert, was for the most part blissed out for the entire three days of the Millennium. It was strange to see this man who had previously led some of the most dramatic and violent campus riots in history, this militant, this onetime member of the Chicago Seven, down on all fours, presenting Maharaj Ji with a gold-plated crown of Krishna and a stone plaque—and then kissing the guru's toe. Well, that's Amazing Grace! And he's been a convert for only a year or so. You could see the complete submission of this man to the guru. Davis acted as ambassador and spokesman for the guru and held most of the press conferences. The guru was never seen or spoken to except when he was on the gas throne and at a single press conference on the second day. I think part of the reason for this was the Detroit pie-in-the-face incident. The promoters were a little afraid of violence. They even had five or six guys watching the entire event from the light booths. But nothing bad happened.

The second afternoon the guru's mother spoke. She kept repeating herself. Her son was born to bring light to the earth, she said. Her son was giving us the "chance of service, which was rare on this earth"—service, of course, being total, complete submission.

By this time, I was again growing bored of all the drifters and hangers-on, the ones who will always be led if only there is someone around to lead them. I got the impression they were just so many leftovers: from the Jesus movement, the hippie movements, the heavy drug and Kool-Aid acid movement. The guru has them completely now. But it's hard to tell how long they will stay with him and continue to support the baby-faced Omnipotent, whose age actually is something of a problem. Exactly how old he is no one quite knows. His organization claims he is only 16. But he apparently had an automobile accident in Denver, Colorado, not too long ago, and the doctors who saw him said he had the body of a decrepit middle-aged executive.

I went outside, where the peace perfume didn't reach. The Hare Krishnas, the Children of God, the Jesus Freaks, and the Jews for Jesus—each in a separate clique—were protesting madly that the guru's followers were being bilked. The guru was the Antichrist, the Devil. No one would be saved. Everyone would be damned.

The protestors leaped and lunged at me and tried to convert me to one of *their* groups. This only stirred me up to check out the press booth and see if there was anyone to communicate with other than hysterical, blissful zealots.

As I stepped inside the booth, wham! A banner, handmade by a couple of humorous members of the press and underground radio d.j.s, was flashed at me like a golden trumpet: FUCK A PREMIE. It sure did lighten things up a bit. But before I could even consider that loving beatitude, another voice came behind me: "Marjoe, good to see you." This one I shall fondly refer to as the "researcher for devilment" from the Billy Graham United Bible Societies. I thought, oh boy, second day—second whammy. He, like all the other fervent believers striving to save my lost soul, wasted no time. "Now, I know you don't believe in God or accept the Bible as the literal, unadulterated Word of truth of the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. However, I know you are an authority on the Bible."

Up to this point, he had been engaged in a debate with one of the heads of publicity for the guru, trying to convince him that the guru was the Antichrist predicted in the Bible, his evidence being that the guru was using the Bible as a reference point, just as the Bible promised he would.

"Now, Marjoe, I know you don't believe, but if you did believe, would not the guru be the Antichrist? I just want to collaborate with an authority."

I waited a moment. Then I said, "Not necessarily." His face fell, and his expression said, "Well, I knew I couldn't expect anything from you."

Since making my film, I have stayed away from this sort of religious debate, face to face or oncamera. Because my feeling is that religion is based on faith—belief—and when someone believes the Bible is the literal truth and the Word of God and I meanwhile accept it only as a spiritual reference book of one of several great masters, why, there's no basis for a debate. And when it's all finished, somebody says "he won" or "she won," and it's really just been a matter of exploitation. To me it's a complete waste of time.

And despite all this, here I was right in the middle of it again. And at the same time there was the guru perched on his "flaming chair," saying isn't it wonderful how with so many people gathered together they can debate with one another and look for the *real* truth. Isn't it wonderful how hungry people are for enlightenment? That was his hype. Religion and religious debate all over the place. I was really feeling low and just wanted to walk away. But instead I turned to the researcher and asked, "Why is it Dr. Graham never mentions war or poverty or racism? Why is it you never hear anything in his sermons about registering to vote? Everything is always 'someday, someday.' It's always a guilt trip. Fire and brimstone. Why does your organization always have to lay the guilt trip on people?"

"Marjoe, Marjoe, we don't preach guilt. We preach love. It's love that we preach. But, Marjoe, you're going to have a love that's going to haunt you for the rest of your life. And that love is going to chase you and you'll never escape that love."

I said, "Wait a minute. I don't run from love. I love love. How is love going to haunt me?"

"It's a different love." Then, quite reverently: "A love that you'll never escape, never be able to run from. It's love of God. Dr. Graham doesn't preach about fear and guilt. It's love he preaches about, *love*."

I just said, "Oh," and walked away. It was all very sad.

•

I went back to my hotel room, drank some wine, and felt a little better. My carnal man was feeling a bit unspiritual, and the banner up in the press booth kept flashing in my mind, and I thought, "Far out. That's what I ought to do." So I set out to look for a premie.

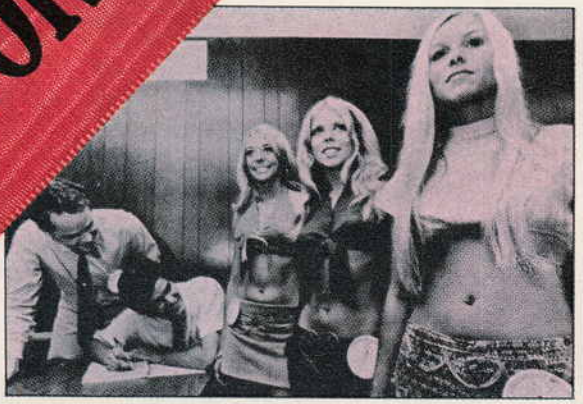
Now I am down on the floor of the Dome, prowling around, looking for a good-looking one, which is not so easy. There were just not any good-looking premies to be found: they were a most unattractive bunch of people. Pimply faces, clean but unkempt—all rather bland and uninteresting. Finally I spotted one. She was a rather new premie who seemed pleasant enough, and she sat with me for the evening's address and commented that she found the guru somewhat boring. From what she said, I gather he *(Continued on page 131)*

"May I borrow your husband for an hour? My vibrator's broken down!"

MISSES of the WORLD, UNITE!

The Misses. They come from all walks of life, from all parts of the world, all for the greater honor of town, country, and boosterism. If it isn't a peanut they're pushing, it's a coffee bean. If it isn't a breast for a bra company, it's a shoulder to lean on. Yes, the Misses of the World. Bless them in their innocence, their faith, and their ample belief in the power of a fresh and pretty smile to keep the world in their good graces.

Miss Beautiful Eyes, 1970, peers through her judging mask wearing a crown loaned by the Duke of Bedford. She made a whirlwind tour of British industry as head of a massive campaign to promote eye safety.



The ins and the outs: judging for **Miss Navel** of 1969 takes place at the University of Miami as the contestants show their stuff. The judges were contemplative, befitting the subject.

Miss Sylt, 1971 (left). That's not dirt: it's a nudist island in the North Sea. She is not nude.

What a build! Yes, this is 1949's **Miss Perfect Shoulder**, selected by the Artist's League of America. They also chose other outstanding features belonging to outstanding women of that year, but the names and locations of those features and their owners have not withstood the test of time. But gaze upon that beautiful Miss Perfect Shoulder and remember, it was quite a year.

The 1955 **Vintage Queen** tickles her fingers on some aging wines before the start of National Wine Week.

The woman in the swing wearing a bemused smile and a necklace woven of garlic? The 1969 **Queen of Garlic**, of course—a student of geology who has just won her weight in garlic at the Arleux Fair, France.

The perky **Miss Pinup U.S.A.** of 1947 was named at Palisades Amusement Park in a contest judged by Walter Thornton, said to be the creator of the pinup girl. This one hailed from Bayonne, New Jersey.

In 1970, two alleged TV comedians made some questionable points in Germany's annual **Miss Bust** contest.

An alleged executive of the Lovable Brassiere Company measures their **Miss Bust or Else** winner for 1951.

Queen of Harvard Milk Day, 1967, poses with 1500 Styrofoam balls to be dropped in celebration over Illinois.

And yes, they still had a **Miss Steel Pier** of Atlantic City, even in that most unromantic of years, 1973.

Miss Miniskirt of Greece, 1967, was chosen at an Athens wine festival. Were they all drunk?

Miss Nude World, 1974, previously a contestant for Miss Nude America, isn't wearing anything at all.

Miss Pipe Smoker of 1954 puffs on one pipe while sporting another on her thigh. "I often light up," she says. "I get tense, and it helps me, ah, relax."

Miss Crustacean of 1967 clutches lobster roe to her breast and thanks God she wasn't born a codfish.

Watch those knees: **Miss Karate**, 1967, was taking lessons of her own at a karate school in Washington, D.C.

Windy City flash: the Chicago Press Photographers Association posed their **Miss Photo Flash** of 1952 on one swell rug, then entered her in the nationals at their Galveston convention.

From Suffolk, Virginia, we present the 1941 **Queen of the National Peanut Festival.**

The Bahamas Ministry of Tourism was behind this one. **Miss Student** of 1966, a young woman from England's Oxford College of Technology, won a week's vacation in, you guessed it, the sunny Bahama Islands.

Two curvaceous beauties: **Miss Beautiful Hands** of 1956 displays that winning set of wrists, knuckles, and fingers. The Hands Institute awarded her and her hands a trip to London and Paris on the S.S. United States.

Still in a mini, 1973's **Miss Day-Glo Goes Anywhere** (a former Miss U.S.A.) promotes artistic fluorescence.

A Cameroon lady, 75, was chosen **Miss Grossmama**, 1970, by a Hamburg coffee firm, awarded beans, and sent home.

The **Queen of Height** was berobed by a shortie on a chair during the 1949 Tall People's Club meet.

Miss Tall Chicago, 1970. That guy is not standing on a chair, and she's got only a quarter inch on 1949.

That's the **Miss Shape** contest (left), down at Memphis State, 1967. Center: the **October Beef Month Queen** of Alabama, 1972. The back cut? **Miss Glamor Back**, 1949, Paulette Goddard.

The **Furrow Queen**, 1958, sits with the contour-plowing winner of Pennsylvania and unnamed others.

In 1953, a mother of nine was named **Mrs. Morris County** at the Palisades Amusement Park (two of her children have been cropped from the photo). Today, Mrs. Morris County's achievement isn't so amusing.

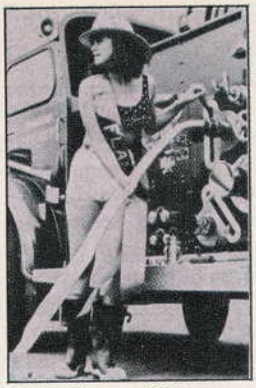
Miss Pari Mutuel, covered with tickets, was favorite of the sulky drivers in 1954 at Sportsman's Park.

In 1952, **Miss Earth** was named **Miss Space** at an interplanetary bathing-beauty contest in Hollywood.

A runner-up at the **Miss Outer Space** pageant, 1973, at Wapakoneta, Ohio, home of Neil Armstrong.

The ultimate showdown: Two contestants in the official 1949 **Sweater Queen** contest match off, breast for breast, before the contest judges. A dramatic rift developed when the judges and press photographers got into an argument over the aesthetic elements of a sweater as opposed to the aesthetic elements of the chest wearing it.

Can you guess which of these women was named Berlin's 1969 Dracula-dentured **Miss Horror**?



Miss Flame, 1966, was a fave rave with Yalies and hails from D.C., another locus of flamers.

Miss Good Posture, 1955, was selected at the Michigan Academy Chiropractic Convention from among a devastating line-up of back X rays taken in a standing position. That's some posture, eh?

A natty nappy for **Miss Most Promising Newcomer.**

In 1946, **Miss Department Store** was chosen by the leading shops of New York. She won a Conover modeling contract, a wardrobe of American-made leather gloves, a gold bow pin, a free meal, and a Sally Victor hat.

Miss April Showers of 1973. From England, of course, where it's drizzly. They say she reigns with rain.

In 1955, at the height of the feminine mystique, **Mrs. Florida** won for her cooking rather than her breaststroke.

Miss Most Beautiful Ears, 1973, won on the strength of length and lobe and cartilage configuration.

Where but Cannes, Frances, would they have the balls to come out with a **Miss Sex**? Oh, well, it was 1971.

Miss Georgia Lee (right) of San Antonio, Texas, was chosen Queen by the sponsors, but Miss Helen Hagen (left) was the favorite of the press who swarmed the stage. Ultimately, the sweater goddesses were declared co-Queens. And it was all downhill from there.

Animals need recognition, too: Patsys were awarded for fine performances by Farouk (left), for a great attack on *Ironside*; Ben the rat, for his wonderful nibbles in *Ben* (a repeat winner); and Morris the cat.

TWO RACES, TWO PACES *The boxes belonged to the celebs and to Southern belles who said "pardon me" so defenselessly you knew why half a nation went to war to protect their flowerhood.*

(Continued from page 40) isn't enough. Enjoyment must be demanded. In the streets, in the hotel corridors, in passing cars, everyone was carrying a glass of sauce. And if lavish tombstones are the topping of American death, stupid hats are our mausoleum to merriment. Every fool must sport a billboard on his head to attest to his joy. But the dumbness is democratic: the rich, the poor, the working stiff, and the dropout carry on alike. Aristocracy, middle Americans, and anarchists meld on the common ground of alcohol. The whole cacophony produced a dark Norman Rockwell canvas.

Yet, when the day arrived, I mellowed. A redemptive sun set high above the track. It would be a day for savoring and salvation. In retrospect, I realized that nothing intrinsically evil had taken place; indeed, it had been only frenetic, like those bygone Fourth of July picnics where neglected children squalled and nearly drowned, where the food was herbed with ants and sand, where beer cans grew into mountains that insulted nature, where potbellied candidates for cardiac arrest chased footballs and Frisbees and, foolishly, their youth. No, it wasn't decadence, but the sad curse of a people who couldn't comprehend leisure. A people whose motor was so tuned to automotive work it couldn't be governed down for a weekend of pleasure. Perhaps at this event they weren't out of kilter. The motif, after all, bowed to the motor: speed *would* carry the day.

The seating smacked of social strata. The boxes belonged to the celebs, old oligarchies, young scions, and Southern belles who said "pardon me" so defenselessly you knew why half a nation went to war to protect their flowerhood. The grandstand and standing room went to those lacking clout, both black and white. The college kids and hippies were a hairy and half-naked foliage that sprouted out in the infield, and the press were given the imperial perch of the roof to monitor the manners of the species, both two-legged and four, below.

There were lessons to be learned from sights and sounds. A woman walked about with a gimmick-stiffened dog leash, as if it were tense from holding a real dog. Pathetically, she thought she was psyching the crowd; being hipper, they thought it was she who should have been curbed. Three couples pitched quarters in the parking lot, and one was touched by their improvised fun. David Brinkley in his box was reported to have said that he wished he had been in the infield where the "real fun" was taking place.

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney touted tradition over trendiness. It seems that *National Geographic* wanted her to allow them to film her Derby-eve party. In a remark so taciturn David would have been impressed, she said she couldn't understand why *National Geographic* was interested. "I thought," Lady Bountiful said, "they did Ubangis and things like that."

And a Bible Belt Cassandra, realizing that the hobby of horse racing ends in a dead heat in Hades, handed out the most definitive tout sheet of the day:

WANT TO BE A WINNER?
HERE'S A SURE THING!

"In a race, all compete, but only one wins the prize. It is only temporary."

—St. Paul in *Corinthians I*, 9:24,25

"I run the race of life with certainty that in Christ I will win eternal blessedness."

—St. Paul in *Corinthians I*, 9:26

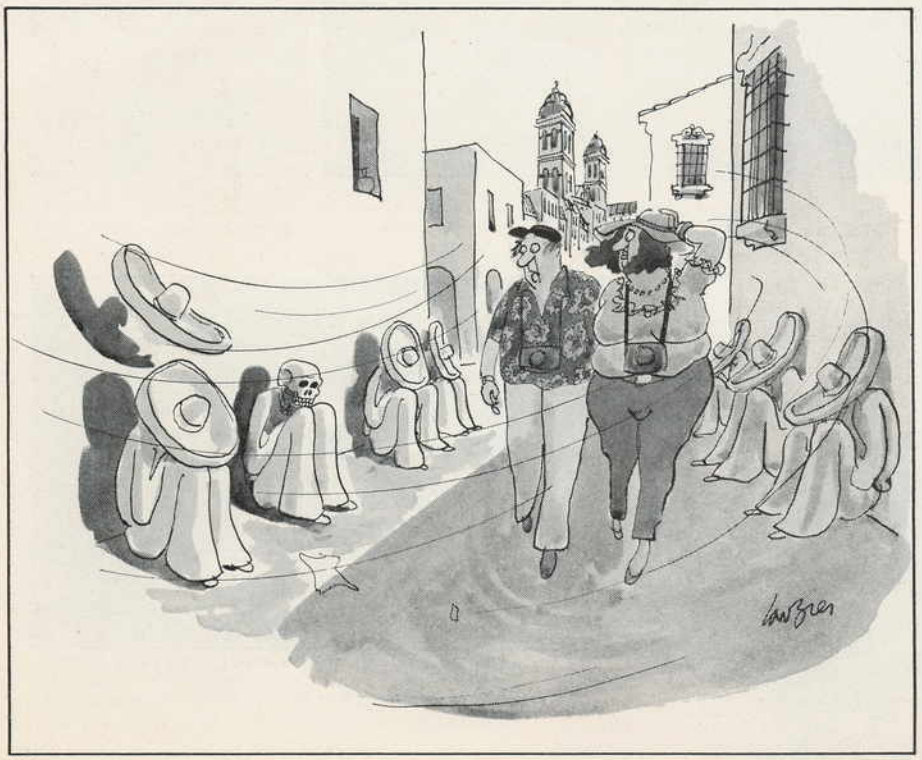
The poor thing didn't realize she was touting a jock who has fallen out of the saddle.

I waited high on the roof, fluctuating between expectation and queasiness. A first Derby. The feelings were similar to those felt in boyhood awaiting a birthday party or a rare Saturday afternoon at the movies. Would the pageant prepared in the mind be reduced by reality, God forbid, as one's first Super Bowl? What is it that makes us temper our dreams with the built-in edge of disappointment? In short, the nervous stomach warbled, "Would it be love or only Asbury Park?"

Then it happened. The call to post. The band struck up *My Old Kentucky Home*, and the hair on the back of my neck quivered from nerves and the soft high wind. All the rowdy raucousness of the past days melted. Boisterous drinkers suddenly became bittersweet as they sang, "Weep no more, my lady. . . ."

The colts, regally frocked and as mannered as beaus at a cotillion, pranced into view. Secretariat looked stunning; the sun winking off his red coat rendered him instant immortality. He was already a statue—a monument forged in copper for posterity. Sham's looks bordered on greatness; every prize was conceivably his—except the one that mattered. By the cruelty of time and place and the unapproachability of his arch rival, he would never woo the bitch with the filled-in dance card.

But there are always those who can't stand beauty once removed, and this day would be marred by them. As the horses warmed up, three bare-chested hippies ran out onto the track, waving their shirts. Poor, pathetic children cursed with the narcissism of the middle class. After all, hadn't Mom dragged them from their beds since birth to perform for guests in their Doctor Dentons? But what confounded was that they thought their presence had more significance and beauty than the collected thoroughbreds. It was as if they had missed solitude, or misunderstood it; thus, all their acts had to be done in consort. Maybe early cohabitation denied them the sad solo



slight of masturbation, and now there was a deferred primal need to jerk off in public. What an irony if the kids of the Fifties were blessed. Like Elvis, I swore at them to get off my bluegrass race track.

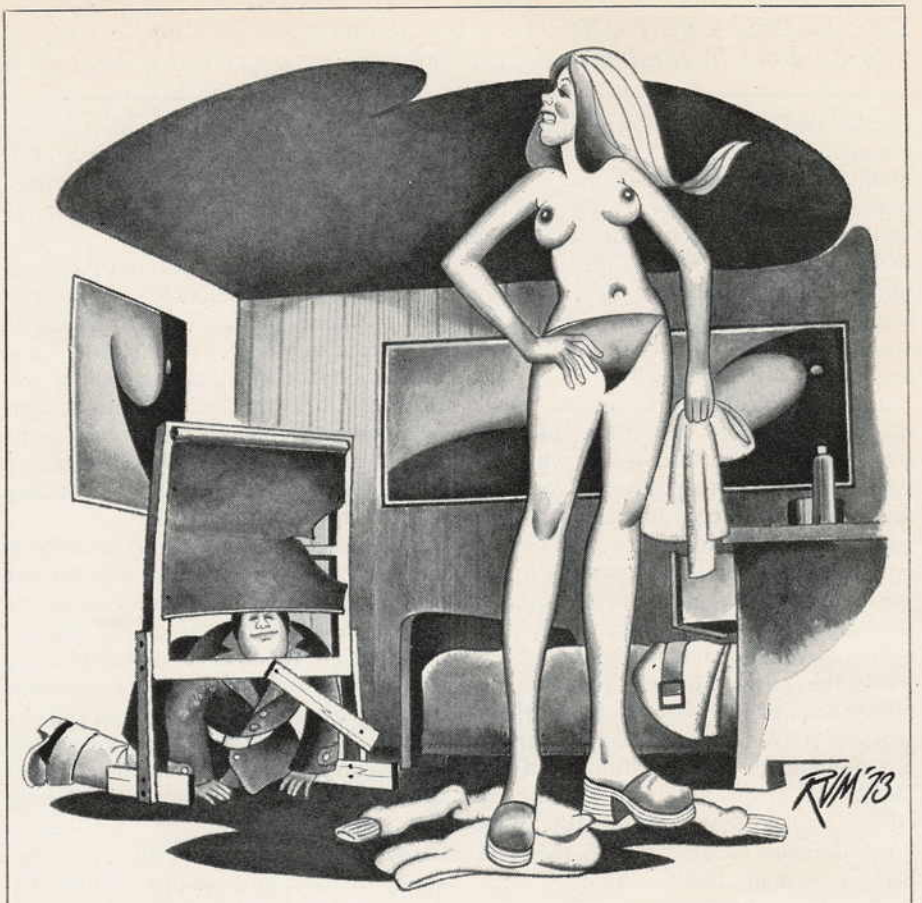
As expected, Shecky Greene broke first, and Sham, after much bumping, settled into third. Going into the first turn, the mighty Secretariat was a distant last, and a screech went through the bank roll of the chalk players. By the time they had negotiated a mile, Sham was in the lead by a length and a half, but the blue and white hood of Secretariat could be spotted moving up. It was then the shock came. Sham was merely running magnificently, while Secretariat seemed to have discovered a secret conveyor belt beneath the track. It was the most unbelievable sustained move I have ever witnessed on a race track—as if the inexorable hand of destiny had been placed at the finish line and was reeling him home. He crossed the finish line two and a half lengths ahead of Sham, while the rest of the field was so far back they looked as if they were running for alderman in neighboring Cincinnati.

•

So great was Secretariat he went on to mock turfdom's quarter-of-a-century curse. In Maryland at the Preakness, bored by many of the same faces he had met in Kentucky, he took the lead early and cantered home—lest we think he was given to slumming with the pack. But it was in the Belmont Stakes in New York that he served notice that Halley's Comet was a one-shot sprinter who fizzled out, never to be heard from again. He took the last leg of the Triple Crown by an incredible 31 lengths, breaking the track record by 13 lengths. It was the nonpareil performance in American turf history.

There were then only two options open for the horse: retire him and fix his star in the constellation of our consciousness, or bridge the Atlantic—our cultural chasm—and ship him to the Arc. His owner, Mrs. John "Penny" Tweedy—a Yankee blue blood—chose neither. A trip to France incurred certain gambles. The Arc is run clockwise, while all American races are charted counterclockwise. The Arc is run on the grass, a texture Secretariat had not yet tried. And there was the small-mindedness of the French racing establishment that forbids American horses to wear caulk (gripping) shoes instead of the flat, slick European variety. But such gambles should seem picayune to an owner who has caught lightning in a bottle not once but thrice! Still, she demurred.

Mrs. Tweedy herself was present in the paddock at Longchamps on the day of the Arc, moving one European-based American turf writer to snarl: "She should have stayed home and sent the fuckin' horse." That day she was to remark, with a nervous giggle—part jest, more self-confession—that "he's feeling a little sick . . . but I guess I just didn't want him to get beat." One day after the Arc her "sick" Secretariat won the Man O' War Stakes at Belmont, at one and a half miles over the grass course (his initial attempt at the greensward), by five lengths in a time that was 55 lengths better than the winner of the Arc. Even granting the undulating Longchamps course and soft turf, my Irish-American heritage would call that margin a long way to Tipperary.



"Jesus! Must we go through the same damn thing every night?"

But "knowing her place," the Yankee lady curtsied to provinciality and kept her horse back home in the barn. As I was airborne to the Arc, in a teletimer click of unaccustomed humility I realized that on October seventh, Arc Day, the wrong American was to be in Paris.

•

Paris, which, like the eye of God, has seen so much—indeed, perhaps too much—didn't seem manic about its premier race. An understandable attitude. A city that houses a trove of elegance with the ennui of a harlot's yawn is not going to become dotty about a collection of beasts romping on a lawn on a Sunday in October.

Kentucky had been a different matter: its parlay to fame is Stephen Foster's song and its race. Those removed, Louisville is just another rest stop for Greyhound buses. Baltimore, which hosts the Preakness, is sadder still. Its fling at notoriety (besides being the locale for the middle jewel of the Triple Crown) is that it gave birth to the composer of the national anthem and Spiro Agnew, bequeathing itself the dubious distinction of being tone deaf both in song and spirituality.

New York (the Belmont Stakes) is a kindred spirit to Paris, the shading being that the former exudes funk and the latter finesse. But even blasé New York, whose prime tourist attraction of late seems to be the subterranean promise of impending terror, went bonkers this time around contemplating the prospect of Secretariat's historic feat.

So after attending the merry-go-round of the Triple Crown, one tried to sift out what *did* hold significance for the Parisian *boulevardiers*. Conclusions sniffed out in this predominantly Catholic country were that a rising soufflé commanded the awe of the Resurrection and that necrophilia was both a lively art and a thriving industry. It seemed that if you had a grandmother who had darned

TWO RACES, TWO PACES *The French have pari-mutuel betting in cafés. Thus touting and tippling can be done in tandem, and the remorse of a zero of a bet can be relieved by a three-star cognac.*

Charles de Gaulle's army socks, the government, on her demise, would erect a monument to her. If all the cement poured over the dead were applied to the living, Paris could house the population of India in one of her suburbs. The zenith (or the nadir) of all this is Napoleon's Tomb—the Little Corporal's cosmic crèche could cocoon King Kong and a couple of his sequels.

Like New York, Paris has two types of punters—those who bet offtrack (i.e., those derelicts of diligence who still believe man's highest calling is to work for a living) and those blithe spirits who go to the track to heed the nobler calling of bettering the breed. But bowing to the spirit of the Revolution, the French working stiff who bets offtrack has it all over his American counterpart. In New York the offtrack-betting parlors give off the aura of the kind of clinics where women go for pap tests. The parlors are monuments to dull, functional architecture manned by malfunctioning clerks. By law, they must be 100 yards removed from the nearest bar, the logic being that man should deal in a single depravity at a time.

The French—monarchs of vice and gluttony—have pari-mutuel betting in cafés. Thus, touting and tippling can be done in tandem, and the remorse of a zero of a bet can be relieved by a three-star cognac (if rejoicing is your fate, so much the better).

Better still, scattered around Paris are a handful of parlors called *course par course* where one can bet each race as if he were at the track, with the results and the payoff for each coming about ten minutes after the finish. So one can while away a civilized afternoon of sipping and selection, while also engaging in the Parisians' true passion—dropping francs into pinball machines.

The latter madness has no corollary in American life, since the devotees on our side of the pond are drugstore cowboys caught in a time warp of the Fifties. What a sight to the invading eye to see a prim Frenchman remove his *chapeau*, place his attaché case on the bar, and engage in a mad *pas de deux* with such a garish contraption. The machines are the standard camp horrors, with winking Petty girls in sailor hats and cutesy blouses with plunging necklines. It became increasingly difficult to distinguish between the shaky Frenchman in need of a drink and the shell-shocked veteran suffering from his one-franc foray. Given enough cognac and a meandering mind, one could convince himself he was at an exhibit of Calder mobiles.

•

The Longchamps course is set in the Bois de Boulogne, a lovely park on the outskirts of Paris. The park houses restaurants, numerous soccer fields, and—if one source is to be believed—stunning hookers whom he claims to encounter on his morning jogging exercise.

The track is not as beautiful or as historic as I had expected. Modern grandstands and a proliferation of cement mar much of the natural beauty. But there are touches of unimpeachable quaintness. Dominating one turn is a giant windmill that offers the most poetic call in racing, "They're at the windmill," symbolically summing up the punter's psyche—Cervantes' impossible dream. On the back side is *le petit bois*—"the little woods"—a cluster of trees behind which the horses disappear from public view. You can be of two minds about this invisible interlude in a race: a grand touch of equestrian eccentricity or (as the more jaded may see it) a mini-Sherwood that gives clandestine cover to rogues and philanderers.

French racing itself was a shock on many levels. First, there was the clockwise direction of the races, upsetting many years of handicapping the other way around that had enabled me to attain that nirvana of losing civilized sums. (In a track degenerate's mathematics, losing $15 is "breaking even.") Then there was the enormity of the fields: in the Arc, 27 horses were to go to post, a charge more suitable for taking San Juan Hill than reaching the finish line.

But most disconcerting was the pace of the races. In a mile-and-a-half race the field canters for a mile and an eighth in concert, like an encounter group afraid of losing touch with each other. Only when they enter the straightaway—the last three eighths—will a couple of individuals exert themselves and pull away from the pack. This approach to riding tactics is demeaned by French jockey, Jean Cruguet, who rode successfully for a few seasons in New York (and can't wait to return) as "hobby-horse riding." The description is apt. Watching through field glasses, the viewer gets the sensation of watching a slo-mo Antonioni film through a haze of pot. Hoofs seem suspended interminably in mid-air, the jockeys' silks form a blurred collage, and the undulating turf takes on the properties of lackadaisical surf. Regardless of such mirages, though, there is a constant: there are losers and winners, whether you envision them on land or sea.

The surroundings, for all the posh

HOW TO WIN AT THE RACES

by Nick Kazan and Dr. David Hurwitz

Psst, buddy, looks like Lollipop in the third; the jockey's sister is a friend of ours. Can you spare a ten-spot until posttime?

After completing my manual on living, How to Live *(*OUI*, February 1974), I left it casually on the coffee table for friends to admire. To my dismay, I discovered that my work was almost universally regarded as worthless—largely because I had omitted what is, if not man's most vital skill, at least one that can save him from ruination: how to win at the races. Unfortunately, I am not qualified to give advice on this matter. I have never won at the races—even in the limited sense of "winning" indicated below—and I'm afraid the failing is hereditary: my great-uncle alone lost a million dollars at Belmont Park. In compiling this advice, I consulted one of the nation's foremost equinologists, Dr. David Hurwitz, a man who has won money and lost years of his life at race tracks coast to coast. Here is our report:*

Let us be blunt from the outset: each man has his own concept of victory. The small cottage that represents paradise to the country peasant would be cause for suicide among those born and bred to wealth. So it is at the race track: the "winning" of which we speak in our title, *How to Win at the Races*, does not actually consist of taking home more money than we arrived with. Our criterion is more modest: what most people call "having carfare home" is known here as "winning." If this seems difficult to accept, keep in mind that the problem is a semantic one, that words are constantly changing in meaning, and that our society heartily applauds all casuistical acrobatics.

End of Introductory Preface
Beginning of Solid Advice

There are two ways to win at the races: the long method and the short method. The short method is to drive by the race track in your car and toss a ten-dollar bill out the window. If that won't do, here's the long method:

The night before race day, go out and buy the *Daily Racing Form*. Often you can find the *Form* at stores dealing in alcoholic beverages. The connection between racing and liquor will be made clear by the events of the next day.

Take the *Form* home and study it. It contains the racing histories of the horses you will see. You use these histories to predict the future based on the past, just as leaders of great nations use lessons learned from history to determine the course of future events. You will meet with the same degree of success.

Let's assume that you've bought the *Form*, studied the charts carefully, and become hopelessly confused. You should then decide to observe the horses walking around the paddock prior to each race, and you should make your selections based on a weighted mathematical system that takes into account the horses' history, horses' looks, your intuition, your looks, and the mark that your pen makes when hurled at the *Form* from a distance of five feet. This is the actual system recommended by Stan Koltanowski in his book, *How I Turned Two Dollars into Two Million at the Race Track and Other Stories*, and it is certainly no worse than any other.

Warning! Do not bet horses that are frothing at the mouth. Do not bet horses that are being carried onto the track. Do not bet horses that are limping or bleeding through their leg bandages. Do not bet horses that are in a state of high sexual arousal. You can recognize an aroused colt by the tremendous penis beneath his belly. The trainer will tap the huge organ with a stick until it returns to normal. This does not please the horse, and, naturally, you do not want to bet on an unhappy animal. It is for this same reason that you should never bet on a horse that has recently been castrated. This grisly operation makes a horse extremely paranoid and eager to run away from everybody and everything; and there is no way to predict in what direction the horse will choose to run. Even the most tenacious jockey may be unable to prevent the animal from joining you in the stands.

Unless you are at one of the country's premier tracks, you will find that these simple do nots will eliminate every horse from every race. If you go home at this point, you will be out only your admission fee and can count yourself a big winner.

If you remain at the track, this is what you can expect:

3702—Third Race—Six Furlongs, for horses who have not won three races in their lifetimes but have been told about winning by other horses in the barn. Purse: $2000.

1. Louis XIV	4-1	Shipping in from France. Will be running around track the wrong way. Should hurt his chances.
2. Lackluster	10-1	Went lame last time out. Slim chance today.
2a. Lacklustre		A filly. Consistently follows on heels of full brother Lackluster.
3. Lollipop	25-1	Enormous head, spindly legs. A sucker bet.
4. Stickout	3-1	Recent Stakes victory makes him class of race. A sure thing.
5. Meth	11-1	Will be disqualified if victorious.
6. Good Company	7-1	Has repeatedly raced for $10,000 and finished last. Has classy friends and is fun to be with. Outsider today.
7. Schizo	3-1	Beautiful horse, terrific workouts. Won debut by 20 lengths. Subject to terrifying fits of paranoia. Last time out walked six furlongs in six minutes.
8. Casanova	30-1	More interested in number 2a than in race. Could place if she wins.

Now you buy a ticket on the winner, number four, and walk down to the rail to give instructions and encouragement to the jockey, Frijoles Vasquelez, using your pocket *Berlitz*. Unfortunately, Stickout, having been reared in Kentucky, also speaks no Spanish and will understand nothing that Frijoles will scream in his ear. Such is racing luck.

Most of the fun of being at the track consists of shouting your guts out during each race. As the horses break from the gate, begin in soft bellow tones: "Come on with the four! Take him out now! Ease him along! Keep on the pace, four!"

You're in third and sweet down the backstretch. Grab the rail and increase your volume: "Come on with the four! Come on now, move, you s.o.b.!"

The four is in the thick of it down the stretch. You begin jumping up and down and screaming, "Come on with the four! Four! *Quatro!* Four! *Quatro!* Four! Whip him! Whip him! Hit him in the nuts!"

You stare at the board in disbelief. Number three? You tear up your ticket and try to ignore the greasy woman in the pants suit who is laughing, waving tickets in the air, and kissing several large black men.

You are now ready for the next race.

TWO RACES, TWO PACES *Was this what culture was all about—constipation? The fear of being loud, demonstrative, passionate—thus "foreign" in the eyes of your countrymen.*

build-up, had some unpardonably glaring faults. There was no tote board in the infield, and one had to check the odds on indoor television sets. And when you went to the windows to bet, instead of receiving a crisp Stateside pari-mutuel ticket you were handed a tissue-thin, computer-punched strip of paper—which dampened the spirit, since it looked like a receipt for wet wash. But the most abrasive eyesore was the infield of the track. Soiling the scene of children, old men kicking soccer balls, and merry picnickers were thousands of parked cars. A rupture of past and present—nature's beasts and technology's tots.

Missing, too, was the traditional bugler's call to post. In the bugle's stead, a series of chimelike bells, similar to those one hears in shlock department stores, was rung, and one awaited a Lily Tomlinlike voice announcing a hot sale on toasters on the third floor.

But it was the bettors and the track announcer who boggled the mind most. In this touted citadel of passion, rather than lusty cheers when the horses turned for home, all one heard were hollow echoes of ennui. Was this what culture was all about—constipation? The fear of being loud, demonstrative, passionate—thus "foreign" in the eyes of your countrymen. The horror of all horrors—to act like an American! Perhaps the elusive equation had been found: Y (yawn) plus X(xenophobia) equals S(sophistication). And the race caller was their tutor in timidity—he used his larynx like a rubber band, stretching the syllables of each of the horses' names in a weary taffy pull with no breaking point in sight. It was a parody of the world-weary French cuckold in the sack: "Yes, *chérie*, fucking it shall be, but don't rumple my dressing gown."

Yet this was but a preview. The next day was the Arc—surely that would be different.

•

A sleight-of-hand rain fell on the day of the Arc: now you see it, now you don't. I garbed out in Yankee spiff, topping the whole ensemble with a trench coat, collar turned up, Monsieur Rick-style. The catechism had it that the paddock was *de rigeur*. The track caters to the horses, the paddock to the clothes horses. Physically, it was enchanting, the highlight of Longchamps. A small magic circle shielded from the Lord's censure by multicolored parasols of autumn trees. Champagne and cognac were being dispensed at a small bar. The women's clothes were of the *Can You Top This?* variety. Some of the basics, Chanel dresses and suits, were stunning, but the accessories reached. There were fillips on top of fillips, and one mused on the French word equivalent to *ungepachke*. Most of the men were in swallowtail coats and gray top hats. Little matter. Frenchmen wear clothes like sarcophagi.

Usually, such peacock strutting—like the blacks sashaying at Ali's bouts—is pleasing, but there was a chink in this armor. After a spell, you realized *this* was the show, *not* the race. With the blacks it is different. They cakewalk and strut their stuff around ringside, but when Ali takes center stage it's time to sit on it, baby. Here, the stars of the show, the horses, were merely spear carriers to *couturiers*. The horses hardly received a glance when they were being saddled—that, of course, would have entailed moving, walking 50 yards to the rail, and to this group a wrinkle would spell ruin.

The "less fortunate"—those who wanted to eat cake—peered into the paddock through a glass divider, over guard railings, and around the bodies of the palace guard. What they were peering at were not celebrities but identifiable titles and money. (Do Howard Hughes and J. Paul Getty have groupies too?) One American woman connected with French racing told me, in a tone that hinted at Weathermen irreverence, that she called a certain personage "Countess," not "Madame la Comtesse," thus shocking the natives. A declaration of independence that baldly stated the right buttock would be kissed but never the left.

A good many of the faces were wearily old: the women used too much sexual war paint, and the faces of the men were studies in topography, winding rivers of booze-popped veins. The feeling welled that their fortunes had been made caddying for the Vichy government. One himself could use collaborators on this caper, but as fortune would have it, George Grosz, Aubrey Beardsley, and Oscar Wilde had gone to pasture. The paddock had transformed into Louis XV's Deer Park. Such bleak ruminations drove me to my seat and the horses.

Allez France's competition was supposed to come from two French fillies: Dahlia (an American-bred who subsequently won the International in Maryland) and Lady Berry. The colts given a chance were Tennyson and Rheingold. Since the turf was soggy, I fancied Parnell on the notion that Irishmen perform best on weepy foundations; and when I spotted a nun standing behind me in the betting line, I concluded that my choice was not only wise but blessed.

The horses were brought onto the track in the most delightful manner. Instead of being accompanied by saddle ponies, they were led out by their grooms, who were in their best bib and tucker. The crowd numbered 60,000 (150,000 attended the Derby), but this was deceptive because of the heavy off-track betting. Many foreigners had crossed the borders of France for the day to gamble in this way. All in all, 85 million francs ($4.25 million) were bet on the race.

When Allez France took the track, she received a tasteful cheer and some chanting of her name. The English contingent, mainly on a diet of Scotch for the day, cheered their premier jockey Lester Piggott, who has achieved every laurel in European racing but a winner in the Arc. Piggott was aboard Rheingold, an Irish-bred owned by an Austrian, Henry Zeisel, who now runs a night club on London's Oxford Street, but who was once "the premier violinist in the Vienna Philharmonic." There, he claims, Toscanini turned to him and said, "For a 17-year-old boy, you play a bloody good violin" (would Arturo have said *bloody*?). In any case, it is said that Zeisel named his horse after his favorite opera, Wagner's *Das Rheingold*.

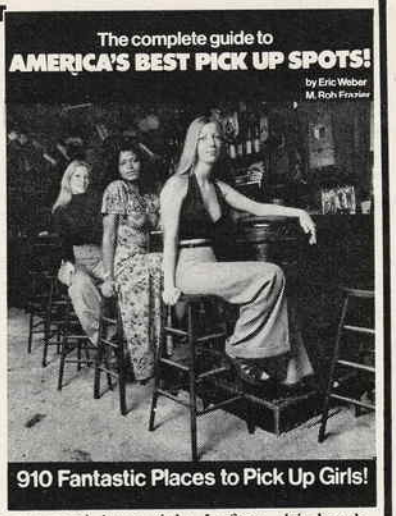
Then the civilized cheering (I was told I was attending a "raucous" Arc) ceased, and the horses went to post. For a while they raced tightly bunched. Allez France, carrying 118 pounds, was as far back as 12th in the early running, with Rheingold, toting 132 (fillies receive a weight allowance), an advantageously placed fifth. As they turned for home, the horses were strung out across the track, and their jockeys in their varicolored silks looked like Japanese lanterns bobbing in a breeze. It was here that Piggott shot Rheingold into the lead. Further back, Yves St. Martin made the audacious move of dropping Allez France onto the rail, and it became that rare accident—a classic two-horse race.

A chorus of French voices took up the chant: "Allez France, Allez France." But when Piggott dug into Rheingold, the colt responded and began to draw off. The chant died simultaneously with Allez France's chances. Small wonder. What female could be coaxed to climax by such halfhearted urging? So at the end it was Rheingold by two and a half. Toscanini's bloody good fiddler had called the tune.

So both events were clocked, and there were magic moments to be found in each. To be sure, the French setting had an Old World aura—there was an essence, a bouquet. But, *mes amis*, could they ever use some American body! ▣

WHERE TO PICK UP GIRLS!

910 ACTION SPOTS WHERE A GUY CAN'T HELP BUT SCORE!



If you've always suspected that somewhere out there are bars and discotheques where a guy can't miss, you're absolutely right! And now, for the first time ever, you can visit these places yourself. Yes, NOW you can experience what it's like to walk into a swinging, rocking discotheque where luscious, horny, long-haired girls outnumber men ten to one! All you need is AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS! This fantastic 320 page book gives you the names and addresses of over 900 great places to pick up girls. In fact, this book makes it so incredibly easy to meet and sleep with girls, you'll wish it had been written years ago. Here are just a few of the 910 pick up spots you're going to learn all about:

- **A discotheque where girls are so liberated you can often sleep with them the same night you meet them!**
- A bar where girls ask you to dance if you don't ask them!
- **A *nude* beach where hundreds of tan naked girls sit around just waiting for you to talk to them!**
- A bar chock full of rich divorcees who park their yachts at a special dock in back of the bar, then come inside to get picked up!

26 SWINGING CITIES THIS BOOK COVERS SO THOROUGHLY, YOU CAN HAVE A GIRL IN EVERY PORT:

Atlanta	Detroit	New Orleans
Baltimore	Houston	Philadelphia
Berkeley	Las Vegas	Phoenix
Boston	Los Angeles	Portland
Chicago	Louisville	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Miami	San Francisco
Cleveland	Milwaukee	Seattle
Dallas	Minneapolis	Washington, D.C.
Denver	New York	

"NO MAN SHOULD VISIT ANOTHER CITY WITHOUT THIS BOOK IN HIS SUITCASE!" *Steve Tuttle*

Here's a book that can turn your very next business trip into the time of your life. So don't just dream of finding a great-looking sexy girl in Chicago or Dallas or New York. This trip you can actually do it. Instead of the dull, no-action places cab drivers always recommend, this book will instantly take you to the kind of bars and discotheques you've been looking for—places where you're virtually assured of meeting a pretty, friendly stewardess, or nurse, or model to talk with, dance with, and, more than likely, sleep with.

WHERE TO MEET GIRLS IN YOUR OWN NEIGHBORHOOD

Most guys don't think of their own towns as good places to pick up girls. Well, this book is going to change all that. Because it's going to show you *foolproof* pick up spots *within five miles of your own home!* You probably never thought of them as good places to pick up girls. But the fact is they're just loaded with *eager* women who would love nothing more than to get their hot little hands on you!

THE GIRLS ARE WAITING FOR YOU!

Don't waste one more Friday night wandering from bar to bar. Not when this fantastic book can show you where to find more long, lean, beautiful girls than you'll know what to do with. AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS costs only $7.95—*less* than what you could waste on drinks in a dull, no-action bar. So send for your copy this instant. Whether you're in a big city a thousand miles away from home, or in your very own neighborhood, this book will lead you straight to dozens of girls who are sitting there waiting for you *at this very moment.*

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS!

GUARANTEES YOU WILL PICK UP A GIRL IN 2 WEEKS!

Here is a book that not only teaches you *exactly* how to pick up girls. It *guarantees* you will pick up girls. In fact we guarantee you will pick up and *date* at least one beautiful girl within two weeks of receiving this book. If you don't (or if you're dissatisfied with the book in any way) just return it for a complete refund. We put your refund in the mail the day we receive the book.

THE BOOK MILLIONS OF MEN HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

Every day you probably see dozens of beautiful, sexy girls you'd love to pick up. Girls with long lean legs and large rounded breasts. Girls with sparkling blue eyes and luxurious blond hair. The problem has always been, how do you break through that icy wall that always seems to exist between strangers? HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS has well over 100 answers—each one of them *absolutely fool-proof*!!! You don't have to be rich. You don't have to be good-looking. These techniques work for *all* men. All you have to do is walk up to the girl you have your eye on, use one of the incredibly simple techniques described in this book, and you will pick her up. There is simply no way she can refuse you. We GUARANTEE IT!

Here are just a few of the more than 100 surefire techniques you will learn and master: • **How to be sexy** • Best places to pick up girls • **How to make shyness work for you** • Why a man doesn't have to be good-looking • **How to talk dirty seductively** • Why girls get horny • **Fifty great opening lines** • The greatest pick up technique in the world • **Why women are dying to get picked up** • How to get women to pick *you* up

INTERVIEWS WITH 25 BEAUTIFUL GIRLS.

HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS contains in-depth interviews with 25 beautiful girls. Girls just like the ones on the cover of this book. They tell you—*in their very own words*—exactly what it takes to pick them up. You'll learn what to say to them. Where to meet them. And how to detect those subtle little signs that mean a girl is dying for you to pick her up. Rest assured, *thousands* of girls are dying for you to pick them up. And once you know who they are the rest is incredibly easy.

PICK UP MORE GIRLS IN A MONTH THAN MOST MEN DO IN A LIFETIME.

If you don't pick up at least one beautiful girl within 14 days of receiving this book, you can return it for a complete refund. So don't delay. Get the jump on all the other guys. While they're standing on the corner watching all the girls go by, *you'll* be the one who knows how to move into action. HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS costs only $7.95—*less* than what you'd pay for an ordinary shirt. Yet so much *more* of a help when it comes to picking up girls. In fact, if you love beautiful girls, this book is the best damn investment you can make!

The Northern Valley Co., Dept. MY, PO Box 515, Tenafly, NJ 07670

Check book you want and send $7.95 plus 75¢ postage and handling:

- ☐ Rush me AMERICA'S BEST PICK UP SPOTS right away.
- ☐ Rush me HOW TO PICK UP GIRLS right away.
- ☐ BOTH BOOKS only $15.25 plus 75¢ postage and handling.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Each book comes in a non-identifiable wrapper.

LOCH NESS MONSTER *Saint Colomba stopped the monster in his tracks by hollering: "Go no farther, nor touch thou that man—go back at once!" Nobody had ever hollered at the monster before.*

(Continued from page 82) following: "As bees love sweetness, *so* flies love rottenness."

The monster meeting adjourns and the dining room is rearranged for a *ceilidh*. *Ceilidh* (pronounced KAY-lee) is a Gaelic word, and it means "an impromptu song-and-dance fest." Alec Farquhar, the handsome young owner of the hotel, plays his fiddle and two other men play guitar and accordion. All three of them are dressed in serious kilts—not as a tourist attraction, it develops, but as an expression of Scottish nationalism. Taking part in the *ceilidh* are the Japanese and local Scottish people of all ages—teenagers, middle-aged folks, little kids, senior citizens, even a couple of dogs. All join in the community singing and dancing. It's the first time in a long time that I've seen a group composed of so many different generations enjoying each other's company. Toward the end of the *ceilidh*, a blushing local woman in a high-necked dress is persuaded to sing a very sentimental song in a sweet clear voice, her hands clasped tightly in front of her. Then everyone present joins hands and sings *Auld Lang Syne*.

After the *ceilidh* I go up to my room and instantly fall into a heavy jet-lag sleep. I awake at some dark hour of the morning with a strange feeling of apprehension. It's terribly black in the room and terribly black outside and terribly quiet, and I don't know what it was that awakened me. And then I hear it: the ghastly sound of an animal in pain. A very undoggy barklike sound. I wonder if it's the monster.

•

It's the following morning and we are again at the shore of the loch. The Japanese are now dressed in identical red quilted-nylon warm-up jackets and matching trousers, with the word DESCENTE spelled out in block letters on their backs. I notice that the perky young sonar operator, Tomoko Sanka, has DESCNETE on her back, and I realize this could well be the first typographical error ever seen on a warm-up jacket. The Japanese are standing in the freezing water of the loch with their shoes off and their trousers rolled—not for any monster-hunting reason, but because a photographer from the London *Sun* is taking their picture.

Taki tells me this team was selected from more than 2600 applicants. It is not known what the basis for selection was, since the winning team members are scarcely a naive Westerner's notion of professional scientists: Mr. Yoshida, the leader, is a printer; Tomoko, the sonar operator, is a night-club singer who had one month of sonar training after being selected; Mr. Baba, one of the divers, is a marketing planner; Taki herself is a rock promoter and disc jockey.

I soon tire of the photo session and persuade a reporter, Sydney Burton from the *Yorkshire Post*, to drive over to Lee Frank's camera post. Sydney is a short, stocky, gray-haired Yorkshireman with a gray military mustache. He is up here, as are most of the many journalists who will come, for a giggle at the Japanese. Sydney says he has two stories to do when he gets back to Yorkshire—one on blackberries and one on small people.

•

At the top end of a steeply inclined sheep meadow that slants down to the loch, Lee Frank has built himself a rough shack of weather-beaten boards. Here, with binoculars, 16mm movie cameras, and powerful telescopic lenses, he has spent the past three months watching for signs of the monster. At the bottom of the sheep meadow is another shack containing Lee's wet suit, oxygen tanks, and diving equipment. Outside the shack are two ancient rowboats. Every day or so Lee puts on his wet suit, rows out to a fishing boat anchored fairly close to shore, checks the sonar equipment on the boat, then dives to a depth of 45 feet to change film loads in the underwater cameras below the boat.

The boat is called Smuggler, because during World War II it smuggled British spies out of Norway. Lee takes us aboard Smuggler and shows us his sonar equipment. He tells us the sonar is a prototype developed by the Academy of Applied Science and that it would cost $250,000 to duplicate. He pulls up a brick anchor and asks me to smell it. I smell nothing. Lee says the anchor has been saturated with the sex hormones of fish and reptiles. If I were the Loch Ness monster, I might think the brick was cute.

Lee tells us that when Bob Rines, head of the academy, first heard that the Japanese were coming to Loch Ness, he planned to help them in every way. "Then," says Lee, "we read in the papers that they planned to capture the beast and display it in circus side shows, and we said the hell with it—let them make their own mistakes and find out everything themselves the hard way." Lee is scornful of the by-now-obvious desire of the Japanese for continual press coverage. "It's not important to get headlines," he says. "Do the work, make the discoveries, then the headlines will follow."

We leave Smuggler and climb back up the sheep meadow, past several sheep, to Lee's shack. It is cold, foggy, and drizzling, and no warmer inside the windowless, uninsulated shack than it was on the boat. We are joined by Lee's partner, a redheaded, freckle-faced 19-year-old named Nick Witchell, who looks more like a participant in American cornflakes commercials than what he is—a British law student and an expert on the monster. Nick has a shack like Lee's just over the hill, and they take turns servicing the sonar and cameras on Smuggler.

There have been more than 1000 sightings of the monster, says Nick, and reports from 4000 witnesses. The earliest recorded sighting was in the year 565 A.D. Saint Colomba, an Irish missionary, was with a group of monks tending to the body of a man said to have been killed by a water monster. One of the monks had gone to retrieve the dead man's boat, when the monster rose out of the water and began to pursue him. This greatly annoyed Saint Colomba, who stopped the monster in his tracks by hollering: "Go no further, nor touch thou that man—*go back at once*!" Nobody had ever hollered at the monster before, so it worked.

Unfortunately, no such spunky saint was about in 1572 when a large unidentified animal came out of the loch, felled several trees with its huge tail, and killed three terrified onlookers. Even a mildly plucky parson would have been helpful to Mrs. Margaret Cameron in 1913, who was then a teenager. She and her sister and two brothers saw a huge animal, six feet high and 20 feet long, amble out of the bushes and galumph down the beach into the loch. Their grandfather was of the opinion that the galumphing beast had been the Devil and forbade them to tell anybody about it.

In 1933 a new highway was blasted along the loch from Inverness to Fort Augustus, and the largest group of monster sightings began. Alex Campbell, the local water bailiff, wrote an article for the *Inverness Courier* about his several sightings of the creature and was the first to use the term "Loch Ness monster." Campbell has seen the monster more often than any other living person, but he's heard it only once: "It was midnight. I was in a boat on the loch and we heard it breathing—breathing hard, like a horse having trouble breathing."

One night in 1933 a London business executive named George Spicer and his wife were tooling along the loch in their car when they came upon a huge gray animal moseying out of the bushes onto the road. "It was terrible," Spicer reported. "The color was a dark elephant gray of a loathsome texture, reminiscent of a snail, unlike anything I have ever read about or seen. . . . It was horrible—an abomination." Despite much jeering and nyah-nyahing, the Spicers stuck to their story. Since their sighting immediately preceded the widespread

MORDILLO

publicity that began later that year, it is probably *true* they'd never read about or seen anything like it before.

There were several more excellent sightings in 1933 and 1934, on land as well as in the water. In 1934 the famous "surgeon's photograph" was taken by a man named R. K. Wilson. Wilson's sighting is made even more credible by the little-publicized fact that, at the time of the sighting, he was spending an adulterous weekend at Loch Ness and stood to lose quite a lot by the ensuing publicity.

In 1960 a respected local man named Torquil MacLeod watched a creature 50 to 55 feet long on the rocky beach of the loch for about nine minutes. It had, he said, "a giraffelike neck and an absurdly small head, out of porportion to the great dark-gray body—skin like an elephant—two very short forelegs or flippers clearly seen. The animal kept turning itself in the sunshine and, at times, arched its back into one or more humps. . . . Finally it lowered its head, quietly entered the water, and disappeared."

In 1963, seven members of the L.N.I. studied the monster through binoculars as it lay in the shallows of the bay end of the loch. They shot movie footage that has since been validated by the R.A.F.

In 1969 the L.N.I. requested permission to let a submarine enter Loch Ness and take tissue samples of the monster. The matter was discussed in the House of Lords, in part, as follows:

LORD HUGHES: My Lords . . . (the submarine) will have a small compressed-air gun designed to fire a retrievable dart so shaped as to extract a small sample of tissue for subsequent analysis. This technique is widely used for tagging whales . . . I hardly think it constitutes damage or assault. . . . Unless and until the monster is found and examined, we cannot even say whether the provisions of the Cruelty to Animals Act of 1876 would be relevant, since that Act does not apply to invertebrates. . . .

VISCOUNT ST. DAVIDS: My Lords, will my noble friend make clear to his right honourable friend the Secretary of State for Scotland that there is legislation under which tnese creatures could be protected and that the British Waterway Board, as the navigation authority, has the right to remove licenses for these vessels if they start annoying the local livestock? . . .

LORD HAWKE: My Lords, how would the noble Lord like to be 'potted' by an air gun to take samples of his tissue?

LORD HUGHES: My Lords, provided that the relevant part of my tissue was no greater than the small amount, in proportion, that was taken from the bulk of the whale, I doubt whether I should notice."

Also in 1969 the Mirisch Brothers made a film at Loch Ness called *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, for which they constructed a five-ton life-size replica of the monster. It was so realistic-looking that they had to hide it from the highway to keep from scaring passing motorists out of their skivvies. Unfortunately, the replica monster's ballast tanks got flooded in a heavy storm and the thing promptly sank to the bottom of Loch Ness—where, incidentally, it remains to this day. (Loch Ness does not give up its ersatz dead, either.)

In 1970 a whiskey company offered a million-pounds-sterling reward for the monster's capture. The only claimant was a woman from Memphis, Tennessee, who wrote: "I have been living with the monster for the past 20 years."

In 1972 Dr. Rines's Academy of Applied Science made several important discoveries while searching for the monster. Among them were the first sightings of an insect, a crustacean, and a 16-foot-long hairy eel, none previously classified by science. Also in 1972, the Academy's underwater camera and sonar installation tracked a huge underwater object to within 20 feet of the cameras at a depth of 45 feet. The best of the color photographs taken shows the diamond-shaped flipper of a gigantic animal not known to science. The Smithsonian Institution and the British Museum of Natural History acknowledge that the photo is genuine, but both decline to speculate on what sort of creature the flipper belongs to.

•

From the dozen or so moderately good photos taken of the monster over the years and from the many sonar trackings and visual sightings, it can be ascertained that there probably exists in Loch Ness not one but a herd of large amphibious reptiles—two and sometimes three of them have been seen at a single time. They have long slender necks, small snakelike heads, huge bulky bodies, and long powerful tails. They propel themselves through the water by means of four diamond-shaped flippers. Their skin is dark, rough, and elephantlike in color. Their average size is from 30 to 40 feet, but many have been reported as long as 50 to 60 feet. This description happens to be identical to that of the plesiosaurus, which is a marine form of dinosaur thought to have been extinct for some 70 million years.

The notion that a bunch of dinosaurs have been hanging around for 70 million years when they were supposed to be politely extinct has caused a lot of petulance in the scientific community. It must be pointed out, however, that the coelacanth, another marine creature thought to have been extinct for 70 million years, was discovered off the coast of Africa in 1938, living discreetly at home with family and doubtless amused at rumors of its extinction.

As a matter of fact, Loch Ness is not at all unique as a site where plesiosaurus-shaped creatures have been spotted. Loch Morar, as well as a number of other Scottish lochs, Irish loughs, lakes in Canada and Sweden, and fjords of Norway all have equivalent—albeit not as well-publicized—monsters. G. K. Chesterton said in 1935 that men have been hanged on much less evidence than exists for the Loch Ness monster.

"If it *is* a plesiosaurus," says Nick Witchell, who filled me in on much of the above, "it will be the most important zoological discovery of the century."

•

It is September tenth, the new date that Mr. Kou had assured me that the actual monster hunt was to begin. Not only have the Japanese not begun their search today, they are not even at Loch Ness. Their diving equipment is still in customs at the London airport, so they flew back there to pick it up. While they're there—so it shouldn't be a total loss—they hold another press conference.

In the absence of the Japanese, I drive back to Lee Frank's shack overlooking the loch. It's a beautiful, sunny, uncharacteristically balmy day, and as I get out of my newly rented car I see Lee chatting with the two elderly people who own the land on which Lee and Nick have built their huts. Wing commander Basil Cary and his wife Winnifred are a casting director's notion of what a retired R.A.F. commander and his wife should look like. He is tall, gaunt, white-haired, and forever searching the skies as if for jerries. She is short, stocky, yellowish-white-haired, and would make an ideal character in an Agatha Christie movie. Wing commander Cary surveys me in my aviator glasses and motorcycle jacket and asks dryly in his upper-class British accent what rank the silver stars on my epaulets denote. There is no need to answer him.

Mrs. Cary looks out over the absolutely calm, flat surface of the Loch and launches into what I can describe only as the sort of monologue one reads in the "Talk of the Town" section of *The New Yorker*:

"It's a good day for monster watching. I've had 12 sightings of the beast altogether. The first time was in 1917 when I was ten years old. I'm 66 now. I was fishing with my brother in a boat, for salmon, and suddenly this colossal thing, like a colossal great whale, came up out of the water. It was simply colossal:

a great black hump like an upturned boat, but more humpy looking. I was very frightened because I was a child and we were in a boat. But every other sighting I've had I've been on the shore."

Wing commander Cary wanders back to the house and Mrs. Cary continues:

"I didn't see it again until July '54. It came rushing across the loch straight toward me. I saw a very large salmon leap out of its path, and then it appeared to turn and go after the salmon. Then a fortnight later I saw it again when my son was with me—he was in the army and he was home on leave. We were standing on the field just above the castle there, and suddenly this colossal thing just rose up out of the water. It was, I should say, between 50 and 60 feet long and rather like an upturned boat or like a submarine with no conning tower, but a bit more humpy. There was a big commotion as it came up, and then it just lay there quietly. We stopped a man who was passing on his bike, and he came over the fence and stood beside us and watched it as well. It lay there for a long time, not doing anything much, and then it went off slowly across the bay. For about half an hour afterwards people were stopping on the corner saying, 'Well we've seen the monster—did you see it?' And we said, 'Oh yes, we've been watching it for ages.'

"People have a right to say that the thing doesn't exist, just because they haven't seen it themselves, but I mean so many of us *have* seen it, and of all the sightings I've had, on only two of those have I been alone. Every other time I saw it there were other people with me. Once nine of us watched it for seven minutes in the middle of the bay there. I have a card showing a prehistoric monster with a long neck and a small head and flippers and this great humpy back, and that looks to me very much like it. But nobody knows what it is. I know the creatures are there, there's no question about that, and for people to say they're not there just because they haven't seen them is stupid."

I ask her what she thinks about the Japanese's chances for finding the monster. "Well, I don't think they'll have any success, to be quite honest. You see, this thing is really very shy, and if it sees a submarine come toward it, it can just push off. They'll *never* get near it. They'll never see it. They'll never see anything at all. The creatures do occasionally come up, in very warm weather when it's flat calm out like today. That's when you get the sightings. I had a sighting just this June, but that wasn't a very good one. My last good sighting was in 1971. Alec Campbell has had 28 sightings.

"I'm not English, you know, I'm a Scot. Scots with a good education don't necessarily speak with a Scottish accent. My first husband was an officer in the Indian army, in the medical service. Basil is my second. He was in the R.A.F. for 27 years. He was a wing commander, and he's been retired since 1951. I was in the S.O.E. during the war myself."

I ask her what S.O.E. stands for.

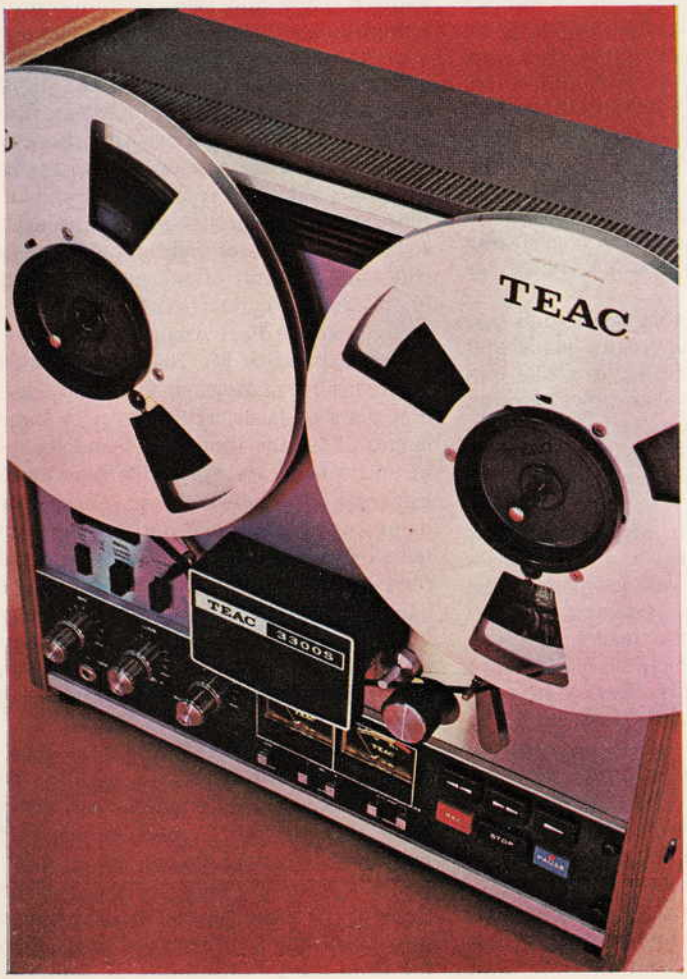
"Special Operations Executive. I'd rather not say what I was doing. We were drilled in security too much for that, I'm afraid."

Suddenly she points out over the loch to the left.

"See over there, those ducks flapping about? There'll be a monster just below them there. Quite a good salmon lie, that, and Nessie is probably just under the surface there, waiting for one to swim by. Yes, there's quite a bit of turbulence in the water over there. Have a look just to the left where those ducks are flapping about. I've seen ducks flapping about just like that before many of my sightings. Well, they're settling down now. Nessie must have gone quite a bit deeper down by now. Pity. I'd be only too delighted if old Nessie would come ashore and let us have a look at her."

•

The area around Loch Ness is felt to be inhabited by more than monsters. Evil spirits, demons, ghosts of massacred clan warriors, and similar things are felt to be quite active here. The local folk



A TEAC tape deck isn't a tape deck.

A TEAC reel-to-reel deck is a whole nother thing. It is a creative tool. A partner in the creative process itself.

Every member of the TEAC reel-to-reel family is designed to expand your imagination and enhance your creativity. From our classic 2300S with its reliable 3-motor, 3-head transport system to our 4-channel 3340S with its 8-input jack and Simul-Sync® that lets you overdub, sweeten, echo, cross-echo, and stack tracks – there's a TEAC in the family whose creative configuration best suits your particular creative bag.

Our 3300S, a semi-professional 15-7½ ips, 10½ inch-reel deck, comes in either ¼-track or 2-track configuration and has "running splice" which enables you to record directly from playback.

Our 4300 with cue-out connection jack, two-position level meter and full reverse circuitry, our 5300 with center capstan drive, DC reel motors, dual-scale VU meters and plug-in electronic boards, our 5500 with dual-function Dolby* circuitry are examples of TEAC creative engineering in the service of creative use. And all TEAC reel-to-reel decks offer complete remote control capability.

Think of your TEAC as an extension of yourself. Then open your head and explore your personal world of sound.

You'll be surprised at the beauty that's there.

Or maybe you won't be.

It's you, it's you

TEAC®

The leader. Always has been.

*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TEAC Corporation of America – Headquarters: Dept. A-21, 7733 Telegraph Road, Montebello, California 90640
TEAC offices in principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, Mexico and Japan. ©TEAC 1973

LOCH NESS MONSTER *I ask if Lee is all right, and he assures me he is. I ask him what terrific Oriental animal thing he growled at Searle. "Sugarprum," says Lee, smiling.*

are, for the most part, too frightened even to talk about it. This past June the chief exorcist of the Church of England (you probably didn't even know they *had* one of those) was brought up to Loch Ness by a well-known British writer named F. W. Holiday. After the exorcist, Reverend Ormand, was through exorcising the loch of its evil influences, he and Holiday went to the home of wing commander and Mrs. Cary, whereupon a whirling black cloud appeared outside the Carys' living-room window. A beam of intense white light went from the cloud to Holiday's forehead, and three loud explosions were heard. Reverend Ormand said they were all in grave danger and must not leave the Carys' house that night. The next morning Ormand and Holiday hightailed it out of Scotland, never to return. The exorcism was not deemed terribly successful.

•

Among the monster hunters at Loch Ness is a fellow named Frank Searle, a British ex-paratrooper who came here four years ago and who's been living in a tent at the edge of the water on the far side of the loch. For the first three years Searle was a dedicated watcher, and although he never saw anything newsworthy, he was fairly highly regarded by his fellow monster hunters. Then, say the local people, something in Searle's mind snapped. He started claiming monster sightings left and right, sending snapshots of alleged monsters to the local papers that were highly suspect, to say the least. Photos of indefinable somethings with a fin painted in here, a hump airbrushed in there.

Lee Frank, Nick Witchell, Holly Arnold, Dick Raynor, and the surviving members of the L.N.I. are furious with Searle. They believe his photos will soon be proven fakes, which will then cast doubt upon their own serious scientific research. Lee asks me if I want to go and meet old Searle. I say sure.

Searle's camp is in the woods just above the shallow rock-strewn beach of the loch. When we arrive he is being interviewed on tape by a German freelance reporter and listened to by Sydney Burton of the *Yorkshire Post* and two old ladies. Searle has a powerful body, black hair, a good tan, a skinny mustache, a very strong Cockney accent, and a kind of wild look in his eyes. I have been told that he hates Americans.

Searle is going on at some length about his photographs—how they are absolutely genuine and unretouched, and how retouching a monster photo is fatal, absolutely fatal. With Searle's Cockney accent the word comes out "fatow." I have by now seen several of Searle's photographs, and if retouching is "fatow," then Searle is a dead man.

Lee asks Searle his opinion of the academy's by-now-famous "flipper photo." Searle says he liked the flipper photo before it was retouched, but not now. Lee points out that the photo was not retouched, it was computer corrected, just like the NASA lunar photos. Searle says that retouching made the flipper photo a fake, whereas his own photos are unretouched and authentic. Lee asks Searle if he has ever signed an affidavit that his photos are authentic. Searle says no, why should he? Lee asks Searle if he would sign such an affidavit if asked to. Searle says no, why should he, and calls Lee an idiot.

Lee continues to bait Searle about his photos, and Searle gets more and more angry. Lee asks Searle if anybody has ever called his photos fakes. Searle says no and begins shaking. Lee asks Searle if he has ever added humps or fins onto any of his photographs. Searle says no and shakes some more. Lee asks Searle why he is shaking. Searle says he isn't shaking, he's just playing with something in his pocket—whereupon Searle pulls out a knife. Everybody present begins to get decidedly nervous, but Lee doesn't feel like quitting. Lee says that if Searle's photos are genuine he has nothing to be nervous or to shake about. Searle lunges at Lee, slams him violently into a tree and screams that he's going to throw him into the loch. I watch, frozen with fascination. I've heard that Searle has had Green Beret–type commando training in the British paratroopers, and I also happen to know that Lee Frank is proficient in a form of Korean karate called *tae kwon do*.

Lee backs away from Searle and says in this seemingly very calm voice that there's no need for Searle to strike him and that he believes Searle owes him an apology. Searle is completely out of control. He lunges for Lee again and screams for him to get off his property.

"You've obviously become too irrational to reason with, Mr. Searle," says Lee, and starts to leave. Searle chases Lee up the inclined wooded path to the highway, screaming. "Get out of here! Get out of here!" in a mad high voice. Lee continues up the path at his own pace. "I'm leaving, Mr. Searle," he says, "but that doesn't change the truth." The instant Lee's back is turned, Searle pounces. Lee whirls around, catching Searle in mid-pounce, at once assuming a karatelike stance, and letting loose the most terrifying Oriental animal growl I ever hope to hear.

Searle falls back, justifiably frightened. Lee composes himself and, in this same terribly calm formal voice, says: "You may not find it worthwhile to strike me again, Mr. Searle." Searle continues to back down the path, muttering to himself. I give Searle a very wide berth and catch up with Lee on the path. I ask if he is all right, and he assures me he is. I ask him what terrific Oriental animal thing he growled at Searle.

"Sugarprum," says Lee, smiling.

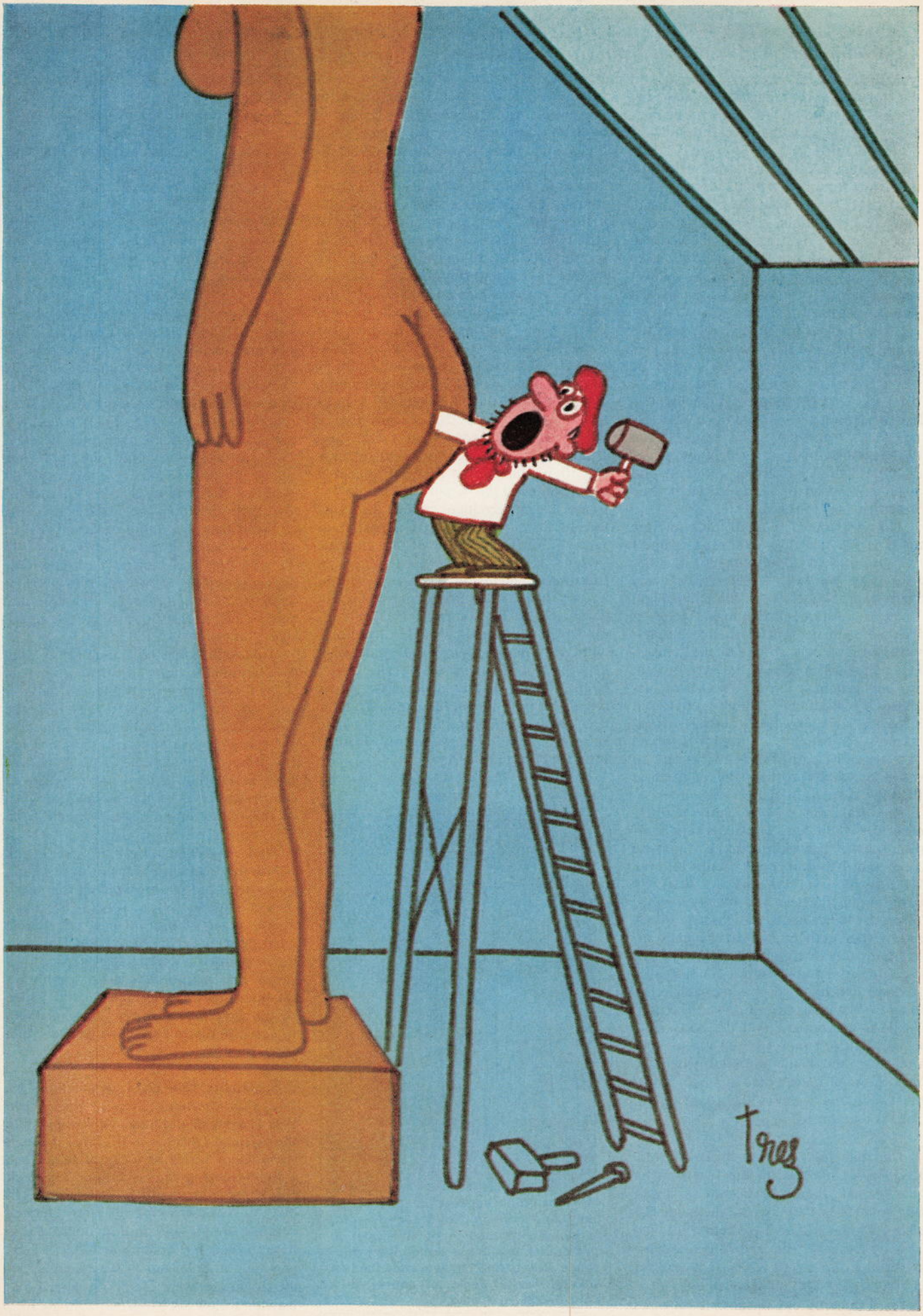
•

It is September 13th and the Japanese are back at Loch Ness, fresh from successful press conferences in London and finally in possession of their impounded diving gear. I ask Mr. Kou when his boys plan to begin diving. Very soon, he assures me. Tomorrow? No, not tomorrow—they don't have any weight belts with them, for some reason, and they can't dive without weight belts. I am not to worry, however—the weight belts are being sent up here at this very moment, and as soon as they arrive the diving will commence. And the submarine, I ask wistfully, will that still be coming up here on September 23rd? Not only is it still coming up here on September 23rd, but Kou is sending out formal invitations to all local residents to come and see it.

That night after dinner everybody gathers in the hotel pub. There has been a monster sighting over the weekend and everybody is anxious to hear about it. The sighting was made by a couple of college kids who were out in a boat, fishing for salmon at the Fort Augustus end of the loch. They saw one hump of the monster's back and reported it to the authorities. It's a pretty routine monster sighting as monster sightings go, but it still causes several of the monster hunters present to berate themselves for not having been at Fort Augustus that day.

A local lad in his 20s, with a thick Scottish burr made even thicker by several pints of lager, rambles on at some length about the monster. As he speaks he sways back and forth like the Queen Elizabeth in heavy seas, alternately dampening himself and me with the contents of his stein of lager. He's seen the obligatory single hump of the monster's back himself, he says, and he devoutly hopes the Japanese don't find the monster. It would ruin the mystery, he says, and then the tourists would stop coming up here.

A local couple, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, tell me of their joint sighting in 1957. Seems a combined zoology team from Oxford and Cambridge was up here trying to prove the monster couldn't possibly exist, and they saw the damned thing at the same time as the Grahams. Perversely, the monster showed itself to the team the following day as well, and


Trez

the former cynics became instant believers. They've never publicized their change of opinion, however, for fear of being ridiculed.

A kilted Scottish nationalist by the name of Ronald Taylor tells me of a very good sighting he once had—head, neck, and shoulders. A woman he knows had a similar sighting and allowed the press to bring her to London, where they made great sport of her in the papers and on the telly. A friend of his named Frances Steward also had a good sighting, but "he had too much pride and too much dignity to tell anybody but his closest friends," says Taylor. "And he would certainly never tell strangers or the press. When people ask me if I've seen the monster, almost always I say no. There's nothing to be gained from the publicity. Most everybody who's seen it is tired of telling about it, and even more tired of being asked if they were drinking at the time."

Taki asks me if she can interview me on tape for her disc-jockey program. I say sure and sit down with her and her Sony. As we talk I become vaguely aware that the activity in the pub tonight is more boisterous than usual: one of the five kilted Scotsmen present has switched clothes with one of the serious-faced Japanese and now the two of them are engaged in a variety of curious activities, including tossing a five-foot birch log back and forth between them, taking turns dancing a barefoot highland fling around a pair of crossed daggers on the floor, and throwing the daggers at the log propped up against the wall.

Alec Farquhar gets his fiddle and another *ceilidh* begins. The Scots sing Scottish songs, Tomoko sings a Japanese song, and then everybody breaks into the lewd rugby song I heard my first day here, about the four and twenty virgins. When the ladies get to the obscene words they either clap or hit their biceps instead of pronouncing them. While all this is going on, Tomoko and a small blonde girl and two dogs go chasing each other in and out among the singers in the pub. Taki has assured me that the Sony is so sensitive it will pick up our voices loud and clear above the din, but when we play the tape back you'd scarcely know the two of us were in the room at all. Taki is astounded.

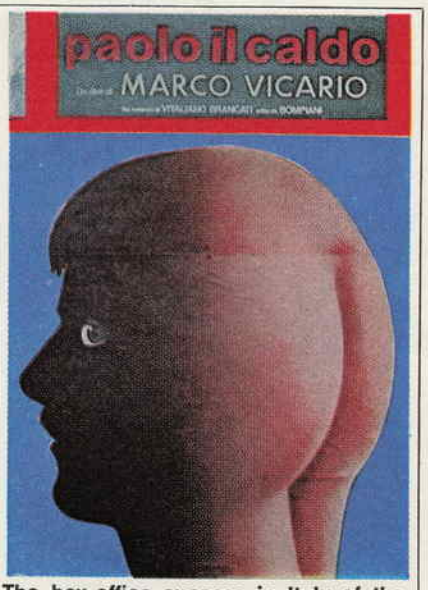
•

Taki had told me that in Tokyo Mr. Kou prides himself on the fact that he goes to bed when everybody else is getting up. He is very sweet, she said, but also very crazy. And I particularly loved hearing from her that the Japanese have as much trouble with Kou's Japanese accent as we do with his English one.

The following day at lunch Kou is, as usual, holding court at the long table in the dining room at which the Japanese have all their meals. As usual, he is smiling and laughing at one of his own perverse jokes, and as usual, Tomoko is bouncing around her sober-faced male teammates, bringing them food and drinks and generally horsing around. It strikes me that Tomoko and Mr. Kou are the only two Japanese who look like they're having any fun here.

Kou invites me to sit down and I do. As usual, I ask when he expects the diving to begin, and as usual, he gives me some upbeat but evasive answer. Somehow I find myself discussing politics with him, and Kou asks me about someone named Esther Bridgeman. I have never heard of a person named Esther Bridgeman, but from Joan Gazza and Istan Diboro experiences I realize there is a 50-50 chance that Esther Bridgeman may not even *be* a person. Kou's extreme accent produces in me the same sort of exotic mirages that appeared to James Thurber because of his extreme myopia. If Joan Gazza was an Egyptian folksinger and Istan Diboro a Hindu writer, then Esther Bridgeman is clearly a feisty Jewish lady from F.D.R.'s administration—the Julia Child of politics, with a square jaw, faint mustache, heavy bosoms, and a marvelous earthy humor. Well, Esther Bridgeman turns out to be nothing more exotic, friends, than Kou's mispronunciation of the "establishment," but somehow I liked my interpretation better.

"I thought Esther Bridgeman was an Istan Diboro," I say to Kou.



The box-office success in Italy of the film *Paolo Il Caldo* (*Hot-blooded Paolo*) is being attributed in no little part to this poster, which has dotted the peninsula's streets and highways for the last several weeks. Paolo, of course, is a consummate ass man.

Kou makes a face.

"No like Istan Diboro," he says.

"No?" I say. "Why not?"

"Not my taste, Istan Diboro," he says.

"What *is* your taste?" I say.

"Prefer *High Noon* cowboy from Texas," he says.

Well, I have no inkling of what he means by this, but I consider it ample repatriation for giving up Esther Bridgeman.

•

It is now September 18th. The weight belts arrived, but their appearance did not precipitate any spontaneous orgy of diving. Instead the Japanese decided they couldn't start diving till the trawler that will tend the submarine arrives from wherever it is coming. The trawler was supposed to be here on September seventh, as was everything else, but they assure me they expect it tomorrow. As soon as the trawler arrives tomorrow, they will absolutely begin diving.

What they are doing today instead of diving is painting signs. I drive down to Temple Pier and look at the signs. One sign says: HERE! A JAPANESE INVESTIGATION-TEAM, PIER (TEMPLE PIER), and the other says: HOLD OUT! A JAPANESE INVESTIGATION-TEAM.

Taki tells us the Japanese are no longer planning to look for live monsters. They'll search for dead ones on the bottom of the loch, when they get the submarine on September 23rd. She says the sub will be coming from France and it will have a French crew. The Japanese have asked that at least one member of the French crew be able to speak English so they can communicate through Taki.

•

Nick Witchell goes to see Frank Searle to plead with him not to send any more doctored photographs to the newspapers. When Nick gets to Searle's camp, even before he can tell Searle what he wants from him, Searle screams he is going to smash Nick's face and throw him in the loch if he doesn't get off his property. Nick goes to the office of the *Inverness Courier* and gets them to agree to do an exposé of Searle's doctored photos.

•

September 19—The trawler finally arrives this afternoon. It is of pre–World War II vintage and looks and sounds like the African Queen. As it chugs through the ancient series of locks at Inverness, a light freezing rain is falling. On deck are three old Scottish trawlermen in dirty oilskins, drinking tea from cracked ceramic mugs, and half a dozen Japanese in their red nylon warm-up jackets, spooning noodles out of plastic cups. All the Japanese who aren't on board the trawler follow its progress from lock to

lock in a yellow Ford. Despite the rain, Kou keeps popping out of the yellow Ford every time the trawler advances, wildly waving Scottish and English and Japanese flags at the men on board the trawler. At one point Kou turns to Taki and asks her for the military flag. *What* military flag, she asks. The Japanese military flag he asked her to get him, he says. This is a scientific expedition, she replies, not a military one. Kou, undaunted, begins singing a Japanese military song.

The trawler chuffs loudly into Loch Ness, with Kou following in the yellow Ford, waving his flags. Just off Temple Pier, the trawler runs aground. It takes an hour and a quarter to get the trawler off the shoal she's stuck on. One reason it takes so long is that the Scottish trawlermen are on board, winching the boat off her anchor in one direction, while the Japanese are onshore, heaving ropes attached to the trawler in the *opposite* direction. It is a wonder, observes a reporter from *Paris-Match*, that the trawler doesn't split in half.

The *Paris-Match* man tells me he's learned that the Japanese will replace all the antiquated navigational gear on the trawler with their own deluxe sonar equipment. "I gather the sonar will be operated by the cabaret artist," he remarks dryly.

September 20—The trawler is off the shoal, the new Japanese deluxe sonar equipment is on board, the weight belts are ready, but the divers have not so much as taken off their shoes. The hang-up now, it seems, is that they are waiting for an air compressor they ordered to be delivered. It was supposed to be here by now, but somewhere en route it has vanished. The Japanese do not seem to be overly distraught about it. I, on the other hand, can claim no such nonchalance.

All the Japanese have done in the last two weeks is talk to reporters, pose for photographs, hold lengthy press conferences, and make arrangements for buying or renting equipment that should have been taken care of long before they ever came to Loch Ness. Lee Frank says that from the questions they've been asking him it's clear that the Japanese had done little or no research before they got here, nor had they talked to or corresponded with any of the several scientists who have done research at the loch in the past. For example, when the Japanese arrived here they were under the impression that the water was clear (it's almost opaque) and that the loch was three kilometers long (it's 24 *miles* long). The Japanese claim to have been planning their expedition for some two years. It beggars the mind to imagine what they were doing with the time.

More and more members of the press show up every day. The London *Sun*, the London *Express*, the *Yorkshire Post*, *The New York Times*, *Paris-Match*,

oui

CAN PROMISE YOU THE WORLD—AND DELIVER IT.

All you do is fill out the coupon below, mail it to us and you become an official OUI subscriber. Then, every month, you receive one very fresh copy of that most worldly magazine,OUI.

Please enter my subscription for

☐ 1 year $10 (save $2.50 off $12.50 single-copy price)

☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

oui 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611 7394

Contraceptives for the Sensuous Man

Times have changed. Today a man just doesn't have to tolerate a sensation-deadening condom when he wants protection. Because now there are gossamer-thin, supremely sensitive condoms that have been designed for *sexual pleasure*, while still providing the most reliable protection of any non-prescription birth control method.

And now you can buy these sensuous condoms without embarrassment... by ordering them through the privacy of the mail from Population Planning Associates.

Our illustrated brochure describes the wide selection of condoms we offer... such as the popular Trojan... the extra-thin Jade .... the pre-shaped Conture... the super-sensitive Naturalamb, made of natural animal membrane. And many more. All of them are electronically tested and meet strict government standards.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Discover our remarkable condoms for yourself... by ordering one of our sampler packs today. We'll also include our brochure free with your order. Or send 25¢ for the brochure alone. All orders are shipped the same day received, and sent in a plain package to insure your privacy. Satisfaction is guaranteed, or simply return the unused portion of your order for a full refund.

Population Planning Associates, 105 North Columbia, Dept. OU-15, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Population Planning Associates, 105 North Columbia, Dept. OU-15, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Please rush the following in plain package:

☐ Sampler containing 12 assorted condoms (four different brands) plus illustrated brochure, just $3.

☐ Deluxe sampler containing 22 assorted condoms (eight different brands) plus illustrated brochure, just $6.

☐ Illustrated brochure only, just 25¢.

Name (please print)

Address

City

State Zip

I enclose payment in full under your money-back guarantee.

LOCH NESS MONSTER *The BBC film crew tries in desperation to shoot footage in the hotel dining room of the Japanese eating their dinner and manages to blow out all the lights.*

National Geographic, Reuters, and the two largest Japanese newspapers are but a few of the organizations that have representatives here. BBC-TV and NBC-TV have film crews here. Nobody can believe they have come for nothing. Reporters prowl about in a state of distraction, hopelessly looking for something—*anything*—to write about or shoot. The BBC film crew tries in desperation to shoot footage in the hotel dining room of the Japanese eating their dinner and manages to blow out all the lights. It is the most interesting event of the week, and the hotel residents and press gather in the pub by candlelight to sing *Shine On, Harvest Moon* and *I've Been Working on the Railroad.*

I walk on through the lobby and notice that the diffident reporter from Japan's second-largest newspaper is having his hand wrung by an elderly British gentleman. As I pass by I hear the British gent saying something patronizing about a group of Japanese doctors he's had some contact with. When the British gent leaves I ask the reporter what they were talking about.

"He is station in Singapore during war," says the reporter, "and he say he find Chinese and Japanese peoples acceptable to him."

The reporter smiles and I laugh, thinking that what we are finding amusing here is the British gentleman's hopeless patronization. And then I'm no longer sure, because the reporter sighs and adds: "I think Scottish and English peoples rike to pull foots of Japanese peoples."

September 23—Today is the day I have been waiting for—the day the submarine is supposed to arrive. Needless to say, it hasn't, and the local people who received Kou's invitations to see the sub are beginning to get a taste of what I've been nibbling on for close to three weeks.

The compressor the Japanese were waiting for did finally show up, but then the Japanese found a new excuse for not diving—they decided they needed a decompression chamber in case any of the divers got the bends and couldn't find a hospital. Miraculously, even the decompression chamber has been obtained by now, and the Japanese, who have apparently run out of excuses for not starting to dive, are growing cranky. They said in a small press briefing I attended last night that they are no longer looking for monsters, either dead or alive. What they are looking for, said Taki, is "monstuh ex*cre*ment—guano." It strikes me that there has been so much monstuh ex*cre*ment dished out around here of late that the genuine article may be a trifle hard to spot.

September 24—I accompany Lee to Smuggler, to check his sonar trackings. Suddenly he becomes quite excited and announces that sometime during the previous night his equipment recorded a two-minute-long triggering of the underwater camera. I am to say nothing about this to anybody for at least two months —that's how long it takes to have the exposed film sent to a lawyer in London, who then sends it to a bonded film lab for developing, which in turn sends it to a computer laboratory for analysis. We go back to the hotel, where Lee receives a cable from Bob Rines in America about the last batch of film Lee sent him some two months ago. The cable reads: HAVE HAD SOME SUCCESS WITH YOUR PICTURES. Lee says that Rines is an extremely cautious man, and that this, for him, is tantamount to wild exhilaration. We go into the pub and Lee buys us a round of brandies. He seems terribly excited. "This is what my months of watching and living in that shack have been about," he says. "It looks like our efforts are finally about to pay off."

September 25—At long last the Japanese have announced they are to begin diving today. I go out in a rented motor launch with NBC London correspondent Liz Trotta and her film crew. The launch is operated by an elderly Scot named Mr. Andrews, who says he's seen the monster twice—once in 1928 when he was a lad of 14, in a boat with 150 people, and once fairly recently. The first time he saw it, he said, it looked "like a great big overgrown sea serpent with long hairs like porcupine hairs on its back." The second time, he thought it looked like a bull.

"If there *is* a monster," asks Liz Trotta, "why do you suppose he doesn't come up more and take a look around?"

"Why should he?" says Mr. Andrews. "What's he got to look at? If you were a monster, would you not stay down below when you've all this crowd after you?"

The Japanese are on the trawler, changing into their diving gear. Under their rubber suits they are wearing either red or yellow or green jump suits with racy stripes along the arms and legs. The diving suits themselves are not the familiar sleek frogman wet suits favored by James Bond, they are bulky rubber dry suits which look like nothing so much as floppy black Doctor Dentons. The divers enter the water and disappear.

They are gone for a fairly long time. Occasionally one glimpses a flipper or a black rubber helmet. Sudden surges of bubbles break the surface, as the remaining Japanese on the trawler and two dozen or so reporters and photographers in three smaller boats scan the murky

"Julia, the training manual clearly says that if a passenger feels faint you stick his head between his *legs. . . ."*

water. Are the occasional surges of bubbles normal, or are they evidence of a grisly underwater struggle with a 60-foot plesiosaurus who hasn't heard he's extinct and who views the divers as just a nice gastronomic alternative to a steady 70-million-year diet of salmon?

At last the divers surface. They are all present and seemingly unnibbled. They are asked what they saw down there. "Water brack as Japanese ink," they say. That's it, folks, the statement we have all been waiting for these past three weeks—"Water brack as Japanese ink." No "one small step for man, one giant step for mankind," just a straight chauvinistic simile on the opacity of the water. In 1958 a Chinese diver went down into Loch Ness for a few dives and then quit, saying cheerily: "I rook hard, but I no see it." Sounds like he might have had the same special-material writer as our friends here.

•

That night after dinner, Kou, who has been in London for several days, shows up in the hotel pub wearing a purple suit and a black suede maxi-coat with red leather piping. I ask him what he's been doing in London and he smiles cryptically. "Many business," he says.

I introduce Kou to Liz Trotta. He is instantly smitten, bowing, kissing her hand, and launching into his own wonderful brand of disjointed conversation. He finds out she comes from Connecticut and starts referring to her as "sweet smell of Co-neck-ket-icut." Liz says Kou is a perfect combination of Little Richard and Cochise. Kou seems pleased, although he is not sure who Cochise is. He tells us that his lawyer comes from Scarsdale and that Taki's mother was once a baroness and that both of Taki's parents are now members of the Japanese parliament, and so on, continuing to fling himself headlong into the middle of sentences without looking. He asks me why I think it is that all the important men in the world have Japanese wives. I reply that I had been totally innocent of this coincidence and press him for illustrations. John Lennon, he says, and Henry Miller, and Indonesian President Sukarno. Before I am able to make some suitable comment, Kou is off and running again, conversationally straight-arming *non sequiturs* out of the way like would-be tacklers.

Kou happens to be rather close friends with Henry Miller, he tells us—he once staged an exhibit of Miller's erotic drawings when nobody else would do it. He's also very tight with Muhammad Ali ("Moha Ma Dali"), whom he of course brought to fight in Japan, and Norman Mailer, with whom it's not known how he has any connection, if, in fact, he does have any.

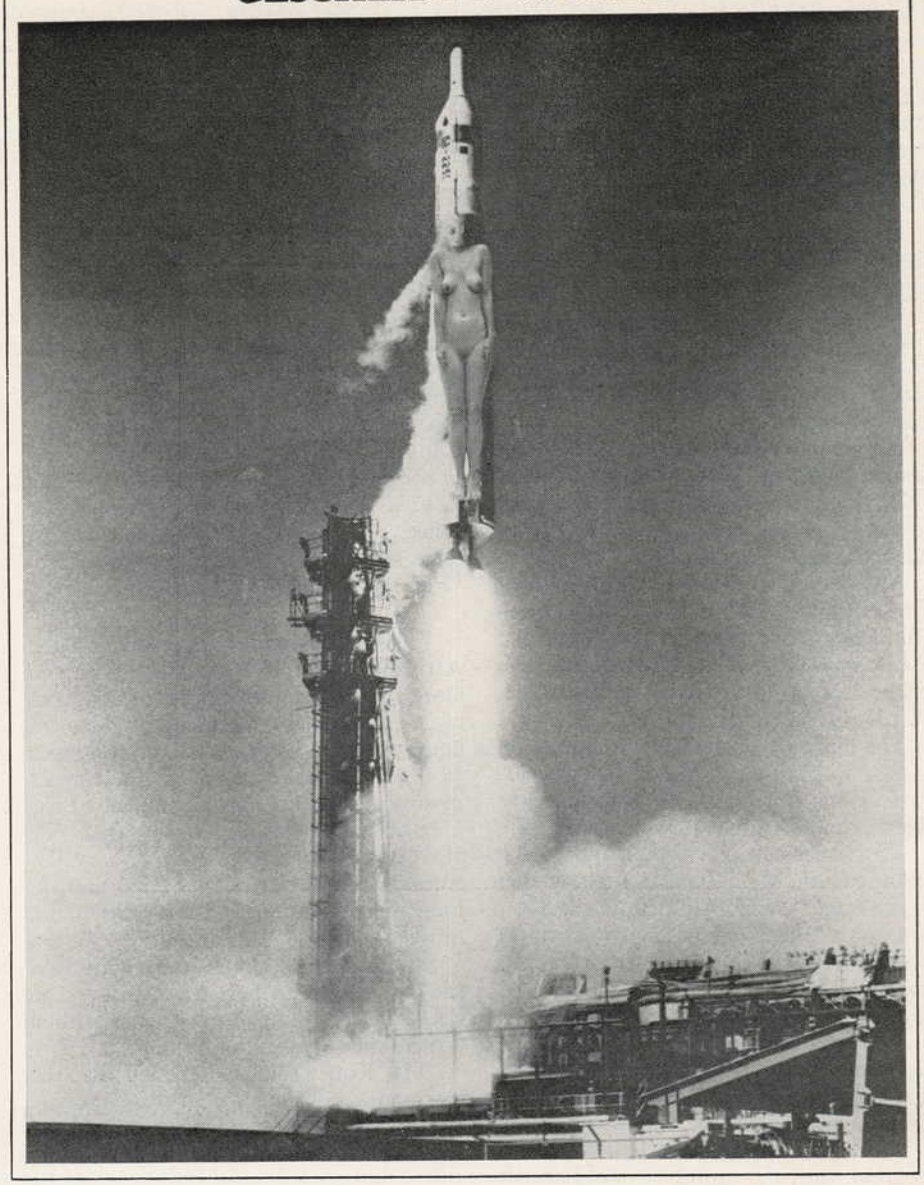
Kou says that when he's through monster hunting in late November he's going to visit Henry Miller in Los Angeles. He generously invites me to come with him. While he's at it, he invites me to visit him in Tokyo after that. In January he plans to be in Jamaica, where a friend of his has a house. He invites me there, too, and I accept all three invitations, knowing he's already forgotten them.

Kou asks me how I unnastan the success in America of the book *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* ("Joantun-Rivstun-Sego"). He tells me that Taki studied at —and I swear to God he said this—"U.C.R.A." You and I thought that was just a joke on a Kingston Trio record some years ago, but I am here to tell you that a bona fide Oriental person said it in perfect seriousness.

For some insane reason Kou fixates on the word *fuck* and begins using various forms of it in his conversation, wildly out of context, sprinkling them into perfectly ordinary sentences like peppercorns on peanut butter. "Ffffuckking," he says mellifluously, apropos of nothing in particular. He is as delighted with the word as a six-year-old with a new toy. Liz Trotta has covered a fair number of foreign wars and has presumably heard this word once or twice before, but around us on all sides in the pub are women and children who have led fairly sheltered lives up till now. "Ffffffffffuckkking!" says Kou merrily once again, and a mother a few seats away from us draws her child a bit closer to her.

Knowing of the Japanese love of credentials, I had brought Kou two things I'd written—a book called *Scoring: A Sexual Memoir* and a *Playboy* article titled *My First Orgy*. Kou tells me that he's now finished reading both of them, which I consider unlikely. He asks me how it feels to be the sex symbol of America. I say that he is the first to recognize me as such. He asks me if I find sex glorious or miserable. Not knowing what else to say, I tell him maybe a little of both, and he seems pleased. "You are

GESCHEIDT'S WORLD



ffffuckker," he says. I smile wanly, not knowing whether I am being complimented or insulted. "You are paper sex man," he says, and seems immensely pleased with his little joke. He tells Liz Trotta I am paper sex man and plants a kiss on her. "That's the third time you've kissed me, Mr. Kou," she says uneasily.

Fearing I might not have gotten his little joke, he decides to explain it to me. "You know," he says, "Chairman Mao say Yewhessay paper tiger—so *you* paper sex man."

He plants another kiss on Liz. "That's number four, Mr. Kou," she says. He decides to explain the paper sex man joke to her. She says she gets it. He turns back to me. "You paper sex man," he says, "but you have rot of crass." I thank him. "Before you come to Drumnadrochit, very quiet place. Then paper sex man come. Now it sex melting pot." He kisses Liz again. "That's number five, Mr. Kou," she says.

The manager of the hotel, a shy Scotsman named David Field, is persuaded to bring out his guitar and sing. He does so and sings beautifully, with a surprising American accent that sounds like Johnny Cash. Mr. Kou asks Field to sing "Jay Bruce," which sounds like a Scottish song, but Field hasn't heard of it. Then it develops that Kou was asking to hear *GI Blues*.

Field either plays *GI Blues* or doesn't, but Kou has already lost interest—when somebody else is singing and playing the guitar, it is very difficult to keep the spotlight on yourself.

Kou tells us of an interview he had in London with the editor of the London *Daily Mirror*. The *Daily Mirror* was looking for outrageous quotes and Kou was only too happy to oblige. Kou had been quoted in several papers as hoping to be able to present Princess Anne and Queen Elizabeth with framed photographs of the monster. The *Daily Mirror* asked Kou if there were any circumstances under which he and his team might kill the monster. Kou says he replied: "If your Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth, wish me to kill monstuh, I kill monstuh—I give head to Queen Elizabeth, give one frippa to Princess Anne, another frippa to Mao Tse-Tung, another frippa to Jackie Kennedy, another frippa to Chiang Kai-shek, and tail to Emperor Hirohito—but nothing to Nixon." Kou flashes us a beatific smile. "Stars and stripes for *never*," he says.

It is hard to know how to react. When a non-American says a possibly anti-American thing, does protocol demand satisfaction in the form of a slap with a leather glove? Neither Liz nor I know what to do, so we end up being journalists. You mentioned Nixon, we say—what are your views on Watergate?

"Not rike Nixon," says Kou, "but if I President, I do same thing."

"Would you *like* to be President, Mr. Kou?" says Liz.

"If they ask me," says Kou, and plants another kiss.

"That's number nine, Mr. Kou," says Liz.

David Field, to Kou's annoyance, has continued to sing and play over all of this. Though Liz and I have been speaking in stage whispers, Kou has been using his ordinary loud voice, and several people in the pub who prefer to listen to Field have been shooshing Kou to be quiet. Tiring of the scene, Kou stands, bows to all present, intones a hearty "Ffffuck on!" and leaves the pub.

•

The Japanese continue to dive off the African Queen–like trawler, with no more exciting consequences than the loss of a number of expensive pieces of equipment in the water. Kou continues to be expansive with me on the subject of sex and evasive on the subject of the long-overdue submarine. And then one night he says he has something very important to tell me. It is so important, in fact, that he cannot tell me himself but must use Taki to translate.

We go into the hotel lobby with Taki and he jabbers to her in Japanese. The U.C.R.A. graduate turns to me with a professional interpreter's smile.

"Mr. Kou wishes to tell you that the German submarine which was to come from Japan is no longer coming. Mr. Kou says to tell you that the reason the submarine is no longer coming is that he has found out it was only capable of descending to a depth of 200 feet, and, since Loch Ness is nearly 1000 feet deep, it did not seem practical." Kou babbles some more to her in Japanese. "Mr. Kou is extremely sorry to have to tell you this," she says, "because he knows how much you wanted to go down into Loch Ness in the submarine. Mr. Kou wanted to bring the submarine here anyway, just for demonstration purposes, but the various members of the team voted and decided that it would be a waste of money." Still more jabbering from Kou. "We are now negotiating for the French submarine, but the earliest that one could possibly get here would be October tenth."

Taki smiles her professional smile again, nods to Kou, nods to me, and leaves. Kou smiles apologetically at me. I tell him that I can no longer justify my stay at Loch Ness and that I'll probably leave tomorrow for New York. He nods. I ask him to please wire me the instant the French sub arrives at Loch Ness and I'll fly back to see it. He promises to wire me. I ask him if I can still go down in the loch in the new sub. He says yes. I ask if he'll go down in the sub as well. Oh no, he says. I ask him why.

"Not my taste," he says. "Not my principle."

"Why not?" I say.

"Submaleen get stuck—go straight to heaven," he says.

•

September 27—I say goodbye to Mr. Kou, to Lee, to Liz, and all the rest of my friends. As I pass by the pub with my suitcase I duck in to say goodbye to several members of the press. An 87-year-old Scots lady by the name of Mrs. Black is talking to two copy-starved journalists as Tomoko bounces into the room. Mrs. Black sees Tomoko and immediately takes her cane and begins banging it on the floor and chanting, "You cannot have our monster! You cannot have our monster!"

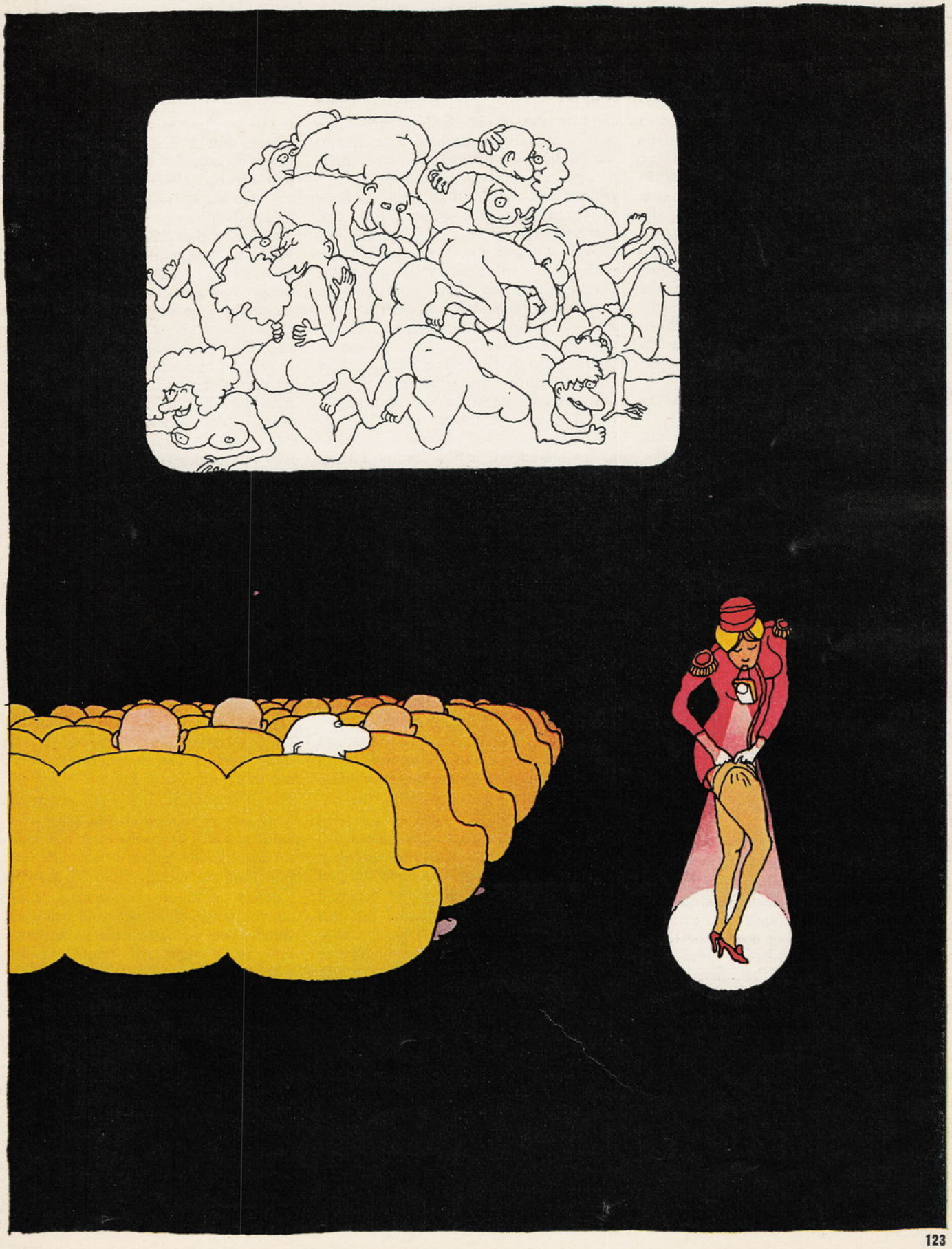
Don't worry, Mrs. Black. As Mrs. Cary said, they'll never get near it—they'll never see it at all.

•

And so I return to New York, and I am forced to tell my friends that no, I didn't see the monster, and yes, I believe it exists, and no, I didn't get to ride in the submarine. October tenth, the day the French sub was to appear, comes and goes without word from Kou. On November 18th the Chicago *Sun-Times' Midwest* magazine runs an article on the Japanese at Loch Ness, and it is plain to see that the sub has still not come and that the writer did not even get to meet Mr. Kou, who happened to be out of town at the time—presumably at a press conference. Going to Loch Ness and not meeting Mr. Kou is like going to Disneyland and not meeting Mickey Mouse.

And then on November 24th, I receive the following cable from Scotland: FIRST RESEARCH TERMINATED STOP FINALLY SUBMARINE WAS PROVED MEANING NOTHING EXCEPT WASTING MONEY STOP HOWEVER WE STUDIED MANY THINGS FROM ROCH NESS AND GOT MANY FRIENDS STOP GOING BACK TO TOKYO 26TH NOV STOP PLEASE CONTACT TOKYO IF NECESSARY REGARDS KOU.

So that's that. I'll miss the Scottish people, I'll miss Lee and Nick and Liz and the various journalists I met up there. I'll miss Taki and Tomoko, but most of all I'll miss perverse, outrageous Mr. Kou. Someday he and I will have to get together, at Henry Miller's place perhaps, and reminisce about Joan Gazza and Istan Diboro and Esther Bridgema. and the gang. And while I'm at it, I'm going to try and find out how the name of the place we all spent time in last fall ended up in the telegram as "Roch Ness." ▣



GUERRIER

JOHN MONEY *"People without penises probably don't have the same sort of sexual experience that normal people do, but they do have erotic experiences, an erotic life."*

(Continued from page 76) to kill herself, she noticed a tiny story in the local paper about the gender-identity program we have at Johns Hopkins. She wrote to me asking, "Do I have hope at last?" She came up here and we did the operation, arranged for the hormone treatment, and so forth. She—now he—moved to New York. Transexuals usually try to start a new life after the operation—someplace where nobody knows them or anything about their past. But he happened to renew his acquaintance with a woman he'd known in his own country. She came up here because she was pregnant. Even though the woman knew the history of my transexual patient, she wanted to marry him and did, and they began raising the baby. The child is now eight or nine years old, and she's just crazy about her father. Of course, she has no idea about his medical history, nor do any of their neighbors or friends.

OUI: And he's completely masculine in appearance now?

MONEY: Well, a story might help answer that. In the firm where he works, there are some other men from the country he comes from—a *machismo*-type culture. They think of themselves as big lovers, and one Christmastime they arranged to send their wives home so they could get some girls and do some partying. They asked my patient along. Of course, he was flattered and he went, but the whole time he was scared stiff he'd have to take his pants off and show his punky penis.

OUI: But he does have a penis?

MONEY: He has an artificial penis, a skin graft. It won't get erect, of course, so he puts it inside a holder to give it some support. His clitoris is embedded in the top side of it, and he gets his erotic sensation from that.

OUI: Is it possible for him to have an orgasm?

MONEY: You bet it is. As a matter of fact, it's probably better for him than for most men. He's on androgens—that is to say, male hormones. Androgens increase the erotic drive in women, and as a result he can have a big double or triple orgasm, three, four, five—all more powerful than they used to be when he was a woman.

OUI: What about his wife?

MONEY: In intercourse his clitoris and his wife's mons are in contact, so they turn each other on simultaneously.

OUI: But it's basically a kind of lesbian relationship, isn't it?

MONEY: I've said exactly that to her. And she answered, "Yes, but I don't feel that way, because everything about my husband is so masculine. When you have the right kind of relationship it's easy to overlook what is after all a very slight handicap as far as the sex organs are concerned, because when we make love we both really enjoy it. He understands my needs better than most men would. So it isn't hard to make a small sacrifice when you have so much going for you, including a very good orgasm." I believe her.

OUI: Before, you were telling me about the twin boy who had lost his penis completely and it was decided to turn him into a girl. Why couldn't you have made an artificial penis for him, too?

MONEY: Oh, well, he'd have had to grow up for a long time without one, and that's what we were trying to avoid. Although, I'll concede, it's possible for a man to have an orgasm without a penis. One man I saw as a boy many years ago is a case in point. He was a hermaphrodite—in this case, a female who had gotten an overdose of male hormones before birth and who had developed an enlarged clitoris and a scrotum. Everybody thought he was a boy, and he was raised as a boy. By the time the mistake was discovered, around the middle of his childhood, it was far too late to change him over. When I saw him at age 20, he was short, about five foot, one, but powerfully built. To talk to him, you'd think of him as being terribly masculine—involved with cars, football, hunting, that kind of thing. Today he's married and he and his wife have adopted a couple of kids. And he still has no penis, but he can have an orgasm, because what he's got is the equivalent of a clitoris. It's about two centimeters long.

OUI: So that a transexual switching sex either way can expect to have a relatively normal sex life, with orgasms.

MONEY: No, I didn't say that. They can have a sex life, of course, but not always with orgasms. It depends. When a woman switches from female to male, the potential for orgasm is always there as long as she—or he, to be accurate—has a clitoris remaining. But with a male, when you remove the penis completely and build an artificial vagina, the potential for orgasm usually disappears. But this isn't to say that they don't enjoy sex—they do. It's hard to put something like that into words, but they describe a sort of peak experience that many of them say is entirely satisfactory.

OUI: This is when a former male is having intercourse with another man via an artificial vagina. Where does this erotic feeling come from?

MONEY: Pressure on the prostate, probably. It strikes me as being somewhat similar to erotic sensations during childhood. I know that Alfred Kinsey described orgasm in male children under a year of age, but I can't bear him out. I've interviewed a lot of people about their childhoods, and, of course, I've dealt with a great many kids through the clinic here, and I've not yet come across anything I'd be willing to describe as an orgasm as adults know it. But I'd like to have more evidence. Young people who, because of some delay in their development, are not yet into puberty tell me of reaching some kind of peak experience, but I don't recognize it as a pumping orgasm. I had a patient years ago who had a relatively mysterious disorder of the testicles: they had withered away when he was a small child. He got married, and at 21 he had appendicitis. When he was admitted to the hospital, he was discovered to be completely prepubertal—fully grown, with arms and legs getting too long for his body to some extent, but no body hair, and a penis like that of a ten-year-old boy. I got a chance to talk to him and his wife. There was no doubt that he had been having erections, which isn't odd because even newborn babies sometimes have erections, but as far as orgasm was concerned, it was this peak experience I was talking about, with quiescence afterward. Well, we put him on hormones, of course, and he began to mature to the point where he could have a more typically adult orgasm with some ejaculation. But the fascinating thing is that he finally gave up the hormone treatment because this new adult orgasm didn't seem all that much better to him. So to get back to the original point, transexuals, people without penises probably don't have the same sort of sexual experience that normal people do, but they do have erotic experiences, an erotic life. And I don't think we're justified in saying that one thing is more ideal than another. There's too much variety in life.

OUI: It sounds as if you are saying that there are more than two sexes.

MONEY: Well, certainly there's potential for a lot more variety in sexual expression than we usually think. I think we touched on this earlier when I pointed out the range of homosexual behavior.

OUI: So you see human beings as divided into more than two types, at least sexually?

MONEY: I think I'd rather say that there are a number of different categories. Male primates generally are turned on by the pheromones—that is to say, odiferous material produced by the female organs during estrus. The one exception seems to be mankind. Men are basically triggered by visual stimuli—the sight of a naked woman, the sight of female genitals. But there are some men who are very turned on by oral sex, and I have the suspicion that these men are responsive to odors in the same way other

長樂

LONG JOY

The words Long Joy are, in a certain sense, contradictory.

Happy—seems too short. Unhappy—lasts forever.

The idea of Long Joy is to make happy—long.

The Long Joy formula base is a combination of Chinese animal and plant substances in a convenient aerosol spray.

Long Joy extends the time before the male climax.

Long Joy extends the time of sexual pleasure.

Long Joy gives you the comfortable confidence of knowing fulfillment will come to you and your love partner.

LONG JOY
P. O. BOX 2267
LA JOLLA, CA 92037

Please send___packages of Long Joy @ $12.00 ea.

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____. Add 75¢, per package, for postage and handling. California residents add 5% sales tax (60¢ per package).

Payment by check: allow four weeks for delivery. By money order: allow 10 days for delivery.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

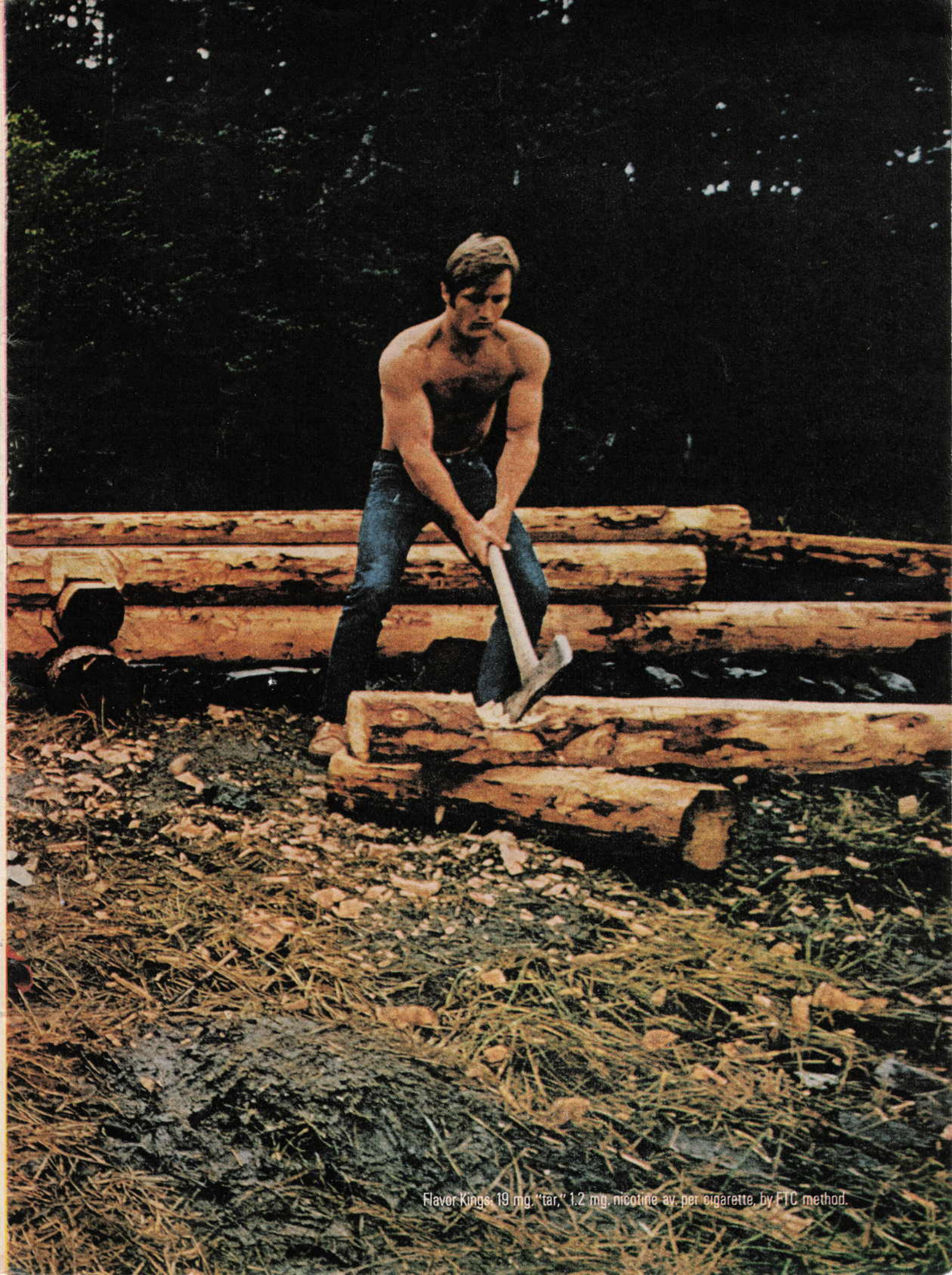
N.T.M. Associates International, Inc., A Subsidiary of Chinese American Giant Corporation, La Jolla Financial Building, 1200 Prospect Street, La Jolla, CA 92037

Wide open flavor™

New blend
New pack
Great new taste

LIGGETT & MYERS INCORPORATED. DURHAM, N.C.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



Flavor Kings. 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

primates are. So you see, there's another type, another category of human being.

OUI: And you think there may be a number of different categories.

MONEY: Yes, here's another. I've done a whole lot of work with girls suffering from what is known as adrenogenital syndrome, where genetic girls get a heavy dose of male hormones while they are still in their mothers' wombs. In some cases, masculinization will be considerable. The clitoris will enlarge to the point where it virtually looks like a penis, and there will be a complete scrotum but, of course, no testicles. In other cases, the degree of masculinization is slighter—the clitoris is slightly enlarged, and so forth. We understand this particular syndrome today, and we usually spot it at the time of birth. With surgery and hormone therapy, if necessary, we can correct the condition and allow these little girls to grow up normally. I mean, they'll go on to marry and have babies and all the rest of it. I've found that although you'd never know that they're anything but girls, they are, in fact, a little abnormal, because they tend strongly to be tomboys. They're not much interested in frilly clothes, but like to wear jeans and so forth, and they're inclined to get into competition with the boys around them. Further, as teenagers, and even as adults, they're somewhat insecure about their ability to take care of a baby, although once they have one they prove to be perfectly adequate mothers. What is happening here, obviously, is that prenatal hormones, those male hormones they got in the womb, have wired the brain to an extent in a masculine direction. The point is, you have to see this tomboyism as a shade or hue of femininity. These are not little boys disguised as girls, they are one of a number of categories of females. Their way of behaving is just as legitimate as any other.

OUI: So you think that these various categories of human beings are created by different programs of hormones before birth?

MONEY: Not necessarily, no. You can't separate the physiological and the psychological that easily. We develop our gender out of an interaction of what we're born with and what happens to us as we grow. Remember, a child first understands whether he's a boy or girl from cues given to him by the people around him, especially his parents. And the parents in turn take their cues from what they see there—principally whether the child has a penis or a vagina. And if the parents see a girl when there's a boy there, that boy will grow up to be a girl, regardless of penis, hormones, chromosomes, or anything else, although he's going to be confused and unhappy.

OUI: But it was hormones that were mainly responsible for creating that tomboy category.

MONEY: Yes, although again, how the parents reacted to their daughter's tomboyism was important. Were they accepting of it, or did they try to squelch it? But you're right, the hormonal program before birth is a factor. And it comes to this: people have different inheritances in a variety of ways. We are born different sizes, with different eye colors, different hair colors. In fact, there really isn't any single thing about the human being that is always exactly the same in all people. So why should we expect that we will all get exactly the same amounts of hormones before birth or at puberty? We have to assume that we're all programmed somewhat differently, both by hormones and by the way we are raised, and this in turn means that there isn't any sort of "ideal" behavior pattern.

OUI: Do you consider homosexuality natural, then?

MONEY: I consider it a potentiality in the human being. Obviously, we can't all be exclusive homosexuals unless we're willing to let the species die out. But bisexuality is clearly a human potential. In many cultures some types of homosexuality are totally acceptable. There's a culture in the southwest Pacific Islands, for example, where heterosexual relationships are forbidden during adolescence, until the individuals are married. Boys in this culture are more or less exclusively homosexual during adolescence. There's nothing underhanded about it, either—it's the normal, expected pattern of behavior. This sort of thing appears in many other cultures, too.

OUI: But if human beings have the potential for so much variety in their sex lives, why is it that we so often conform to a standard pattern? Sure, there's plenty of homosexuality in the world, but the basic sex act everywhere is heterosexual. Similarly, monogamous marriage and the incest taboo are virtually universal, and there are few societies that encourage sexplay between adults and children, although there are some. Despite the potential for variety, sex seems to come down, in most instances, to variations on the same theme.

MONEY: I'd like to say two things about that. One is this whole question of threshold. If you take a female rat who has recently given birth and put it with some young, it will instantly begin to take care of them. If you take a female rat who is not in a nurturing phase, it will take care of the young, too, but it will take it longer to get around to it. In other words, its reactions to the presence of the young rats won't be so strong and immediate. Finally, if you put some young in with a male rat, it will do virtually no caretaking, and the young will ultimately die. However—and this is the point—if you keep putting new litters of rats in with that male, by the end of a week or so it will have started to do some caretaking. In other words, the potential for caretaking behavior is in the male, too, but the threshold at which it can be elicited is higher.

OUI: So that males and females are, at base, the same.

MONEY: Well, we think so. I mean, we think that their brains are fundamentally the same, but they get wired differently in the course of development. Those male rats have that caretaking potential built into their heads, but it's harder to elicit it because the connections haven't been wired up. And similarly in sex, it seems to me that there are all these potentials for different types of behavior, but they are easier or harder to elicit in different people.

OUI: So you believe, then, that our sexual behavior tends to conform to a basic pattern because that's the one most easily elicited?

MONEY: There's more to it. The human being has surrounded himself with an awful lot of irrational taboos—rules about what to eat and how, rules about shitting, rules about who you can have sex with and when and how. These rules don't stem out of the Judaeo-Christian ethic; they go way back to prehistory, long before the Bible was ever thought of. Now, the function of a taboo is this: it gives you an extremely powerful lever for controlling behavior. And notice, when the Government's report on pornography came out and said that pornography didn't do you any harm, the U. S. Senate voted against it 60 to 5, even before they had read it. The President of the United States disowned it, even though it was his own commission's report. We know from the John Birch Society that you can evoke tremendous voter support if you start talking about rape or abortion or homosexuality or especially sex and children. One of the things I'd most like to do is make some real studies of childhood sexuality. I'd like to know exactly what kids are really doing. But just try and get a grant to do something like this—you can't. I think those priestly groups before recorded history invented these systems of taboo to control people—I think those bastards discovered the whole taboo business. Today, we're trying to break out of this, to begin to develop the potential in all human beings. That is where true freedom lies. But I'll confess, I don't know if we're going to suceed. ▣

"I could take this all year long, Miss Abernathy."

Entertainment that reaches right to the heart of today's urbane man.
Incisive humor . . . breath-taking females . . . uproarious cartoons . . . revealing interviews, fact, fiction and fashion . . .
plus a continuous outpouring of all that's new and interesting.
The convenience of having a year of PLAYBOY delivered to your door
at a big $3.00 saving. Subscribe today!

PLAYBOY Playboy Building
919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611

Please enter my subscription for:

- ☐ 3 years $24 (save $15.00 off $39 single-copy price)
- ☐ 1 year $10 (save $3.00 off $13 single-copy price)
- ☐ Bill me later
- ☐ Payment enclosed

☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐☐

name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

9503

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

SWEDISH GIRLS GO JA, JA *"Isn't it a shame that the romantic aspects of love have been lost in the shuffle for emancipation? Getting together with a guy these days is like shopping in a supermarket."*

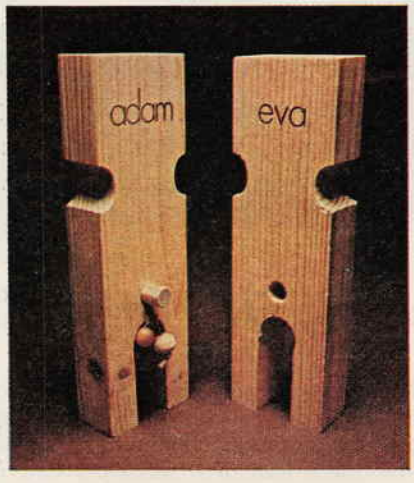
(Continued from page 60) absurdly occupied with our chastity or frantically screwing to keep up with our media image. What we needed was freedom from the sinful-and-promiscuous routine. Less guilt, more equality. And now it's starting to happen. Sweden's Social Democrat government was backing feminist demands by the mid-Sixties and took a radical stand on sexual politics. They legislated a series of bills covering aid to unwed mothers, sex education at seven, compulsory contraception information at 14 (which may be lowered to 11), instant divorce, and excellent day-care centers. Sweden is the only country in the world where sex education is compulsory—it's been taught since 1956 in all the schools, presented without any moral bias. Large billboards in the subways caution against unwanted pregnancy, and now you find condom automats outside restaurants on downtown streets. At discotheques, women ask men to dance. Sometimes they ask them home, as well.

The extraordinarily liberalized status of Swedish women has had a great impact on the whole society. Some people accuse the government of having unloosed an unspeakable Satyricon; others praise it for having created a verdant sexual Arcadia. The reaction abroad has ranged from fascinated disbelief to hysterical scorn. Roland Huntford, the London *Observer* correspondent stationed in Stockholm, says in *The New Totalitarians* that "the Swedish rulers have been active leaders in a moral revolution. . . . They have sponsored and directed the new permissiveness. Because he is sexually emancipated, the Swede believes he is a free man and judges liberty entirely in sexual terms. The new permissiveness has led to compulsive sexuality. An amoral view prevails and what finally emerges is a physiological conception of sex as a bodily function, to be practiced in the interest of good health, like eating, drinking, and keeping one's bowels open." The book caused an uproar. The Swedes labeled it "political pornography."

Birgitta Linnér, a lawyer, psychologist, and founder of the Stockholm Family Counseling Bureau, feels that all this talk of promiscuity is off the mark. "What we have in Sweden is permissiveness. We accept sex as a reality for both men and women. This generation does openly what mine did stealthily and with guilt feelings. Their behavior is healthier." Dr. Ira L. Reiss agrees and makes this comparison in his book, *Premarital Standards in America*: "The American female is much freer with her sexual favors in all respects except intercourse. The Swedish female will not usually indulge in heavy petting unless she is seriously and affectionately involved and therefore intends to have intercourse; otherwise she feels such behavior is far too intimate. The American pets with more freedom, yet she stops short at actual coitus. One might say that the American women are more virginal than the Swedish, but they are the ones who are promiscuous."

A recent Swedish government "Kinsey Report" pointed out that Sweden doesn't necessarily practice what it preaches. The statistics said the average girl experiences intercourse for the first time at the not very tender age of 17½, boys at 16½. More than 90 percent of the people approved of premarital sex, but only ten percent condoned sex outside of marriage. And the majority of women had had only two other lovers before marriage.

The Swedes are still talking about sex. But now Swedish women are experiencing the same kind of confusing freedom that women's liberation has brought to women in the United States: to fuck or not to fuck. Some Swedish women were discussing it with me, and it is still a confusing subject. Karin, a 21-year-old student, said, "It all sounds like women are merely demonstrating to show their independence. Do they feel free? Are they having any fun? Isn't it a shame that so many of the romantic aspects of love have been lost in the shuffle for emancipation? Getting together with a guy these days is like shopping in a supermarket and checking out at the cash register."



Finnish fun

Adam and Eva. Two smooth blocks of Finnish pine. Designer Ismo Kajander fits them together like so: Adam has a wooden rod and two wooden beads below, as his basic male apparatus; Eva displays a perfectly tooled hole in front. His rod inserts snugly into her hole, and the two blocks are as one. Just like a couple of lovebirds, except fibrous instead of fleshy, square instead of rounded, and hard instead of soft. Ah, those Finns.

Helga, a beautiful Swedish girl whose husband died a year ago in an auto accident, said, "I married for love and I believed in all the concepts of romantic love. We had a fantastic time, but now he's dead and that's it. No use going back over it again. But I'm really grateful I don't have to go back and live the same agony I did when he was courting me. Life is too short. If I want to see a guy today I call him, and if he's busy I call another guy and I don't lose face doing it, at least not among my friends. But I don't call just anybody. I get in touch with a friend because I need to get out, have a nice evening, have company, and if it leads to bed, that's OK; but that isn't my basic objective."

Monica, a publisher, prefers friends. "I've had a few one-night stands and I hate them. I think it's uncivilized to screw blindly with a man you have never seen before and who doesn't know you. It's a waste of time. I treat a man like a human being. I don't demand miracles or stunt performances, and I don't fuss when he leaves. I expect the same of him."

"Oh, why be so terribly *serious* about fucking?" says Eva, a successful TV producer. "What of it? It's just sex. What are you really trying to say? On the one hand we're talking about women's rights and how we must be equal with men. Fine. But then why do you turn the issue of a simple fuck into such a dilemma? Since I was 15, I've really liked to get laid. I'm sure everyone here does, too, but is too uptight to admit it. The only criterion in sex is if it's good, not who it's with. That's nothing but an excuse for a hang-up.

"You're all trapped by social fear, and what's worse, you're stuck with a notion of romantic love. You can think only in monogamous terms. Men have shown they can't live like that. You tell me women are equal to men. Then why can't you treat sex with the same dispassion? You think sex and love are the same, that you can't have one without the other. But that's wrong; ask any man. Women must always possess: a man, things, status. You still can't believe that you can make it on your own terms. And you'll never be free unless you can face up to all this. And I'll bet you're all miserable fucks."

As always, freedom is a frightening matter. Just another something to be discussed. Dispassionately. ▣

GURU MAHARAJ JI *The guru finished off with a few more parables about cars: he was the filter for the gas line to keep your system clean, etc. Then he left.*

(Continued from page 100) uses a stock set of parables most of the time, just picking up a new one every now and then. One new one that seems to tickle him is "try it, you'll like it," meaning, of course, "his path."

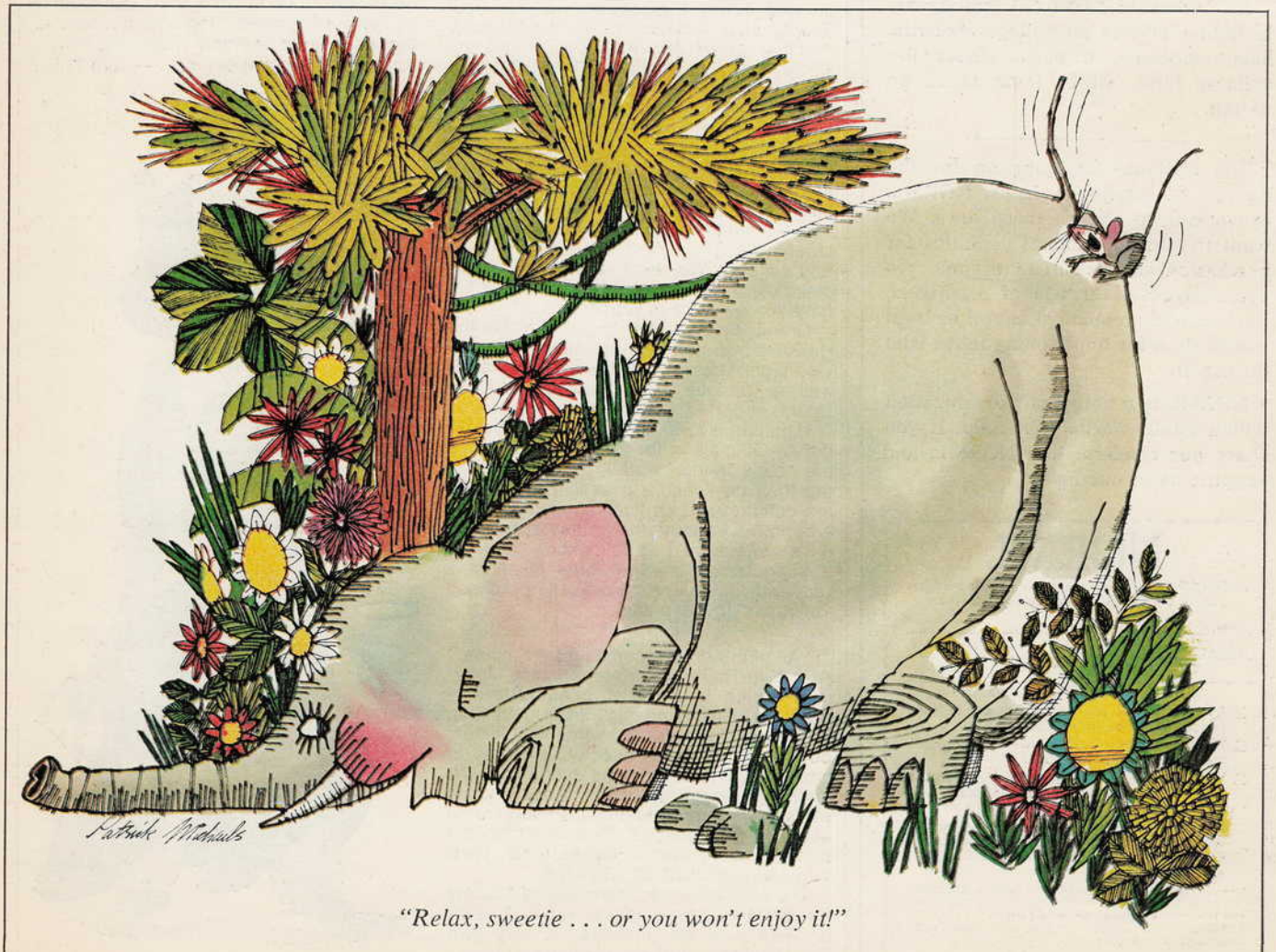
The second evening's address was a little more hard-sell than the first. The first night the guru had said, "If you want to be a Catholic, fine. I have something more to say." Tonight he still said you could be of another faith, but now he said that the other faith wouldn't work: "You cannot serve two masters. I am the one with the answers." Funny how last night it was OK to keep what you had and just get a little extra from him.

The crowd had picked up by tonight, too. It jumped from about 10,000 to 15,000. The guru finished off with a few more parables about cars: he was the filter for the gas line to keep your system clean, etc. And then he left. Again tonight, like last night, people sort of looked at each other questioningly, shrugged their shoulders, and dispersed raggedly into the night, where the warring factions were still hammering out their protests. I left with my little premie to take in some local color and some good country-and-western music. A bellman back at the hotel hustled up some directions, and we were off.

Inside, the place was packed. Red lights, two dollars' admission through a turnstile, barn wood, and mounted bull-horns. I thought maybe I could bliss out here myself. Wrong! The tequila sunrises were three parts grenadine, one part heaven-knows-what. The country-and-western band wasn't. They were a low-order country band hacking out old Beatles tunes badly. And the people here were more depressing than the premies. They were all drunken rednecks and they were falling over each other. It was miserable except for one young dude in a white Western hat with a ten-inch brim who was out front and dapper with the ladies. He went from one table to another trying to find a lady who would like to spend the evening with him. I admired his frankness. He didn't go home alone that night, either. But for the most part these cowboys were blissed out themselves, in a grotesque, zombiesque fashion. These were the usual Friday night, cash your pay check, smack your old lady, and go to the bar and get sloshed types. There were no black people in the bar: these racists were content to remain in a state of unconsciousness—a vacuum. I flashed that at least the kids at the Astrodome were striving to get beyond this, and they did—with no stimulants of any kind. They seemed quite beautiful as I thought about them at that moment.

•

The morning of the third day I was feeling blessed and refreshed, and I was looking forward to the guru's plans for the Divine City, which was soon going to



"Relax, sweetie . . . or you won't enjoy it!"

Marijuana:

It's time to change the laws.

An estimated 20,000,000 Americans, including 43% of all college students, have smoked marijuana. Under the existing laws, all of them could go to jail.

The National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, NORML, is working to change these laws. We want to end all criminal penalties for possession and use of marijuana. We don't advocate the use of marijuana, but can find no medical, moral or legal justification for imprisoning those who do use it.

NORML is a non-profit organization which vitally needs your help. If you share our concern, join NORML, and support us in our fight.

NORML

National Organization for Reform of Marijuana Laws
2105 N. Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20037

Name: _____

Address: _____
(number and street)

_____
(city) (state) (zip code)

☐ I have enclosed my membership fee of $7.00 (students and military $5.00).

☐ I want to support your work with an additional contribution of $_____

☐ I prefer to remain anonymous but want to support your work with a contribution of $_____

☐ I would like to distribute your literature and work for the reform of marijuana laws in my area. Please furnish me material for_____ persons.

Membership includes: Subscription to NORML NEWSLETTER. Pamphlet analyzing marijuana laws in all 50 states. Full size illustrated marijuana penalty poster.

Additional posters available for $2.00 each. Please make checks payable to: NORML.

HOW THE GURU'S BREAD IS BUTTERED

Guru Maharaj Ji's Divine Light Mission, Inc., is a conglomerate—a multinational corporation in the field of spiritual gold-digging. But the true state of its financial health is hard to determine, because—like the Hare Krishna movement and the Process Church of the Final Judgment—D.L.M. is tax exempt as a religious organization and does not make public its financial resources, annual cash flow, net worth, or investments.

Much of D.L.M.'s capital comes from donations. Many premies give their life savings, their inheritances, their land. Maharaj Ji is listed as the owner of thousands of acres in New England, California, Colorado, and, of course, in his native stomping grounds of India.

The donations are handled in business-like fashion. When D.L.M. learns of a potential source to tap for funds, a well-trained agent is dispatched to caress the potential donor's pocketbook. Usually, the fool and his or her money are soon parted.

Organizationally, D.L.M. is a go-go operation. Just starting to function is Divine United Organization (D.U.O.), which has divine plans to get all of D.L.M.'s capital in order. D.U.O. is the parent structure for ten corporations, including Divine Sales, Inc. (a sort of thrift-shop hustle), Divine Services, Inc. (house painting, woodworking, etc.), Divine Systems, Inc. (office machinery and musical instruments, among other things). Another subsidiary is Shri Hans Publications, which until shortly after Millennium '73 published a monthly called *And It Is Divine* and the weekly newspaper *Divine Times*. Sales of the publications allegedly brought in tens of thousands of dollars monthly. But this amount was only speculation, for the divine record books do not open easily. When I called to get more specific statistics on the D.L.M. cash flow, a man answering said, "You came in on the Divine Travel number, you want Divine Public Relations." At Divine Public Relations I was told simply, "We don't release our financial statements to people except those we have to deal with to obtain credit."

Credit will be harder to get now that the Houston hoo-hah is over. Apparently, Divine Light Mission's bath was financial as well as spiritual. It has been reported that D.L.M. dropped $300,000 on Millennium '73, putting it $500,000 in debt, at least on paper. Officials in the Denver home office are now working "worldly" jobs and turning their pay checks over to D.L.M. They are cutting back on telex communications around the country, the papers apparently have suspended publication, and—is nothing secular?—Shri Hans Aviation is reportedly looking for a buyer to purchase the guru's private plane.

•

"All of our money comes from Krishna," says Kirti Raj at the Hare Krishna Movement office in Brooklyn. "All of everybody's money comes from Krishna. Krishna, he's indirectly sending it to us; others are getting it directly. It comes in many ways. Krishna owns everything, everything belongs to Krishna. Since Krishna owns everything, everything is meant to be used in his service." This includes the thousand-acre farm at Moundsville, West Virginia, just south of Wheeling.

The eight-year-old International Society for Krishna Consciousness (I.S.K.C.) also runs Spiritual Sky Incense, its very own manufacturing and distributing company. Spiritual Sky has plants in Canada, England, and the United States. In addition, an I.S.K.C. subsidiary called Bhaktivedanta Book Trust publishes *Back to Godhead*, a slick magazine promoting Krishna consciousness. The movement's largest temple, in New York, can make $30,000 monthly on incense and publications alone, *New York* magazine estimates. With 65 temples around the country, Krishna pulls in an estimated $6 million annually.

Last in the holy trinity of the bankbook is The Process Church of the Final Judgment. The Process is a mere pauper compared to the others. Its budget is probably no larger than guru Maharaj Ji's weekly allowance. Unlike D.L.M. and I.S.K.C., The Process divides itself into geopolitical units; so North America, for example, is a self-contained economic entity. Says Father Phineas, formerly an executive of The Process in Toronto, where their propaganda is printed: "When it comes to income, we're pretty cagey. Some people are horrified at our wealth and some are impressed. When we're making $50 million a year, then we'll tell everyone our income." Disciples are expected to tithe their income. Phineas claims The Process money comes from two sources: publications and "mainly anonymous" donations.

Things were much simpler when theological economics merely involved counting the riches of the Catholic church. Now, with the new listings on the spiritual stock exchange, your favorite guru can double as the perfect broker, lending guidance to that ultimate investment in the sky. Amen. And pass the prospectus. —Tom Miller

GURU MAHARAJ JI *If you flashed your card for an item you already had, the computer would reject it.*

be built somewhere in the U. S. I wanted to hear what that was all about.

It was unbelievable. The city was to consist of "modular units adaptable to any desired shape." The structures would have waste-recycling devices so that water could be drunk over and over. They even planned to have toothbrushes with handles you could squeeze to have the proper amount of paste pop up (the crowd was agog at this). There would be a computer in each communal house so that with just a touch of the hand you could check to see if a book you wanted was available, and if it was, it would be hand-messengered to you. A complete modern city of robots. I was thinking: whatever happened to mountains and waterfalls and streams and fresh air? This was going to be a technological, computerized nightmare! It repulsed me. Computer cards to buy essentials at a central storeroom! And no cheating, of course. If you flashed your card for an item you already had, the computer would reject it. The perfect turn-off. The spokesman for this city announced that the blueprints had already been drawn up and actual construction would be the next step. Controlled rain, light, and space. Bubble power! It was all beginning to be very frightening. But the grand slam was just about to come.

The third night, before the guru was to give his last words of wisdom to the waiting premies and converts, the Dome took on an atmosphere that would blow my mind and stay with me for a long time. By the evening, the premies were restless from waiting for their guru. They began to chant in unison, and repetitively. This night they weren't blissed out; they were making a long chain and marching to the Blue Aquarius's *When the Saints Go Marching In.* The chanting got louder and louder and the premies moved faster and faster. And the scoreboard was flashing Scriptures faster and faster, and right at the top of the board a mammoth profile of the guru heralded his entrance in lights. I was transfixed. The chant sounded exactly like *Sieg Heil!* and the crowd was all ready to be fed by its leader. At the very height of this chilling display, the scoreboard flashed, YOU WILL SIT IN YOUR ASSIGNED PLACES, PLEASE. And immediately the crowd sat down again, the Blue Aquarius riffed off into *Black Magic Woman,* and Maharaj Ji appeared.

This was to be the big sell—the big conversion to the Divine Light Mission. It smacked of the days when I was preaching, and I remembered how I used to say to my crowds, "How many of you will put up your hands and tonight say, 'I am going to accept Christ.' Put up your hands tonight because there is only a heartbeat between you and death. There's only a movement between you and the judgment bar of God. You might go out on the road tonight and have a car accident and be dead and never have the chance to meet your Master again." I would lay this whole fear trip on them: "You better repent tonight."

The guru's barker put it this way: "You have a choice here tonight with guru Maharaj Ji—death without him." Heavy. He let it fall.

I ran to the press booth where I knew there was a handy exit from this "peace haven," and then I was jumping into a car with some other exhausted and frustrated people. They were New Yorkers in educational television, and all we could say to each other was, "Let's go get stoned." But not 50 yards from the Astrodome, the Jesus people began pounding on the windows of the car. "Repent," they said. "In there was the Antichrist. If you don't, you will burn in hell tonight." And blah, blah, blah.

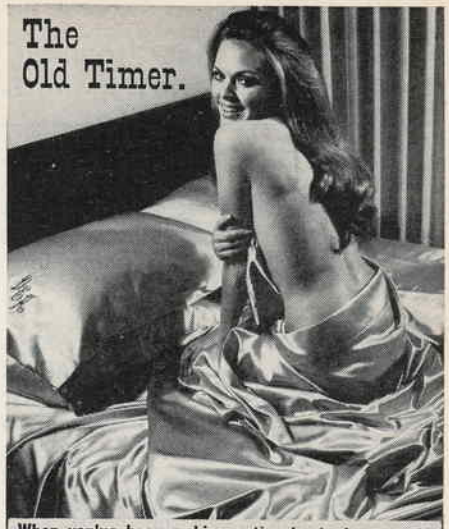
Finally, I couldn't take it anymore. I was ready to explode. All these religions fighting. I could see a time when we would have religious wars. These people were all at each other's throats. All their energies were being dissipated in battles between sects. A waste. I rolled down the window of the car and barraged the Jesus people. "You're right. I am washed in the blood of Christ. And you're right—the Antichrist is inside. You preach the Gospel, and you're right."

A Jesus freak, face beaming, hollered back, "You're right on, brother. Do you really believe that? And you don't really believe what that guru said in there?"

I said, "No, sir. He's a liar. He's a charlatan and a fake." And I jumped out of the car. "We must tell these people. You must start to preach."

They were ecstatic. Then all of a sudden one of the other freaks yelled to the one addressing me, "Hey, don't you know who he is? That's Marjoe." Their faces dropped.

I got back in the car and, driving off, left them with, "Hey, why don't you guys get it together with the Krishna people over there and all of you band together to make one grand attack against the enemy in there? After all, you remember what Solomon in all his glory said to the people: 'United we stand, divided we fall.' And no chain is stronger than its weakest link." ▣



When you've been making satin sheets for over 20 years, like we have, you use only the softest acetate satin . . . 225 x 78 thread count. (Some people don't!) Your sheets are MACHINE WASHABLE, and you give people a choice of 12 colors for regular or ROUND beds! Avocado, Tangerine, Gold, Red, Black, Bronze, Blue, Silver, Pink, White, Mint or Orchid. (After 20 years, we *know* what we're doing in bed!)

SHEET SETS (2 straight sheets, 2 cases)

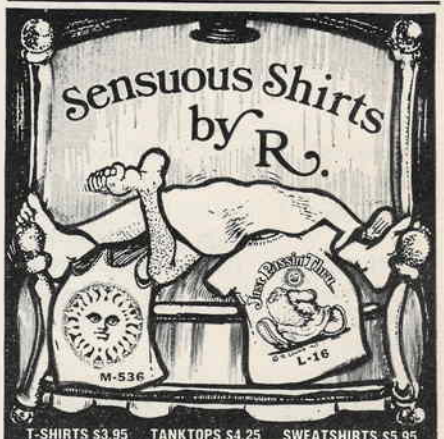
Double Set	$20.50	Queen Set	$23.50
Twin Set	19.98	King Set	27.50
Round 84" Set	43.50	Round 96" Set	49.95

3 letter monogram on 2 cases—$2.00

For fitted bottom sheet, add $2.00 to double or twin price; $2.50 to queen; $3.00 to king price. Round sets are fitted. Odd sizes on request. Send check or m.o. 50% deposit on C.O.D.'s.

SCINTILLA,® INC. 4802 N. Broadway W-5 Chicago, Ill. 60640

Free 40-Page Color Catalog of our Satin Fashions With Every Order!



T-SHIRTS $3.95 TANKTOPS $4.25 SWEATSHIRTS $5.95

To order: Give design number, shirt style and size. Enclose cash, check, or money order. (add 25¢ per shirt for postage and handling.) Ohio residents add 4% sales tax. Canadian residents add 10%.

Send to ROACH STUDIOS P.O. Box 182-OU5 Worthington, Ohio 43085

YOGURT . . . *delicate, fragrant, with succulent, firm berries . . . the consistency of baby's tapioca . . . a Swiss-style strawberry with little gritty things . . . and one with an implausible color.*

(Continued from page 75)—but in a pie, not off the bush—mushy yet flavorful. They also do chocolate fudge (a flavor that tastes the same—a little weird—no matter who makes it) and ice-pop lime. **B plus**

Johnston's (Glendale, California) Strawberry is America's favorite kind of yogurt. Johnston's, a corporate relative of Dannon with a different style, does it all three ways: (1) Fruit Fondae (Swiss style), which is light pink, too sweet, and has the consistency of baby's tapioca; (2) Sundae Style, which (like the Fondae) includes stabilizers and sorbic acid—"practically non-toxic," according to Ruth Winter's *Consumer's Dictionary of Food Additives*—is smarter tasting but nothing special, with a good, smooth, plain base; and (2) All Natural—substituting honey for sugar, sundae style, for a nickel more—delicate, fragrant, with succulent, firm berries; one of the most remarkable examples of any flavor in any brand. **B plus**

Knudsen (Los Angeles, California) The big California dairy (unrelated to the New England Knudsen) makes the biggest-selling yogurt on the West Coast. The plain is exceptionally thick and substantial, although one went gamy soon (refrigerated yogurt should keep for at least a week). Some of the flavors are artificially bolstered, and all are stabilized and colored. None of them are exceptional. They include a vanilla that tastes like banana; a banana that tastes like wax; a good, gunky, spiced apple; a smooth, junkety, fruit-at-bottom strawberry; and a too-sweet, Swiss-style strawberry with little gritty things. Buy the plain. **B plus**

Lacto (New York, New York) This is an old family company that makes roughly the third-best yogurt you can buy in East Coast supermarkets. It's sourer and thicker than Dannon's and available in quarts for 89 cents, but it's unpredictable and known to go bad fast. The all-natural line demonstrates that additives aren't the only way to hurt fruit flavoring—you can overcook, oversweeten, and underspend on ingredients. **B**

Lucerne (Oakland, California) The people who say good yogurt must be sour—and we're among them—do not mean this exploitation from Safeway Stores. Its viscosity comes not from fermentation but from gelatin, starch, vegetable gum, carrageenin, *and* lecithin. Boycott. **C minus**

Maola Trim (New Bern, North Carolina) Another boondocks bummer. The peach is a complete disaster. **D**

Meadow Gold Viva (Chicago, Illinois) One of the worst. The aftertaste penetrated its most lurid flavors, and the boysenberry was gray. **E**

Nancy's (Springfield, Oregon) This health-food yogurt has preserves (in a separate plastic cup on top) and honey mixed into the plain, which is rich and heavy in texture but disappointingly bland. The sugarless preserves taste like good canned fruit. Good *canned* fruit? **B plus**

Nordica (Albuquerque, New Mexico) This was the worst. We could not eat two bites of the bitter boysenberry or the astringent, rotten plain. **E minus**

Ralph's (Los Angeles, California) The best supermarket yogurt. Although most of the flavors were not special, you could spill the tart, cheesecaky orange into a sherbet glass and call it dessert. It's available in quarts like Knudsen's. The plain ranks with Knudsen's. In fact, one informant insists that it's made by Knudsen. Accusation denied. **B plus**

Sealtest Light 'n' Lively (Philadelphia, Pennsylvania) Naive interpretations of flavor plus Sealtest's distribution make this one of the three top-selling yogurts in the East. Gelatin, usually used as an unsuccessful short cut to body, is handled deftly enough; its fine granularity stops short of chalkiness; and the small stains of U. S.-certified color have leaked off chunks, rather than shreds, of fruit. Much like baby food. **C**

Calling all cool cats and down dudes! We have the perfect gift for that *certain someone*: a sculpted image of your genitalia made into a striking stand-up mirror. Vanity (yours) for the vanity (hers). More useful than diamonds, longer lasting than flowers. And should she decide to symbolically "break your balls," she gets seven years of bad luck! Created by a French artisan who calls himself Mathias, the mirror sells for only $65. Get one today. Or get two and send one home to mom.

Sugar-Lo (Atlantic City, New Jersey) This is grade A milk (partially skimmed), yogurt culture, choice blueberries, water, certified food coloring, vegetable stabilizers, natural and artificial flavors, less than one tenth of one percent sodium benzoate as a preservative, and .012 percent calcium saccharine per eight ounces. Result: 118 calories, 14.61 grams carbohydrate, 9.49 grams protein, and 2.27 grams fat. **E**

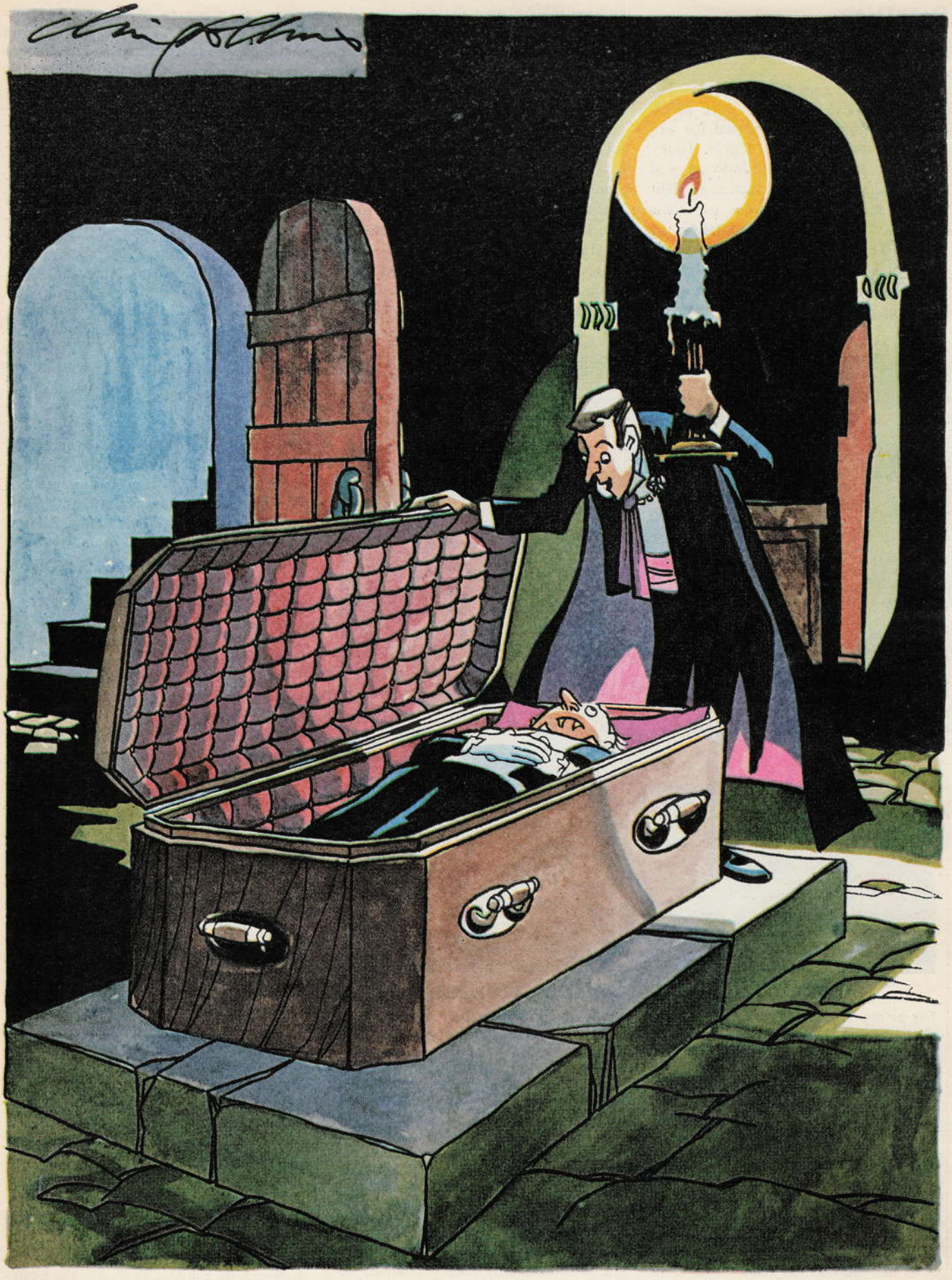
Superbrand (Jacksonville, Florida) A big supermarket brand from the South. The peach tasted like ether. **D**

George Szanto's Home-Made Little Balkan Yogurt Maker Yogurt (Laramie, Wyoming) They say the best yogurt is the yogurt you make yourself, but that's not as easy as it sounds. In Laramie, however, there are no reasonable alternatives. George's first batch melted in our mouths, something like snow. The second had some rough residue and was too sour. But it was fresh, and it sure beat Meadow Gold Viva. **B**

White Cloud (Los Angeles, California) This is an overrated gourmet health-food brand. Good body, bad aftertaste—twice. **B minus**

Yami (Oakland, California) We tried Yami in lots of places—even as far east as Ontario—and it never justified its reputation, despite the fact that its cultures come from the Roselle Bacteriological Institute in Quebec—one of the first sources of yogurt in North America. Texture is usually OK, except in the plain. The royal natural was hard as the white of hard-boiled egg. **C**

Yonson (Fullerton, California) Plain Yonson, though creamy, has a funny, oldish taste. The lime has citrus shreds and tastes like good Italian ice or real lime chiffon pie. But we were confused by its color—an implausible aquamarine. We could track down only one flavor in its natural line, but it was a find—orange with honey that really tasted like both. **B**



"I've got a date tonight, Pa. Can I borrow the teeth. . . ?"

Satellite

(Continued from page 36) Chagallian color.

Once upon a very long time ago—before 1956—Eilat was the port where King Solomon's ships departed for and returned from the land of Ophir. Today there are many more skindivers and water skiers than ships, which is all right because hardly anyone goes to Ophir anymore. Eilat has a population of 14,000. The average resident is 26 years old, which helps account for the essential friskiness of the populace even when the temperature reaches 120 degrees, and for the fact that the natives tend to play soccer and run about like mad dogs and Englishmen and such. The sun shines 360 days a year and local dress runs to ragged denim shorts and an extraordinarily deep tan.

The Israelis are diligently developing accommodations for refugees from the long, gray, cold winters of Europe and points west. Twenty-nine four-star luxury hotels have sprung up. The St.-Tropez, The Queen of Sheba, The Neptune, The Solomon, The Red Rock, The Bilton, etc.—each air-conditioned, with a view of the Gulf and sybaritic trappings. Sixteen dollars a day, room and board in season (October to May), and $11 off-season (not recommended except for true sun nuts; the temperature is 125 degrees and lingering). Independent bungalows are going up as fast as developers can build them, all along the Gulf coast down to Sharm-el-Sheik, for the get-away-from-it-all crowd. Gulf waters are cool and incredibly clear—there are glass-bottomed boats that sail out over coral formations and spectacular schools of vivid fish. (The fish tend to turn up—grilled, baked, roasted, fried—on the tables of good little eating places like Yoske's Red Sea Fish Restaurant or the Blue Fish.)

About 25 miles out of town, on the Gulf side of a new superhighway that goes to the Straits of Tiran, is a carefree stretch of white beach where nudists of all nations form a kind of informal colony.

Tourist traffic is 80 percent non-Jewish in winter, 75 percent in summer, and it includes a lot of Americans on package tours. There is almost no apprehension about being so close (two miles) to Israel's enemies: the Jordanians. Blessed with the same sun and water that the Israelis enjoy, they, too, are building big, air-conditioned hotels almost as fast as the Israelis are. *Pax tourisme.*

By day, it's all sun and sand and sea and go, go, go. By night, it's discotheques, plain and fancy, or guitars around bonfires on the beach, or, heaven save us, cowboy movies. Eilat has a positive passion for Westerns.

Massada is closer to Tel Aviv—20 minutes by plane, two hours by car through the cragged mesas of the white-beige Negev. It's a long descent—1300 feet—to the perfect, motionless mirror of the Dead Sea under a cloudless sky, with the high lavender hills of Jordan on the opposite shore.

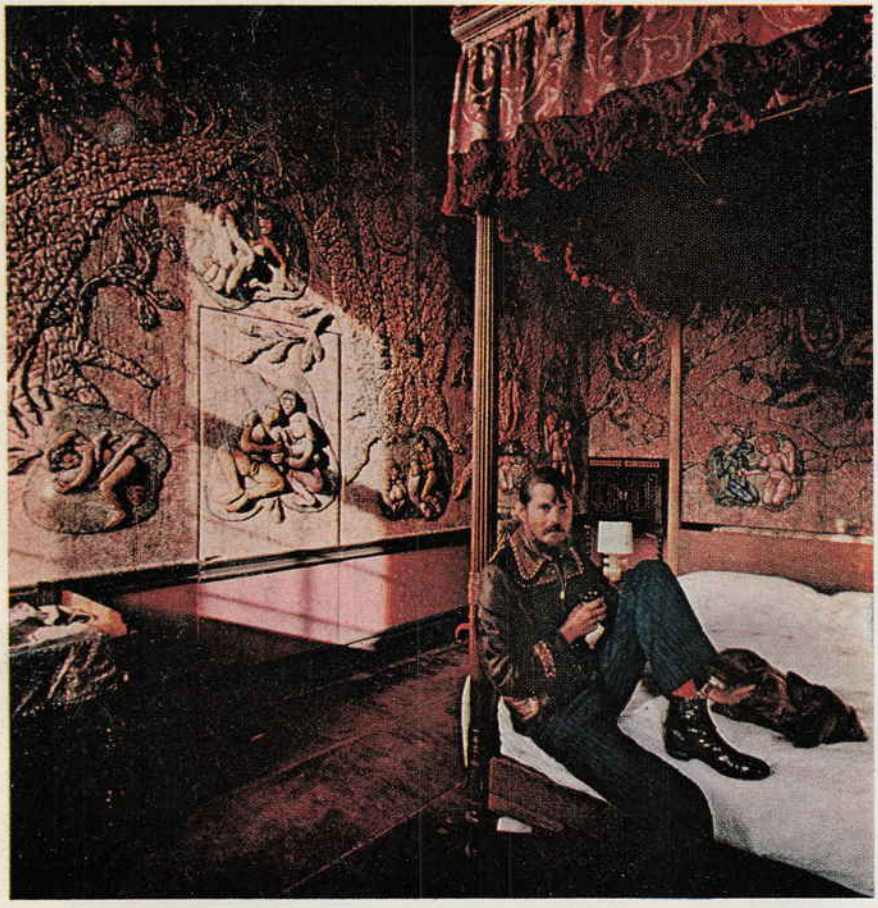
Near the shore of the Dead Sea is Massada—massive, golden, natural stone jutting 900 feet skyward, symbol of Israel, where 900 Jewish resistance fighters and their families killed themselves rather than surrender to 10,000 Roman soldiers.

The time for visiting is between October and May. Those who are hardy climb the Snake Pass. There's a nifty yellow cable car for the rest of us.

Massada is mostly historic grandeur—Herod built a magnificent summer palace-fortress here 30 years or so before the Romans besieged the place. It is soft golden stone . . . soft golden dust under a fierce sun in a brilliant blue sky. One sees why Herod put his royal bedchamber here, on the forward part of the rock. It overlooks most of Jordan, the Judean hills, the Dead Sea, and the bleakness of the Negev. And the wind is cool.

Better than Westerns.

—CYNTHIA GRENIER



This bedroom's not for sleeping

The painter Alexander Thynne (a.k.a. the ninth Viscount Weymouth, Mr. Anna Gael, and the future Marquis of Bath) is an English wild man who has covered the walls of his ancestral home with romping erotic murals. Longleat House's *Kama Sutra* bedroom, just opened to the public, features a huge phallic tree embracing the four walls of the room. Apples hanging from the branches show 33 sexual positions energetically demonstrated by various combinations of men and women, both black and white. His Lordship says he is using the painting in his bedroom to work through his sexual inhibitions. "Sex has represented many things in my life," says His Lordship, "both as a fund of enjoyment and as a pile of inhibitions. It's a question of getting the inhibitions out of my system so that I'm not too intimidated by them. I've always had this idea to confront myself with what sex entails, to discuss the subject openly—even to define it pictorially as a glorious cornucopia of google-eyed bliss." Viscount Weymouth is married to the lovely Anna Gael, actress (*Thérèse and Isabelle*) and journalist (*European Marriage*, November 1973 OUI). He married Ms. Gael to provide a legitimate heir to Longleat House and the title. But he believes in a polymorphous society, with marriage abolished and children brought up communally. While awaiting his sexual Utopia, Viscount Weymouth continues to paint away his inhibitions. Still, there are problems. His Lordship does not *sleep* in his *Kama Sutra* bedroom.

My neighbors hated me until I got a Marantz.

Whenever I played my old stereo loud, my neighbors delivered threats. Then a Marantz dealer told me that it's not playing my stereo loud that bothers them. It's the distortion. When the volume is up, and they yell turn down the sound, what they really mean is turn down the distortion because it's the distortion that's driving them bananas.

Marantz stereo has virtually no distortion. That's because Marantz stereo measures distortion at continuous full power throughout the whole listening range, so it won't frazzle the folks on the other side of the walls. No matter how loud I play it.

Not only that, my Marantz will play any type of 4-channel on the market today. And it's built so you can snap in any future 4-channel matrix development. Present and future requirements for stereo or 4-channel are all set.

What's more... Marantz' Dual Power gives me the power of four discrete amplifiers with just 2 speakers. More than twice the power for super stereo. And when I have two more speakers for full 4-channel, I can simply flip a switch. No obsolescence worries.

What really gets it altogether is the built-in Dolby* noise reduction system. It lets me listen to noise-free FM, or switch to my tape deck for noise-free recordings from any source.

Even though I earn a modest wage, I was able to buy the best AM/FM receiver for the money. In my case, the Marantz Model 4230. It delivers 60 watts continuous power with distortion less than 0.5%. If you've got less to spend or more to spend, Marantz has a model for you. Your Marantz dealer has a full line of receivers from $219.95, components from $149.95, and speaker systems from $59.00 all designed to suit your needs and fit your budget. Right on Marantz.

marantz.®
We sound better.

©1973 Marantz Co., Inc., a subsidiary of Superscope Inc., P.O. Box 99E, Sun Valley, Calif. 91352. In Europe: Superscope Europe, S.A. Brussels, Belgium. Available in Canada. Prices and models subject to change without notice. Consult the Yellow Pages for your nearest Marantz dealer. Send for free catalog.
*TM Dolby Labs, Inc.

© Lorillard 1974

King Size or
Deluxe 100's.

Micronite filter.
Mild, smooth taste.
America's quality cigarette.
Kent.

Kings: 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '73.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Postage will be paid by

COLUMBIA HOUSE
1 Music Lane
Terre Haute, Indiana
47808

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

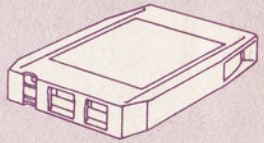
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 1050
Terre Haute, Ind.

Mail postpaid card to get

Any 12 for only $1.97

plus processing and postage



8-track cartridges

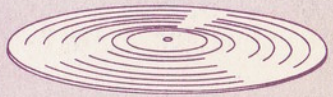
OR

tape cassettes

OR

reel-to-reel tapes

OR



12″ stereo records

NOTE: All applications are subject to approval and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application.

8B

All yours... all year! PLAYBOY

DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR—AND YOU SAVE $3.00 OFF SINGLE-COPY PRICE!

I want PLAYBOY all year at savings over single-copy prices.
Please enter my subscription for:

- ☐ 3 years/$24 (save $15.00*)
- ☐ 1 year/$10 (save $3.00*)
- ☐ charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no. ☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐
- ☐ bill me later
- ☐ payment enclosed

My Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only. 9504
Printed in U.S.A.
*Savings based on single-copy price.

First Class
Permit No. 43474
Chicago, Illinois

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

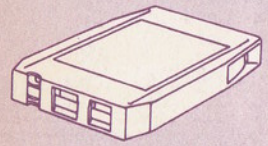
Postage will be paid by

PLAYBOY®
Playboy Building
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Mail postpaid card to get

Any 12 for only $1.97

plus processing and postage



8-track cartridges

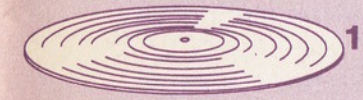
OR

tape cassettes

OR

reel-to-reel tapes

OR



12″ stereo records

CANADIANS: mail application to U.S.A. address. Your membership will be serviced from Canada. Enrollment plan may differ. Prices slightly higher.

8A

Columbia Record & Tape Club, Terre Haute, Indiana 47808

Please accept my membership application in the Club under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 12 selections listed below for only $1.97, plus processing and postage. I agree to buy 9 selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so. **I am interested in the following type of recordings:**

Be sure to check one box only

- ☐ **8-Track Cartridges** (1H-W) **24S**
- ☐ **Tape Cassettes** (1J-X)
- ☐ **Reel-to-Reel Tapes** (1X-Y)
- ☐ **12″ Stereo Records** (K1-Z)

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one):
(But I am always free to choose from any category)
☐ **Easy Listening 2** ☐ **Teen Hits 7** ☐ **Classical 1** ☐ **Country 5**

☐ **Mr.**
☐ **Mrs.**
☐ **Miss**.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....

State.....**Zip Code**.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ **YES**.....☐ **NO**

APO, FPO addressees: write for special offer

S74

FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 69324
Chicago, Illinois

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

oui
919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

It's all the French you'll ever need to know.

Please enter my subscription for
☐ 1 year $10 (save $2.50 off $12.50 single-copy price)
☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

9506

Printed in U.S.A.

Subscribe to oui

First Class
Permit No. 69324
Chicago, Illinois

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

oui
919 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

The French have a word for it...

Please enter my subscription for
☐ 1 year $10 (save $2.50 off $12.50 single-copy price)
☐ Bill me later ☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Charge to my Playboy Club credit Key no.

☐☐☐☐ ☐☐☐☐ ☐

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Rates and credit apply to U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, APO-FPO addresses only.

9505

Printed in U.S.A.

Subscribe to
oui